

THE WORKS
OF
ROBERT HERRICK

HESPERIDES,

OR

WORKS BOTH HUMAN AND DIVINE,

OF

Robert Hearick.

EDITED BY

HENRY G. CLARKE.

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MEMOIR.

Of all the minor poets who followed in the immediate wake of that most glorious constellation, Shakespeare, there are few who possess greater merit, or who have been more undeservedly neglected, than the subject of this memoir, the jocund and joyous Herrick.

Robert Herrick was the fourth son of Nicholas and Julian Herrick, and was born on the 20th of August, 1591. The family was one of some note. The surname appears to have suffered change in its orthography, one of the ancestors of the family having spelt his name Errick; his father adopting the name of Heyrick, and our poet that of Hearick, subsequently changed into Herrick. Nicholas Herrick in the year 1556, settled and carried on business as a goldsmith in Cheapside, and it was here that our poet was born. In his works he speaks of

“The golden Cheapside, where the earth
Of Julian Heyrick gave me birth.”

Nothing is known as to how or where he passed his childhood; even the place of his education cannot be

decided, although it is probable that it was at Westminster, as we find more than one allusion to his "beloved Westminster," and to the youthful sports and pastimes for which that seminary of learning has ever been and is still now, celebrated. By his uncle and guardian, Sir William Heyrick, he was at the age of twenty-four entered a Fellow Commoner of St. John's College, Cambridge. Here he devoted himself to study; and there are a few of his letters extant addressed to his uncle, the burden of which was principally for money to furnish himself with books. In 1618 he appears to have determined on the study of the law, and with the permission of his uncle, he removed to Trinity Hall, where he took his degree in Arts; subsequently to this, however, he discontinued his legal pursuits, and entered into holy orders, though it is not known at what time, or by what bishop he was ordained. Having obtained the patronage of the Earl of Exeter, he was presented by Charles I. to the vicarage of Dean Priors in Devonshire, his predecessor, Dr. Burnaby Potter, having been promoted to the See of Carlisle. At this time he was thirty-eight years of age, and during the next nineteen years of his life he continued to reside at Dean Priors, performing his duties and exercising his muse. If we may rely on his verses, he was anything but contented with the obscurity of his lot; several of his

poems, such as *Discontents in Devon*, and *Mirth turned to Mourning*, breathing a strong spirit of distaste and discontent. In this there is probably some poetical exaggeration, for it is certain that the greater part of his poems were composed amidst the quiet scenes around his country dwelling; and it was here that he must have acquired that love of flowers and of fragrance which, as is justly remarked by one of his commentators, "gave to his verse the beauty of the one, and the sweetness of the other."

Herrick never married, but lived a regular bachelor's life, attended by a single faithful and favourite house-keeper, Prudence Baldwin, to whom, under the diminutive title of "Prue," some of his little poems are addressed. But it was not fated that our poet should pass quietly through the troubles of that stormy period. In 1648, he was ejected from his living, and retired to Westminster, where he assumed a lay habit and the title of esquire, possibly for the sake of safety. Here he suffered great distress, to relieve which, he collected and published his poems, under the title of *Hesperides* and *Noble Numbers*, dedicating them to the Prince Charles, afterwards Charles II. His poems brought him into considerable repute, more particularly amongst the royalists, by whom he was regarded as a fellow-sufferer. During his residence in London,

(twelve years,) he enjoyed the friendship of the wits of the day; having numbered amongst his friends such men as Selden, Ben Jonson, Cotton, Denham, Weeks, William and Henry Lawes, the great composers of that day; to many of these friends he addressed odes, which will be found amongst his other poems.

At the restoration, he was re-instated in his vicarage by Charles II., where he died, although the actual date of his decease is not known. It is probable that it took place in 1674, that being the year in which his successor was inducted into the living of Dean Priora.

“ It is a remarkable fact that a poet so universally admired in his day as Herrick evidently was, should have, ever since that period, been almost consigned to oblivion; while the phlegmatic grace and pedantry of Waller, and the grace without pedantry of Carew, have been the subjects of general observation, the varied modulation and exquisite harmony of Herrick’s muse have been totally neglected. He who is superior to both, not only in the structure of his verse, but in the more essential requisites of poetry, is less known than either. True, there are blemishes in his poems which may, in some measure, account for the negligence with which he has been treated, and which, in our stricter system of manners, present an invincible

obstacle to the poems, as they were originally issued, being received into general favour. The blemishes to which we allude are the indelicacy and occasional coarseness of expression which we sometimes find in his works. But, throwing aside the impurities of our author, and estimating the chaster effusions of his felicitous genius, we do not hesitate to pronounce him the very best of English lyric poets. He is the most joyous and gladsome of bards, singing like the grasshopper, as if he would never grow old. He is as fresh as the spring, as blithe as summer, and as ripe as autumn. We know of no English poet who is so *abandonne*, as the French call it, who so wholly gives himself up to his present feelings; who is so much heart and soul in what he writes, and this not on one subject but on all subjects alike. The spirit of song dances in his veins, and flutters round his lips, now bursting into the joyful and hearty voice of the Epicurean; sometimes breathing strains "soft as the sigh of buried love," and sometimes uttering feelings of the most delicate pensiveness. His poems resemble a luxuriant meadow full of king-cups and wild flowers, or a July firmament sparkling with a myriad of stars. His fancy fed upon all the fair and sweet things of nature; it is redolent of roses and jessamines; it is as light and airy as the thistle-down, or the bubbles which

laughing boys blow upon the air, where they float in a waving line of beauty. Like the sun, it communicates a delightful gladness to every thing it shines upon, and is as bright and radiant as his beams; and yet many of his pieces conclude with the softest touches of sensibility and feeling. And as for his versification, it presents one of the most varied specimens of rhythmical harmony in the language, flowing with an almost wonderful grace and flexibility."

We have said that there were blemishes in the poems of our author, but these blemishes must be attributed to the time in which he lived, not to himself. Herrick trifled in this way solely in compliment to the taste of the age. Whenever he wrote to please himself, he wrote from the heart to the heart.

His poems were much admired at the time of their being published, as will be seen by the following extracts from works which made their appearance about the same period. The first is from a quaint satire, called "Naps upon Parnassus," and bears date 1658 :—

"— Flaveus Horace
He was but a sour-ass
And good for nothing but lyric;
There's but one to be found,
In all English ground,
Writes as well; who is hight Robert Herrick."

The second is from *Musarum Deliciæ*, 1655, where it is said of him:—

— “Old sack
Young Herrick took, to entertain
The muses in a sprightly vein.”

In consonance with which, he makes “the apparition of his mistress” say:—

“I’ll bring thee, Herrick, to Anacreon
Quaffing his full-crown’d bowls of burning wine,
And, in his raptures, speaking lines of thine.”

In conclusion, we cannot avoid echoing the encomium of one of the reviewers of our bard.*

“And now farewell, young Herrick! for young is the spirit of thy poetry, as thy wisdom is old; and mayest thou flourish in immortal youth, thou boon companion, and most jocund songster; may thy finest poems be piped from hill to hill, throughout England; and thy spirit, tinged with superstitious lore, be gladdened by the music! May the flowers breathe incense to thy fame, for thou hast not left one of them unsung! May the silvery springs and circumambient air murmur thy praises as thou hast warbled theirs, and may those,

* Retrospective Review, vol. v.

who live well, sing, and those who love well, sigh
sweet panegyrics to thy memory; ours shall not be
wanting, for we have read thee much, and like thee
much, and would fain hope that thy thoughts and
language may be liked as well as we like thee."

G. T. F.

H E S P E R I D E S

OF

ROBERT HERRICK.

THE
ARGUMENT OF HIS BOOK.

I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers,
Of April, May, of June, and July-flowers;
I sing of May-poles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes,
Of bridegrooms, brides, and of their bridal cakes.
I write of youth, of love, and have access
By these, to sing of cleanly wantonness;
I sing of dews, of rains, and, piece by piece,
Of balm, of oil, of spice, and ambergris.
I sing of times trans-shifting; and I write
How roses first came red, and lilies white;
I write of groves, of twilights, and I sing
The court of Mab, and of the fairy king.
I write of Hell; I sing, and ever shall,
Of Heaven, and hope to have it after all.

TO THE
MOST ILLUSTRIOUS
AND
MOST HOPEFUL PRINCE,
CHARLES,
PRINCE OF WALES.

Well may my book come forth like public day,
When such a light as you are leads the way ;
Who are my works' creator, and alone
The flame of it, and the expansion.
And look how all those heavenly lamps acquire
Light from the sun, that inexhausted fire ;
So all my morn and evening stars from you
Have their existence, and their influence too.
Full is my book of glories ; but all these
By you become immortal substances.

INVOCATIONS

&c.

I.

TO APOLLO.

Thou mighty lord and master of the lyre,
Unshorn Apollo, come, and re-inspire
My fingers so, the lyric-strings to move,
That I may play, and sing a hymn of love.

II.

TO THE SAME.

Phœbus, when that I a verse
Or some numbers more rehearse ;
Tune my words, that they may fall
Each way smoothly musical ;
For which favour, there shall be
Swans devoted unto thee.

III.

TO MINERVA.

Goddess, I begin an art,
Come thou in, with thy best part,

For to make the texture lie
Each way smooth, and civilly ;
And a *broad-faced* owl shall be
Offer'd up, with vows, to thee.

IV.

TO NEPTUNE.

Mighty Neptune, may it please
Thee, the rector of the seas,
That my bark may safely run
Through thy watery region ;
And a tunny-fish shall be
Offer'd up with thanks to thee.

V.

TO LARR.

Though I cannot give thee fires
Glitt'ring to my free desires ;
These accept, and I'll be free,
Offering poppy unto thee.

VI.

TO VULCAN.

Thy sooty Godhead I desire
Still to be ready with thy fire,
That, should my book despised be,
Acceptance it might find with thee.

VII.

A HYMN TO THE MUSES.

O, you the virgins nine,
That do our souls incline
To noble discipline,
Nod to this vow of mine,
Come then, and now inspire,
My viol and my lyre
With your eternal fire,
And make me one entire
Composer in your quire :
Then I'll your altars strew
With roses sweet and new :
And ever live a true
Acknowledger of you.

VIII.

TO THE GRACES.

Ponder my words, if so that any be
Known guilty here of incivility ;
Let what is graceless, discomposed, and rude,
With sweetness, smoothness, softness, be endued.
Teach it to blush, to curtsy, lisp, and shew
Demure, yet full of temptation too.
Numbers yet tickle, or but lightly please,
Unless they have some wanton carriages ;
This if ye do, each piece will here be good,
And graceful made by your neat sisterhood.

IX.

TO HIS MUSE.

Whither, mad maiden, wilt thou roam ?
Far safer 'twere to stay at home ;
Where thou may'st sit, and piping please
The poor and private cottages :
Since cots and hamlets best agree
With this thy meaner minstrelsy ;
There, with the reed, thou may'st express
The shepherd's fleecy happiness :
And with thy eclogues intermix
Some smooth and harmless bucolics ;
There on a hillock thou may'st sing
Unto a handsome shepherdling ;
Or to the maid that keeps the neat,
With breath more sweet than violet ;
There, there perhaps, such lines as these
May take the simple villages :
But for the court, the country wit
Is despicable unto it.
Stay then at home ; and do not go,
Or fly abroad to seek for woe :
Contempts in courts and cities dwell ;
No critic haunts the poor man's cell,
Where thou may'st hear thine own lines read,
By no one tongue there censured.
That man's unwise will search for ill,
Who may prevent it sitting still,

TO HIS BOOK.

X.

TO HIS BOOK.

Like to a bride, come forth, my book, at last,
With all thy richest jewels overcast ;
Say, if there be 'mongst many gems here, one
Deserveless of the name of Paragon ;
Blush not at all for that, since we have set
Some pearls on queens that have been counterfeit.

XI.

TO THE SAME.

Go thou forth my book, though late,
Yet be timely fortunate.
It may chance good luck may send
Thee a kinsman or a friend,
That may harbour thee, when I
With my fates neglected lie.
If thou know'st not where to dwell
See, the fire's by. Farewell.

XII.

TO HIS BOOK.

While thou did'st keep thy candour undefiled,
Dearly I loved thee ; as my first-born child :
But when I saw thee wantonly to roam
From house to house, and never stay at home ;
I brake my bonds of love, and bade thee go,
Regardless whether well thou sped'st or no,—
On with thy fortunes then, whate'er they be ;
If good I'll smile, if bad I'll sigh for thee.

XIII.

TO THE SAME.

Make haste away, and let one be
A friendly patron unto thee ;
Lest rapt from hence, I see thee lie
Torn for the use of pasterie ;
Or see thy injur'd leaves serve well
To make loose gowns for mackarel ;
Or see the grocers, in a trice,
Make hoods of thee to serve out spice.

XIV.

TO THE SAME.

If hap it must, that I must see thee lie
Absyrtus-like, all torn confusedly ;
With solemn tears, and with much grief of heart,
I'll recollect thee, weeping part by part ;
And having wash'd thee, close thee in a chest
With spice , that done, I'll leave thee to thy rest.

XV.

TO HIS BOOK.

Thou art a plant, sprung up to wither never,
But like a laurel, to grow green for ever.

XVI.

TO THE SAME.

Take mine advice, and go not near
Those faces, sour as vinegar ;
For these, and nobler numbers can
Ne'er please the supercilious man.

XVII.

TO THE SAME.

Come thou not near those men who are like bread
O'er leavened ; or like cheese o'er rennetted.

XVIII.

TO THE SAME.

Be bold my book, nor be abashed, or fear
The cutting thumb-nail, or the brow severe ;
But by the Muses swear, all here is good,
If but well read, or ill read, understood.

XIX.

TO THE SAME.

Before the press scarce one could see
A little peeping part of thee ;

But since th'art printed, thou dost call
To shew thy nakedness to all :
My care for thee is now the less,
Having resign'd thy shamefac'dness ,
Go with thy faults and fates ; yet stay
And take this sentence then away ;
Whom one belov'd will not suffice,
She'll run to all adulteries.

XX.

TO HIS BOOK.

The bound, almost, now of my book I see,
But yet no end of those therein or me ;
Here we begin new life ; while thousands quite
Are lost, and theirs, in everlasting night.

XXI.

TO CRITICS.

I'll write, because I'll give
You critics means to live ;
For should I not supply
The cause, the effect would die.

XXII.

POSTING TO PRINTING.

Let others to the printing press run fast ;
Since after death comes glory, I'll not haste.

XXIII.

UPON HIS VERSES.

What offspring other men have got,
The how, where, when, I question not :
These are the children I have left ;
Adopted some, none got by theft ;
But all are touch'd, like lawful plate,
And no verse illegitimate.

XXIV.

HIS REQUEST TO JULIA.

Julia, if I chance to die
Ere I print my poetry,
I most humbly thee desire
To commit it to the fire :
Better 'twere my book were dead,
Than to live not perfected.

XXV.

TO THE GENEROUS READER.

See, and not see, and if thou chance t'espy
Some aberrations in my poetry ;
Wink at small faults, the greater, ne'ertheless,
Hide, and with them their father's nakedness.
Let's do our best our watch and ward to keep ;
Homer himself, in a long work may sleep.

XXVI.

TO THE SOUR READER.

If thou dislik'st the piece thou light'st on first ;
Think that of all that I have writ, the worst.

XXVII.

TO MY ILL READER.

Thou say'st my lines are hard,
And I the truth will tell ;
They are both hard and marr'd,
If thou not read'st them well.

XXVIII.

TO MOMUS.

Who read'st this book that I have writ,
And canst not mend but carp at it ;
By all the muses ! thou shalt be
Anathema to it, and me.

XXIX.

TO THE DETRACTER.

I ask'd thee oft what poets thou hast read
And lik'st the best ? Still thou repli'st, The dead.
I shall, ere long, with green turfs covered be :
Then sure thou'lt like, or thou wilt envy me.

XXX.

TO JOSEPH, LORD BISHOP OF EXETER.

Whom should I fear to write to if I can
Stand before you, my learned Diocesan ?
And never show blood-guiltiness, or fear,
To see my lines excathedrated here.
Since none so good are, but you may condemn ;
Or here so bad, but you may pardon them.
If then, my lord, to sanctify my muse
One only poem out of all you'll choose,
And mark it for a rapture nobly writ,
'Tis good confirm'd, for you have bishop'd it.

XXXI.

WHERE HE WOULD HAVE HIS VERSES READ.

In sober mornings, do not thou rehearse
The holy incantation of a verse ;—
But when that men have both well drunk and fed
Let my enchantments then be sung or read.
When laurel spirts i' the fire, and when the hearth
Smiles to itself and gilds the roof with mirth ;
When up the Thyrse is raised, and when the sound
Of sacred orgies flies around around ;
When the rose reigns, and locks with ointment shine,
Let rigid Cato read these lines of mine.

XXXII.

LYRIC FOR LEGACIES.

Gold I've none, for use or show,
Neither silver to bestow
At my death ; but thus much know
That each lyric here shall be
Of my love a legacy,
Left to all posterity.
Gentle friends, then do but please
To accept such coins as these,
As my last remembrances.

XXXIII.

ON HIMSELF.

Live by thy muse thou shalt, when others die,
Leaving no fame to long posterity ;
When monarchies trans-shifted are, and gone
Here shall endure thy vast dominion.

AMATORY ODES.

XXXIV.

A HYMN TO VENUS AND CUPID.

Sea-born goddess, let me be,
By thy son thus grac'd and thee,
That when ere I woo, I find
Virgins coy, but not unkind.
Let me, when I kiss a maid,
Taste her lips, so overlaid
With love's syrup, that I may
In your temple, when I pray,
Kiss the altar, and confess,
There's in love no bitterness.

AMATORY ODES.

XXXV.

THE SHOWER OF BLOSSOMS.

Love in a shower of blossoms came
 Down, and half drown'd me with the same :
 The blooms that fell were white and red ;
 But with such sweets commingled,
 As whether, this I cannot tell,
 My sight was pleas'd more, or my smell ;
 But true it was, as I roll'd there,
 Without a thought of hurt or fear,
 Love turn'd himself into a bee,
 And with his javelin wounded me ;
 From which mishap this use I make,—
 Where most sweets are, there lies a snake ;
 Kisses and favours are sweet things,—
 But those have thorns, and these have stings.

XXXVI.

THE ROSARY.

One ask'd me where the roses grew,—
 I bade him not go seek ;
 But forthwith bade my Julia shew
 A bud in either cheek.

XXXVII.

THE DREAM.

Methought last night love in an anger came,
And brought a rod, so whipp'd me with the same
Myrtle the twigs were, merely to imply
Love strikes, but 'tis with gentle cruelty.
Patient I was ; Love pitiful grew then,
And stroked the stripes, and I was whole again.
Thus, like a bee, Love gentle still doth bring
Honey to salve, where he before did sting.

XXXVIII.

CHERRY-RIPE.

Cherry-ripe, ripe, ripe (I cry,)
Full and fair ones ; come and buy !
If so be you ask me, where
They do grow ? I answer, There,
Where my Julia's lips do smile ;
There's the land, or cherry isle ;
Whose plantations fully show,
All the year, where cherries grow.

XXXIX.

A HYMN TO JUNO.

Stately goddess, do thou please,
Who art chief at marriages,
But to dress the bridal bed.
When my love and I shall wed ;
And a peacock proud shall be
Offer'd up by us to thee.

XL.

UPON JULIA'S HAIR IN A GOLDEN NET.

Tell me ; what needs those rich deceits,
These golden toils, and trammel-nets,
To take thine hairs ; when they are known
Already tame, and all thine own ?
'Tis I am wild ; and more than hairs
Deserve these meshes, and those snares.
Set free thy tresses ; let them flow
As airs do breathe, or winds do blow ;
And let such curious networks be
Less set for them, than spread for me.

XLI.

TO CENONE.

What, conscience, say, is it in thee,
When I a heart had one,
To take away that heart from me,
And to retain thy own ?

For shame, or pity now incline
To play a loving part ;
Either to send me kindly thine,
Or give me back my heart.

Covet not both ; but if thou dost
Resolve to part with neither,
Why, yet to shew that thou art just,
Take me and mine together.

XLII.

THE NIGHTPIECE.

Her eyes the glow worm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee ;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like sparks of fire, befriend thee !

No will-o'-th'-wisp mislight thee,
Nor snake or slow-worm bite thee ;
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there's none to affright thee !

Let not the dark thee cumber ;
What though the moon does slumber ?
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear without number !

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus, thus, to come unto me ;
And, when I shall meet
Thy silvery feet,
My soul I'll pour into thee !

XLIII.

UPON JULIA'S RECOVERY.

Droop, droop no more, or hang the head,
Ye roses almost withered ;

Now strength, and newer purple get,
 Each here-declining violet.
 O primroses! let this day be
 A resurrection unto ye;
 And to all flowers allied in blood,
 Or sworn to that sweet sisterhood;
 For health on Julia's cheek hath shed
 Claret and cream commingled.
 And those ~~her~~ lips do now appear
 As beams of coral, but more clear.

XLIV.

THE BLEEDING HAND; OR, THE SPRIG OF EGLANTINE
 GIVEN TO A MAID.

From this bleeding hand of mine
 Take this sprig of eglantine;
 Which, though sweet unto your smell,
 Yet, the fretful briar will tell,
 He who plucks the sweets shall prove
 Many thorns to be in love.

XLV.

TO DIANE.

Give me *one* kiss,
 And no more:
 If so be this
 Makes you poor,
 To enrich you
 I'll restore
 For that one, two
 Thousand score.

XLVI.

THE CHANGES.

TO CORINNA. AN EXPOSTULATION.

Be not proud, but now incline
Your soft ear to discipline.
You have changes in your life,
Sometimes peace and sometimes strife ;
You have ebbs of face, and flows,
As your health or comes or goes ;
You have hopes, and doubts, and fears,
Numberless as are your hairs ;
You have pulses that do beat
High, and passions less of heat ;
You are young, but must be old ;
And, to these, ye must be told,
Time, ere long, will come and plough
Loathed furrows in your brow ;
And the dimness of your eye.
Will no other thing imply ;
 But you must die,
 As well as I.

XLVII.

UPON CUPID.

As lately I a garland bound
'Mongst roses, I there Cupid found ;
I took him, put him in my cup,
And, drunk with wine, I drank him up :
Hence then it is, that my poor breast.
Could never since find any rest.

XLVIII.

TO HIS MISTRESS OBJECTING TO HIM NEITHER
TOYING, OR TALKING.

You say I love not, 'cause I do not play
Still with your curls, and kiss the time away ;
You blame me too, because I can't devise
Some sport, to please those babies in your eyes :
By love's religion, I must here confess it,
The most I love, when I the least express it !
Small griefs find tongues ; full casks are ever found
To give, if any, yet but little sound ;
Deep waters noiseless are ; and this we know,
That chiding streams betray small depth below :
So when love speechless is, she doth express
A depth in love, and that depth bottomless.
Now since my love is tongueless, know me such,
Who speak but little, 'cause I love so much.

XLIX.

UPON ROSES.

Under a lawn, than skies more clear,
Some ruffled roses nestling were ;
And, snuggling there, they seem'd to lie
As in a flowery nunnery ;
They blush'd and look'd more fresh than flowers,
Quick'en'd of late by pearly showers ;
And all, because they were possess'd
But of the heat of Julia's breast,
Which, as a warm and moisten'd spring,
Gave them their ever flourishing.

L.

TO SILVIA, TO WED.

Let us, though late, at last, my Silvia, wed :
And loving lie in one devoted bed.
Thy watch may stand ! my minutes fly post-haste,
No sound calls back the year that once is past.
Then, sweetest Silvia, let's no longer stay ;
True love, we know, precipitates delay.
Away with doubts, all scruples hence remove,
No man at one time can be wise, and love.

LI.

THE ROCK OF RUBIES AND THE QUARRELET
OF PEARLS.

Some ask'd me where the rubies grew ;
And nothing I did say,
But with my finger pointed to
The lips of Julia.
Some ask'd how pearls did grow, and where ;
Then spoke I to my girl
To part her lips, and shew me there
The quarrelets of pearl.

LII.

OF LOVE. A SONNET.

How love came in I do not know ;
Whether by th' eye or ear, or no,
Or wether with the soul it came
At first, infused with the same ;

Whether in part 'tis here or there ;
Or, like the soul whole every-where :
This troubles me ; but I, as well
As any other, this can tell ;
That, when from hence she does depart,
The outlet then is from the heart.

LIII.

THE PARLIAMENT OF ROSES.

TO JULIA.

I dreamt the Roses one time went
To meet, and sit in Parliament ;
The place for these, and for the rest
Of flowers, was thy spotless breast ;
Over the which a state was drawn
Of tiffany, or cobweb lawn :
Then in that Parley, all those powers
Voted the Rose the queen of flowers ;
But so as that herself should be
The maid of honour unto thee.

LIV. .

OF LOVE.

I'll get me hence,
Because no fence,
Or fort that I can make here,
But love by charms,
Or else by arms,
Will storm, or starving take here.

LV.

TO JEALOUSY.

O Jealousy, that art
 The canker of the heart,
 And mak'st all hell
 Where thou dost dwell ;
 For pity be
 No fury, or no firebrand to me !

Far from me I'll remove
 All thoughts of irksome love,
 And turn to snow,
 Or crystal grow,
 To keep still free,
 O soul-tormenting Jealousy, from thee !

LVI.

UPON LOVE.

Love's a thing, as I do hear,
 Ever full of pensive fear ;
 Rather than to which I'll fall,
 Trust me, I'll not like at all :
 If to Love I should intend,
 Let my hair then stand on end ;
 And that terror likewise prove
 Fatal to me in my love.
 But, if horror cannot slake
 Flames, which wo'd an entrance make ;
 Then the next thing I desire,
 Is to love, and live i'th' fire.

LVII.

TO SAPPHO.

Sappho, I will choose to go
Where the northern winds do blow
Endless ice, and endless snow ;

Rather than I once would see
But a winter's face in thee
To benumb my hopes and me.

LVIII.

NOT TO LOVE.

THE BACHELOR.

He that will not love must be
My scholar, and learn this of me.
There be in love as many fears
As the summer's corn has ears ;
Sighs, and sobs, and sorrows more
Than the sand that makes the shore :
Freezing cold, and fiery heats,
Fainting swoons and deadly sweats ;
Now an ague then a fever, ,
Both tormenting lovers ever.
Would'st thou know, besides all these,
How hard a woman 'tis to please,
How cross, how sullen, and how soon.
She shifts and changes like the moon,—
How false, how hollow, she's in heart,
And how she is her own least part ;
How high she's prized, and worth but small,
Little thou'lt love, or not at all.

LIX.

UPON JULIA'S RIBAND.

As shews the air, when with a rainbow grac'd,
 So smiles that riband 'bout my Julia's waist;
 Or like — nay, 'tis that zonulet of love,
 Wherein all pleasures of the world are wove.

LX.

DISSUASIONS FROM IDLENESS.

Cynthius, pluck ye by the ear,
 That ye may good doctrine hear.
 Play not with the maiden hair,
 For each ringlet there's a snare:
 Cheek, and eye, and lip, and chin,
 These are traps to take fools in:
 Arms, and hands, and all parts else,
 Are but toils, or manacles,
 Set on purpose to inthrall
 Men, but slothfuls most of all.
 Live employ'd, and so live free
 From these fetters; like to me,
 Who have found, and still can prove,
 The lazy man the most doth love.

LXI.

UPON JULIA'S VOICE.

So smooth, so sweet, so silvery is thy voice,
 As, could they hear, the damn'd would make no noise,
 But listen to thee, walking in thy chamber,
 Singing melodious words, to lutes of amber!

LXII.

THE VISION TO ELECTRA.

I dreamed we both were in a bed
Of roses, almost smothered;
The warmth and sweetness had me there
Made lovingly familiar;
But that I heard thy sweet breath say,
Faults done by night, will blush by day,
I kiss'd thee, panting, and I call
Night to the record, that was all
But ah! if empty dreams so please,
Love, give me more such nights as these.

LXIII.

DELIGHT IN DISORDER.

A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness;
A lawn about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction;
An erring lace, which here and there
Inthralls the crimson stomacher;
A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribands to flow confusedly;
A winning wave, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticoat;
A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility:
Do more bewitch me, than when art
Is too precise in every part.

LXIV.

THE EYE.

Make me a heaven, and make me there
Many a less and greater sphere ;
Make me the straight and oblique lines,
The motions, latitudes, and the signs ;
Make me a chariot, and a sun,
And let them through a zodiac run ;
Next, place me zones and tropics there,
With all the seasons of the year ;
Make me a sunset, and a night ;
And then present the morning's light
Clothed in her chamlets of delight ;
To these, make clouds to pour down rain,
With weather foul, then fair again :
And when, wise artist, that thou hast
With all that can be this heaven graced
Ah ! what is then this curious sky,
But only my Corinna's eye ?

LXV.

TO ANTHEA.

Ah, my Anthea ! must my heart still break ?
Love makes me write what shame forbids to speak.
Give me a kiss, and to that kiss a score,
Then to that twenty, add a hundred more ;
A thousand to that hundred ; so kiss on,
To make that thousand up a million.
Treble that million, and when that is done,
Let's kiss afresh, as when we first begun.

LXVI.

HYMN TO THE GRACES.

When I love, as some have told,
Love I shall when I am old.
O ye Graces! made me fit
For the welcoming of it:
Clean my rooms, as temples be,
To entertain that deity:
Give me words wherewith to woo,
Suppling and successful too;
Winning postures, and withal
Manners each way musical;
Sweetness, to allay my sour
And unsmooth behaviour:
For I know you have the skill
Vines to prune, though not to kill;
And of any wood ye see,
You can make a Mercury.

LXVII.

HOW ROSES CAME RED.

Roses at first were white,
Till they could not agree
Whether my Sappho's breast
Or they more white should be.

But being vanquish'd quite,
A blush their cheeks bespread,
Since which, believe the rest,
The roses first came red.

LXVIII.

THE ROSE.—SONG.

Go, happy rose, and interwove
With other flowers, bind my love.

Tell her, too, she must not be
Longer flowing, longer free,
That so oft has fetter'd me.

Say, if she's fretful, I have bands
Of pearl and gold to bind her hands ;
Tell her, if she struggle still,
I have myrtle rods at will,
For to tame, though not to kill.

Take thou my blessing thus, and go,
And tell her this,—but do not so !
Lest a handsome anger fly,
Like a lightning from her eye,
And burn thee up, as well as I.

LXIX.

AGE UNFIT FOR LOVE.

Maidens tell me I am old ;
Let me in my glass behold,
Whether smooth, or not, I be ;
Or if hair remains to me.
Well ! or be't, or be't not so ;
This for certainty I know,
Ill it fits old men to play,
When that death bids come away.

LXX.

TO JULIA, IN HER DAWN, OR DAYBREAK.

By the next kindling of the day,
My Julia, thou shalt see,
Ere Ave Mary thou canst say,
I'll come and visit thee.

Yet, ere thou counsell'st with thy glass,
Appear thou to mine eyes
Naked and smooth, as she that was
The prime of paradise.

If blush thou must, then blush thou through
A lawn; that thou may'st look
As purest pearls, or pebbles do,
When peeping through a brook.

As lilies shrined in crystal, so
Do thou to me appear;
Or damask roses, when they grow
To sweet acquaintance there.

XXI.

UPON LOVE.

A crystal vial Cupid brought,
Which had a juice in it;
Of which who drank, he said, no thought
Of love he should admit.

I, greedy of the prize, did drink,
And emptied soon the glass,
Which burnt me so, that I do think
The fire of hell it was.

Give me my earthen cups again ;
The crystal I contemn,
Which, though enchased with pearls, contain
A deadly draught in them.

And thou, O Cupid ! come not to
My threshold ; since I see,
For all I have, or else can ~~do~~,
Thou still wilt cozen me.

LXXII.

NO LOATHSOMENESS IN LOVE.

What I fancy I approve,
No dislike there is in love :
Be my mistress short or tall,
And distorted therewithal ;
Be she likewise one of those,
That an acre hath of nose ;
Be her forehead and her eyes
Full of incongruities.
Be her cheeks so shallow too,
As to shew her tongue wag through
Be her lips ill hung, or set ;
And her grinders black as jet ;
Has she thin hair, hath she none ;
She's to me a paragon.

LXXIII.

LOVE PERFUMES ALL PARTS.

If I kiss Anthea's breast,
There I smell the phoenix' nest ;
If her lip, the more sincere
Altar of incense I smell there ;
Bosom, hands, and arms, are all
Richly aromatical :
Goddess Isis can't transfer
Musks and ambers more from her ;
Nor can Juno sweeter be,
When she lies with Jove, than she.

LXXIV.

JULIA'S PETTICOAT.

Thy azure robe I did behold,
As airy as the leaves of gold,
Which erring here, and wand'ring there,
Pleas'd with transgression ev'ry where :
Sometimes 'twould pant, and sigh, and heave,
As if to stir it scarce had leave ;
But having got it, thereupon,
'Twould make a brave expansion ;
And, pounced with stars, it shew'd to me
Like a celestial canopy :
Sometimes 'twould blaze, and then abate,
Like to a flame grown moderate :
Sometimes away 'twould wildly fling,
Then to thy thigh so closely cling,

That some conceit did melt me down,
As lovers fall into a swoon ;
And all confused I there did lie
Drown'd in delights, but could not die.
That leading cloud I follow'd still,
Hoping t' have seen of it my fill ;
But, ah ! I could not ; should it move
To life eternal, I could love.

LXXV.

TO DIANE.

I could but see thee yesterday
Stung by a fretful bee ;
And I the jav'lin suck'd away,
And heal'd the wound in thee.

A thousand thorns, and briers, and stings,
I have in my poor breast ;
Yet ne'er can see that salve, which brings
My passions any rest.

As love shall help me ! I admire
How thou canst sit and smile,
To see me bleed ; and not desire
To stanch the blood the while.

If thou, composed of gentle mould,
Art so unkind to me ;
What dismal stories will be told
Of those that cruel be !

LXXVI.

A HYMN TO LOVE.

I will confess,
With cheertfulness,
Love is a thing so likes me ;
That, let her lay
On me all day,
I'll kiss the hand that strikes me.

I will not, I,
Now blubb'ring cry :
It, ah ! too late repents me,
That I did fall
To love at all ;
Since love so much contents me.

No, no ; I'll be
In fetters free :
While others they sit wringing
Their hands for pain,
I'll entertain
The wounds of love with singing.

With flowers, and wine,
And cakes divine,
To strike me I will tempt thee ;
Which done, no more
I'll come before
Thee and thine altars empty.

LXXVII.

TO THE LARK.

Good speed, for I this day
Betimes my matins say,
Because I do
Begin too woo.
Sweet-singing lark,
Be thou the clark,
And know thy when
To say amen.
And if I prove
Blest in my love,
Then thou shalt be
High-priest to me,
At my return
To incense burn,
And so to solemnize
Love's and my sacrifice.

LXXVIII.

TO ELECTRA.

I dare not ask a kiss,
I dare not beg a smile ;
Lest, having that, or this,
I might grow proud the while.
No, no ; the utmost share
Of my desire shall be
Only to kiss that air,
That lately kissed thee.

LXXIX.

UPON THE ROSES IN JULIA'S BOSOM.

Thrice happy roses, so much graced, to have
 Within the bosom of my love your grave !
 Die when ye will, your sepulchre is known ;
 Your grave her bosom is, the lawn the stone.

LXXX.

UPON HIS JULIA.

Will ye hear what I can say
 Briefly of my Julia ?
 Black and rolling is her eye,
 Double-chinn'd, and forehead high,
 Lips she has all ruby red,
 Cheeks like cream enclareted,
 And a nose that is the grace
 And proscenium of her face ;
 So that we may guess by these
 The other parts will richly please.

LXXXI.

TO ELECTRA.

Shall I go to Love, and tell
 Thou art all turn'd icicle ?
 Shall I say, her altars be
 Disadorn'd, and scorn'd by thee ?
 O beware ! in time submit ;
 Love has yet no wrathful fit :
 If her patience turns to ire,
 Love is then consuming fire.

LXXXII.

TO ANTHEA, WHO MAY COMMAND HIM ANY THING.

Bid me to live, and I will live
Thy protestant to be ;
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free,
As in the whole world thou canst find,
That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,
To honour thy decree ;
Or bid it languish quite away,
And 't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep,
While I have eyes to see ;
And having none, yet I will keep
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair
Under that cypress tree ;
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en death, to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me ;
And hast command of every part,
To live and die for thee.

LXXXIII.

TO A GENTLEWOMAN OBJECTING TO HIM HIS GREY
HAIRS.

Am I despised, because you say,
And I dare swear, that I am grey ?
Know, lady, you have but your day ;
And time will come, when you shall wear
Such frost and snow upon your hair.
And when, though long, it comes to pass.
You question with your looking-glass,
And in that sincere crystal seek,
But find no rose-bud in your cheek,
Nor any bed to give the shew :
Where such a rare carnation grew ;
Ah ! then too late, close in your chamber keeping,
It will be told
That you are old,
By those true tears y'are weeping.

LXXXIV.

HIS PROTESTATION TO PERILLA.

Noonday and midnight shall at once be seen ;
Trees at one time shall be both sere and green ;
Fire and water shall together lie
In one self-sweet conspiring sympathy ;
Summer and winter shall at one time show
Ripe ears of corn, and up to th' ears in snow ;
Seas shall be sandless, fields devoid of grass,
Shapeless the world, as when all chaos was,
Before, my dear Perilla, I will be
False to my vow, or fall away from thee.

LXXXV.

THE CRUEL MAID.

And, cruel maid, because I see
 You scornful of my love and me,
 I'll trouble you no more ; but go
 My way, where you shall never know
 What is become of me ; there I
 Will find me out a path to die,
 Or learn some way how to forget
 You, and your name, for ever : yet
 Ere I go hence, know this from me,
 What will in time your fortune be :
 This to your coyness I will tell,
 And having spoke it once, farewell !
 The lily will not long endure,
 Nor the snow continue pure ;
 The rose, the violet, one day
 See ; both these lady-flowers decay ;
 And you must fade as well as they :
 And, it may chance that love may turn,
 And, like to mine, make your heart burn,
 And weep to see't ; yet this thing do,
 That my last vow commends to you ;
 When you shall see that I am dead,
 For pity let a tear be shed ;
 And, with your mantle o'er me cast,
 Give my cold lips a kiss at last :
 If twice you kiss, you need not fear
 That I shall stir or live more here :
 Next hollow out a tomb to cover
 Me, me, the most despised lover
 And write thereon : " this, reader, know,
 Love kill'd this man." No more but so.

LXXXVI.

A RING PRESENTED TO JULIA.

Julia, I bring
To thee this ring,
Made for thy finger fit ;
To shew by this
That our love is,
Or should be, like to it.

Close though it be,
The joint is free ;
So, when love's yoke is on,
It must not gall,
Or fret at all
With hard oppression :

But it must play
Still either way
And be to such a yoke,
As not too wide,
To overslide,
Or be so strait to choke.

So we, who bear
This beam, must rear
Ourselves to such a height,
As that the stay
Of either may
Create the burthen light.

And as this round
Is no where found
To flow, or else to sever ;

So let our love
 As endless prove.
 And pure as gold for ever.

LXXXVII.

TO THE WESTERN WIND.

Sweet western wind, whose luck it is
 Made rival with the air,
 To give *Perenna's lips a kiss,*
And fan her wanton hair.

Bring me but one ; I'll promise thee,
 Instead of common showers,
 Thy wings shall be embalm'd by me.
 And all beset with flowers.

LXXXVIII.

THE HOUR GLASS.

That Hour glass, which there you see,
 With water fill'd, sirs, credit me,
 The humour was, as I have read,
 But lovers tears incrystalled ;
 Which, as they drop by drop do pass
 From th' upper to the under-glass,
 Do in a trickling manner tell,
 (By many a watery syllable)
 That lovers' tears in life-time shed,
~~Do~~ restless run when they are dead.

LXXXIX.

THE SUSPICION UPON HIS OVER-MUCH FAMILIARITY
WITH A GENTLEWOMAN.

And must we part, because some say
Loud is our love, and loose our play,
And more than well becomes the day?
Alas, for pity! and for us,
Most innocent and injur'd thus.
Had we kept close, or play'd within,
Suspicion now had been the sin,
And shame had follow'd long ere this,
T' ave plagu'd what now unpunish'd is.
But we, as fearless of the sun,
As faultless, will not wish undone,
What now is done; since where no sin
Unbolts the door, no shame comes in.
Then, comely and most fragrant maid,
Be you more wary than afraid
Of these reports; because you see
The fairest most suspected be.
The common forms have no one eye
Or care of burning jealousy
To follow them; but chiefly where
Love makes the cheek and chin a sphere
To dance and play in: Trust me, there
Suspicion questions every hair.
Come, you are fair, and shou'd be seen
While you are in your sprightful green,
And what though you had been embrac'd
By me, were you for that unchaste?

No, no, no more then is yond' moon,
 Which shining in her perfect noon,
 In all that great and glorious light,
 Continues cold, as is the night.
 Then, beauteous maid, you may retire ;
 And as for me, my chaste desire
 Shall move t'wards you, although I see
 Your face no more ; so live you free
 From Fame's black lips, as you from me.

XC.

UPON LOVE.

Love scorch'd my finger but did spare
 The burning of my heart ;
 To signify, in love my share
 Shou'd be a little part.

Little I love, but if that he
 Wou'd but that heat recal,
 That joint to ashes shou'd be burnt
 Ere I wou'd love at all.

XCI.

TO ANTHERA, LYING IN ~~THE~~.

So looks Anthea, when in bed she lies,
 O'ercome, or half betray'd by Tiffanies ;
 Like to a twilight, or that simpering dawn,
 That roses shew, when misted o'er with lawn.
 Twilight is yet, till that her lawns give way,
 Which done, that dawn turns then to perfect day.

XCII.

TO GROVES.

Ye silent shades, whose each tree here
 Some relic of a saint doth wear,
 Who for some sweetheart's sake did prove
 The fire and martyrdom of love ;
 Here is the legend of those saints
 That died for love, and their complaints ;
 Their wounded hearts, and names, we find
 Engrav'd upon the leaves and rind.
 Give way, give way to me, who come
 Scorch'd with the self-same martyrdom ;
 And have deserved as much, Love knows,
 As to be canonized 'mongst those
 Whose deeds and deaths here written are
 Within your greeny calendar.
 By all those virgins' fillets hung
 Upon your boughs, and requiems sung
 For saints and souls departed hence,
 Here honour'd still with frankincense ;
 By all those ~~fillets~~ that have been shed
 As a drink-~~offering~~ to the dead ;
 By all those ~~love-knots~~ love-knots, that be
 With mottoes ~~carved~~ on every tree ;
 By sweet S. ~~Willis~~illis, pity me ;
 By dear S. ~~Whis~~his, and the rest
 Of all those other saints now blest,
 Me, me forsaken, here admit
 Among your myrtles to be writ ;
 That my poor name may have the glory
 To live remember'd in your story !

XCIII.

TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME.

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
 Old Time is still a flying :
 And this same flower, that smiles to-day ;
 To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
 The higher he's a getting ;
 The sooner will his race be run,
 And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
 When youth and blood are warmer ;
 But, being spent, the worse, and worst
 Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time ;
 And while ye may, go marry :
 For, having lost but once your prime,
 You may for ever tarry.

XCIV

UPON HIS GREY HAIRS.

Fly me not, though I be gray ;
 Lady, this I know you'll say,
 Better look the roses red,
 When with white commingled.
 Black your hairs are ; mine are white :
 This begets the more delight ;
 When things meet most opposite,
 As in pictures we descry
 Venus standing Vulcan by.

AMATORY ODES.

XCV.

IMPOSSIBILITIES.

TO MY FRIEND.

My faithful friend, if you can see
The fruit to grow up, or the tree ;
If you can see the colour come
Into the blushing pear, or plumb ;
If you can see the water grow
To cakes of ice, or flakes of snow :
If you can see that drop of rain,
Lost in the wild sea, once again ;
If you can see how dreams do creep
Into the brain by easy sleep ;
Then there is hope that you may see
Her love me once, who now hates me.

XCVI.

MRS. ELIZ. WHEELER UNDER THE NAME OF THE LOST SHEPHERDESS.

Among the myrtles as I walk'd,
Love and my sighs thus intertalk'd :
Tell me, said I, in deep distress,
Where I may find my shepherdess ?
Thou fool, said Love, know'st thou not this ?
In every thing that's sweet she is ?
In yond' carnation go and seek,
There thou shalt find her lip, and cheek ;
In that enamell'd pansy by,
There thou shalt have her curious eye ;
In bloom of peach, and rose's bud,
There waves the streamer of her blood ;

'Tis true, said I ; and thereupon
I went to pluck them one by one,
To make of parts an union :
But on a sudden all were gone ;
At which I stopp'd ; said Love, these be,
The true resemblances of thee ;
For, as these flowers, thy joys must die,
And in the turning of an eye :
And all thy hopes of her must wither,
Like those short sweets here knit together.

XCVII.

TO THE MAIDS TO WALK ABROAD.

Come sit we under yonder tree,
Where merry as the maids we'll be ;
And, as on primroses we sit,
We'll venture, if we can, at wit :
If not, at draw-gloves we will play,
So spend some minutes of the day ;
Or else spin out the thread of sands,
Playing at questions and commands ;
Or tell what strange tricks Love can do,
By quickly making one of two :
Thus we will sit and talk, but tell
No cruel truths of Philomel ;
Or Phillis, whom hard fate forced on
To kill herself for Demophoon :
But fables we'll relate ; how Jove
Put on all shapes to get a love,

As now a satyr, than a swan,
A bull but then, and now a man :
Next we will act how young men woo ;
And sigh, and kiss, as lovers do ;
And talk of brides, and who shall make
That wedding smock, this bridal cake,
That dress, this sprig, that leaf, this vine,
That smooth and silken columbine :
This done, we'll draw lots who shall buy,
And gild the bays, and rosemary ;
What posies for our wedding rings,
What gloves we'll give, and ribandings ;
And, smiling at ourselves, decree
Who then the joining priest shall be ;
What short sweet prayers shall be said ;
And how the posset shall be made
With cream of lilies, not of kine,
And maiden's-blush, for spiced wine :
Thus having talk'd, we'll next commend
A kiss to each : and so we'll end.

XCVIII.

UPON JULIA'S SWEAT.

Would ye oil of blossoms get ?
Take it from my Julia's sweat ;
Oil of lilies, and of spike ?
From her moisture take the like ;
Let her breathe, or let her blow,
All rich spices thence will flow.

XCIX.

THE PRIMROSE.

Ask me why I send you here
 This sweet infanta of the year ?
 Ask me why I send to you
 This primrose, thus bepearl'd with dew ?
 I will whisper to your ears,
 The sweets of love are mix'd with tears.

Ask me why this flow'r does show
 So yellow-green, and sickly too ?
 Ask me why the stalk is weak
 And bending, yet it doth not break ?
 I will answer, these discover
 What fainting hopes are in a lover.

C.

A DIALOGUE BETWIXT HIMSELF AND MISTRESS ELIZABETH WHEELER, UNDER THE NAME OF AMARYLLIS.

HERRICK.

My dearest love, since thou wilt go,
 And leave me here behind thee ;
 For love or pity, let me know
 The place where I may find thee.

AMARYLLIS.

In country meadows, pearl'd with dew,
 And set about with lilies ;
 There filling maunds with cowslips, you
 May find your Amaryllis.

HERRICK.

What have the meads to do with thee,
 Or with thy youthful hours?
 Live thou at court, where thou may'st be
 The queen of men, not flowers.

Let country wenches make 'em fine
 With poses ; since 'tis fitter
 For thee with richest gems to shine,
 And like the stars to glitter.

AMARYLLIS.

You set too high a rate upon
 A shepherdess so homely.
 HER. Believe it, dearest, there's not one
 I' the court that's half so comely.

I prithee stay.—AM. I must away.
 HER. Let's kiss first, then we'll sever ;
 BOTH. And, though we bid adieu to-day,
 We shall not part for ever.

CI.

KISSING USURY.

Bianca, let
 Me pay the debt
 I owe thee for a kiss
 Thou lend'st to me ;
 And I to thee
 Will render ten for this :

If thou wilt say,
Ten will not pay
For that so rich a one ;
I'll clear the sum,
If it will come
Unto a million.

By this I guess,
Of happiness
Who has a little measure,
He must of right
To th' utmost mite
Make payment for his pleasure.

CII.

TO CARNATIONS.—A SONG.

Stay while ye will, or go,
And leave no scent behind ye ;
Yet, trust me, I shall know
The place where I may find ye.

Within my Lucia's cheek,
(Whose livery ye wear,)
Play ye at hide and seek,
I'm sure to find ye there.

CIII.

TO OENONE.

Sweet Oenone, do but say
Love thou dost, though Love says nay :
Speak my fair ; for lovers be
Gently kill'd by flattery.

CIV.

TO DIANE.

Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes,
 Which star-like sparkle in their skies ;
 Nor be you proud, that you can see
All hearts your captives, your's yet free :
 Be you not proud of that rich hair,
 Which wantons with the love-sick air ;
 When as that ruby which you wear,
 Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,
 Will last to be a precious stone,
 When all your world of beauty's gone.

CV.

THE WEEPING CHERRY.

I saw a cherry weep, and why ?
 Why wept it ? but for shame ;
 Because my Julia's lip was by,
 And did out-red the same !

But, pretty fondling, let not fall
 A tear at all for that,
 Which rubies, corals, scarlets, all,
 For tincture, wonder at.

CVI.

UPON LOVE.

Some salve to every sore we may apply ;
 Only for my wound there's no remedy :
 Yet if my Julia kiss me, there will be
 A sovereign balm found out to cure me.

CVII.

TO ANTHEA.

Sick is Anthea, sickly is the spring,
The primrose sick, and sickly every thing;
The while my dear Anthea does but droop,
The tulips, lilies, daffodils do stoop:
But when again she's got her healthful hour,
Each bending then, will rise a proper flow'r.

CVIII.

TO THE WILLOW-TREE.

Thou art to all lost love the best,
The only true plant found,
Wherewith young men and maids distrest
And left of love, are crown'd.

When once the lover's rose is dead,
Or laid aside forlorn,
Then willow garlands 'bout the head,
Bedew'd with tears, are worn.

When with neglect, the lover's bane,
Poor maids rewarded be
For their love lost, their only gain
Is but a wreath from thee.

And underneath thy cooling shade,
When weary of the light,
The love-spent youth and love-sick maid
Come to weep out the night.

CIX.

UPON A DELAYING LADY.

Come, come away ;
Or let me go :
Must I here stay
Because y' are slow,
And will continue so ?—
T'roth, lady, no :

I scorn to be
A slave to state ;
And, since I'm free,
I will not wait
Henceforth, at such a rate,
For needy fate :

If you desire
My spark should glow,
The peeping fire
You must blow ;
Or I shall quickly grow
To frost, or snow.

CX.

THE CARCANET.

Instead of orient pearls, of jet
I sent my love a carcanet :
About her spotless neck she knit
The lace, to honour me, or it :
Then think how rapt was I, to see
My jet t'inthrall such ivory !

CXI.

WHAT KIND OF MISTRESS HE WOULD HAVE.

Be the mistress of my choice
Clean in manners, clear in voice ;
Be she witty more than wise ;
Pure enough, though not precise ;
Be she shewing in her dress,
Like a civil wilderness,
That the curious may detect
Order in a sweet neglect ;
Be she rolling in her eye,
Tempting all the passers-by ;
And each ringlet of her hair
An enchantment, or a snare ;
For to catch the lookers on,
But herself held fast by none ;
Let her Lucrece all day be,
Thais in the night to me ;
Be she such as neither will
Famish me, not over-fill.

CXII.

TO HIS MISTRESSES.

Help me ! help me ! now I call
To my pretty witchcrafts all :
Old I am, and cannot do
That I was accustom'd to :
Bring your magics, spells, and charms,
To en flesh my thighs and arms.

Is there no way to beget
 In my limbs their former heat ?
 Æson had, as poets feign,
 Baths that made him young again :
 Find that medicine if you can,
 For your dry, decrepit man,
 Who would fain his strength renew,
 Were it but to pleasure you.

CXIII.

UPON THE LOSS OF HIS MISTRESS.

I have lost, and lately, these
 Many dainty mistresses ;
 Stately Julia, prime of all ;
 Sappho next, a principal ;
 Smooth Anthea, for a skin
 White, and heaven-like crystalline ;
 Sweet Electra ; and the choice
 Myrrha, for the lute and voice ;
 Next, Corinna, for her wit,
 And the graceful use of it ;
 With Perilla : all are gone ;
 Only Herrick's left alone,
 For to number sorrow by
 Their departures hence, and die.

CXIV.

LOVE DISLIKES NOTHING.

Whatsoever thing I see
 Rich, or poor although it be
 'Tis a mistress unto me.

Be my girl or fair, or brown,
Does she smile, or does she frown,
Still I write a sweetheart down.

Be she rough or smooth of skin,
When I touch, I then begin
For to let affection in.

Be she bald, or does she wear
Locks incurld of other hair,
I shall find enchantment there.

Be she whole, or be she rent,
So my fancy be content,
She's to me most excellent.

Be she fat, or be she lean,
Be she sluttish, be she clean,
I'm a man for every scene.

CXV.

TO ELECTRA.

More white than whitest lilies far,
Or snow, or whitest swans, you are ;
More white than are the whitest creams,
Or moonlight tinselling the streams :
More white than pearls, or Juno's thigh,
Or Pelops' arm of ivory.
True, I confess, such whites as these
May me delight, not fully please ;
Till, like Ixion's cloud, you be
White, warm, and soft to lie with me.

CXVI.

LOVE'S PLAY AT PUSH PIN.

Love and myself, believe me on a day
At childish push pin, for our sport, did play :
I put, he push'd, and, heedless of my skin,
Love prick'd my finger with a golden pin ;
Since which it festers so, that I can prove
'Twas but a trick to poison me with love :
Little the wound was, greater was the smart ;
The finger bled, but burnt was all my heart.

CXVII.

THE FROZEN ZONE, OR JULIA DISDAINFUL.

Whither, say, whither shall I fly,
To slack these flames wherein I fry ?
'To the treasures shall I go
Of the rain, frost, hail, and snow ?
Shall I search the under ground,
Where all damps and mists are found ?
Shall I seek for speedy ease
All the floods, and frozen seas ;
Or descend into the deep
Where eternal cold does keep ?
These may cool ; but there's a zone
Colder yet than any one,
That's my Julia's breast, where dwells,
Such destructive icicles,
As that the congelation will
Me sooner starve, than those can kill.

CXVIII.

THE KISS.—A DIALOGUE.

1. Among thy fancies tell me this .
What is the thing we call a kiss ?
2. I shall resolve ye what it is.

It is a creature born and bred
Between the lips all cherry red ;
By love and warm desires fed ;

Chor. And makes more soft the bridal bed.

2. It is an active flame, that flies
First to the babies of the eyes,
And charms them there with lullabies,

Chor. And stills the bride, too, when she cries

2. Then to the chin, the cheek, the ear,
It frisks and flies, now here, now there,
'Tis now far off, and then 'tis near :

Chor. And here and there, and everywhere.

1. Has it a speaking virtue ? 2. Yes.—

1. How speaks it, say ? 2. Do you but this,
Part your join'd lips, then speaks your kiss

Chor. And this love's sweetest language is.

1. Has it a body ? 2. Ay, and wings,
With thousand rare encolourings ,
And, as it flies, it gently sings,

Chor. Love honey yields, but never stings.

CXIX.

LIPS TONGUELESS.

For my part, I never care
For those lips that tongue-tied are ;
Tell-tales I would have them be
Of my mistress, and of me :
Let them prattle how that I
Sometimes freeze, and sometimes fry :
Let them tell how she doth move
Fore, or backward in her love :
Let them speak by gentle tones
One, and th' other's passions :
How we watch, and seldom sleep ;
How by willows we do weep ;
How by stealth we meet, and then
Kiss, and sigh, so part again .
This the lips we will permit
For to tell, not publish it.

CXX.

TO ANTHEA.

Come, Anthea, know thou this,
Love at no time idle is ;
Let's be doing, though we play
But at push pin half the day ;
Chains of sweet bents let us make,
Captive one, or both, to take ;
In which bondage we will lie,
Souls transfusing thus, and die !

CXXI.

THE APRON OF FLOWERS.

To gather flowers Sappho went,
And homeward she did bring,
Within her lawny continent,
The treasure of the spring.

She smiling blush'd, and blushing smiled,
And sweetly blushing thus,
She look'd as she'd been got with child
By young Favonius.

Her apron gave as she did pass,
An odour more divine,
More pleasing, too, than ever was
The lap of Proserpine.

CXXII.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

Choose me your valentine ;
Next, let us marry ;
Love to the death will pine,
If we long tarry.

Promise, and keep your vows,
Or vow ye never ;
Love's doctrine disallows
Troth-breakers ever.

You have broke promise twice,
Dear, to undo me ;
If you prove faithless thrice,
None then will woo ve.

CXXIII.

THE FROZEN HEART.

I freeze, I freeze, and nothing dwells
In me but snow and icicles ;
For pity's sake, give your advice
To melt this snow, and thaw this ice.
I'll drink down flames, but if so be
Nothing but love can supple me ;
I'll rather keep this frost and snow,
Than to be thaw'd or heated so.

CXXIV.

TO PERENNA.

When I thy parts run o'er, I can't espy
In any one the least indecency ;
But every line and limb diffused thence
A fair and unfamiliar excellence ;
So that the more I look, the more I prove
There's still more cause, why I the more should love.

CXXV.

TO LOVE.

I'm free from thee ; and thou no more shalt hear
My puling pipe to beat against thine ear,
Farewell my shackles, though of pearl they be.
Such precious thralldom ne'er shall fetter me.
He loves his bonds, who, when the first are broke,
Submits his neck unto a second yoke.

CXXVI.

TO DIANEME.

Dear, though to part it be a hell,
 Yet, Dianeme, now farewell ;
 Thy frown last night did bid me go,
 But whither only grief does know.
 I do beseech thee, ere we part,
 (If merciful, as fair thou art ;
 Or else desir'st that maids shou'd tell
 Thy pity by love's chronicle)
 O, Dianeme, rather kill
 Me, than to make me languish still !
 'Tis cruelty in thee to' th' height,
 Thus, thus to wound, not kill outright ;
 Yet there's a way found, if thou please,
 By sudden death to give me ease ;
 And thus devis'd, do thou but this,
 Bequeath to me one parting kiss ;
 So sup'rabundant joy shall be
 The executioner of me.

CXXVII.

AGAINST LOVE.

Whene'er my heart love's warmth but entertains,
 O frost ! O snow ! O hail ! forbid the banns.
 One drop now deads a spark, but if the same
 Once gets a force, floods cannot quench the flame.
 Rather than love, let me be ever lost,
 Or let me 'gender with eternal frost.

CXXVIII.

TO HIS MISTRESSES.

Put on your silks ; and, piece by piece,
Give them the scent of ambergris ;
And for your breaths, too, let them smell
Ambrosia-like, or nectarel ;
While other gums their sweets perspire,
By your own jewels set on fire.

CXXIX.

BEING ONCE BLIND, HIS REQUEST TO BIANCA.

When age or chance has made me blind,
So that the path I cannot find ;
And when my falls and stumblings are
More than the stones i' th' street by far ;
Go thou before, and I shall well
Follow thy perfumes by the smell ;
Or be my guide, and I shall be
Led by some light that flows from thee.
Thus held, or led by thee, I shall
In ways confus'd, nor slip or fall.

CXXX.

THE SHOE TYING.

Anthea bade me tie her shoe ;
I did ; and kiss'd the instep too.
And would have kiss'd unto her knee,
Had not her blush rebuked me.

CXXXI.

NO SPOUSE BUT A SISTER.

A bachelor I will
Live as I have lived still,
And never take a wife
To crucify my life :
But this I'll tell ye too,
What now I mean to do ;
A sister, in the stead
Of wife, about I'll lead ;
Which I will keep embrac'd,
And kiss, but yet be chaste.

CXXXII.

THE POMANDER BRACELET.

To me my Julia lately sent
A bracelet, richly redolent ;
The beads I kiss'd, but most lov'd her
That did perfume the pomander.

CXXXIII.

UPON JULIA'S VOICE.

When I thy singing next shall hear,
I'll wish I might turn all to ear,
To drink in notes and numbers, such
As blessed souls can't hear too much :
Then melted down, there let me lie
Entranc'd, and lost confusedly ;
And by thy music stricken mute,
Die, and be turn'd into a lute.

CXXXIV.

TO JULIA.

How rich and pleasing thou, my Julia, art,
In each thy dainty and peculiar part !
First, for thy Queen-ship on thy head is set
Of flowers a sweet commingled coronet ;
About thy neck a carcanet is bound,
Made of the Ruby, Pearl, and Diamond ;
A golden ring that shines upon thy thumb ;
About thy wrist the rich Dardanium ;
Between thy breasts, than down of swans more white,
There plays the Sapphire with the Chrysolite.
No part besides must of thyself be known,
But by the Topaz, Opal, Calcedon.

CXXXV.

HIS SAILING FROM JULIA.

When that day comes, whose evening says I'm gone,
Unto that watery desolation :
Devoutly to thy Closet-gods then pray,
That my wing'd ship may meet no Remora.
Those deities which circum-walk the seas,
And look upon our dreadful passages,
Will from all dangers re-deliver me,
For one drink-offering poured out by thee.
Mercy and Truth live with thee ! and forbear,
In my short absence, to unsluice a tear ;
But yet for love's sake, let thy lips do this,
Give my dead picture one engendering kiss ;
Work that to life, and let me ever dwell
In thy remembrance, Julia. So farewell.

CXXXVI.

THE WOUNDED HEART.

Come, bring your sampler, and with art
Draw in't a wounded heart,
And dropping here and there ;
Not that I think that any dart
Can make your's bleed a tear,
Or pierce it any where ;
Yet do it to this end, that I
May by
This secret see,
Though you can't make
That heart to bleed, your's ne'er will ache
For me.

CXXXVII.

HIS ANSWER TO A QUESTION.

Some would know
Why I so
Long still do tarry,
And ask why
Here that I
Live, and not marry ?
Thus I those
Do oppose ;
What man would be here,
Slave to thrall,
If at all
He could live free here ?

CXXXVIII.

TO DEWS. A SONG.

I burn, I burn, and beg of you
To quench or cool me with your dew ;
I fry in fire, and so consume,
Although the pile be all perfume.
Alas ! the heat and death's the same
Whether by choice or common flame
To be in oil of roses drown'd,
(Or water, where's the comfort found
Both bring one death ; and I die here,
Unless you cool me with a tear.
Alas ! I call, but ah ! I see
Ye cool and comfort all but me.

CXXXIX.

LEANDER'S OBSEQUIES.

When as Leander young was drown'd,
No heart by love receiv'd a wound ;
But on a rock himself sat by,
There weeping sup'rabundantly.
Sighs numberless he cast about,
And all his tapers thus put out ;
His head upon his hand he laid,
And sobbing deeply, thus he said :
Ah, cruel sea ! and looking on't,
Wept as he'd drown the Hellespont.
And sure his tongue'had more exprest,
But that his tears forbad the rest.

CXL.

THE LAWN.

Would I see lawn, clear as the heaven, and thin ?
It shou'd be only in my Julia's skin ;
Which so betrays her blood, as we discover
The blush of cherries, when a lawn's cast over.

CXLI.

TO THE FEVER, NOT TO TROUBLE JULIA.

Th' ast dar'd too far, but Fury, now forbear
To give the least disturbance to her hair ;
But less presume to lay a plait upon
Her skins most smooth, and clear expansion.
'Tis like a lawny firmament, as yet
Quite dispossess'd of either fray or fret.
Come thou not near that film so finely spread,
Where no one piece is yet unlevelled
This, if thou dost, woe to thee, Fury, woe !
I'll send such frost, such hail, such sleet, and snow,
Such flesh-quakes, palsies, and such fears, as shall
Dead thee to th' most, if not destroy thee all ;
And thou a thousand thousand times shalt be
More shak'd thyself, than she is scorch'd by thee.

CXLII.

UPON ELECTRA'S TEARS.

Upon her cheeks she wept, and from those showers
Sprang up a sweet nativity of flowers.

CXLIII.

TO JULIA.

Permit me, Julia, now to go away,
Or by thy love decree me here to stay.
If thou wilt say that I shall live with thee,
Here shall my endless tabernacle be ;
If not, as banish'd I will live alone
There, where no language ever yet was known.

CXLIV.

TEARS ARE TONGUES.

When Julia chid, I stood as mute the while,
As is the fish, or tongueless crocodile ;
Air coin'd to words, my Julia could not hear,
But she could see each eye to stamp a tear ;
By which mine angry mistress might descry,
Tears are the noble language of the eye ;
And when true love of words is destitute,
The eyes by tears speak, while the tongue is mute.

CXLV.

THE PRESENT ; OR THE BAG OF THE BEE.

Fly to my mistress, pretty pilf'ring bee,
And say, thou bring'st this honey-bag from me ;
When on her lip thou hast thy sweet dew plac'd,
Mark if her tongue but slyly steal a taste ;
If so, we live ; if not, with mournful hum,
Toll forth my death ; next, to my burial come.

CXLVI.

TO ALL YOUNG MEN THAT LOVE.

I could wish you all who love,
That ye could your thoughts remove
From your mistresses, and be
Wisely wanton, like to me.
I could wish you dispossess'd
Of that fiend that mars your rest ;
And with tapers come to fright
Your weak senses in the night.
I could wish ye all who fry,
Cold as ice, or cool as I.
But if flames best like ye, then
Much good do't ye, gentlemen.
I a merry heart will keep,
While you wring your hands and weep.

CXLVII.

THE SILKEN SNAKE.

For sport, my Julia threw a lace
Of silk and silver at my face ;
Watchet the silk was, and did make
A shew, as it 't 'ad been a snake.
The suddenness did me affright,
But though it scar'd, it did not bite.

CXLVIII.

UPON HER BLUSH.

When Julia blushes, she does show
Checks like to roses when they blow.

CXLIX.

A MEDITATION FOR HIS MISTRESS.

You are a Tulip seen to-day,
But dearest, of so short a stay,
That where you grew, scarce man can say.

You are a lovely July-flower,
Yet one rude wind, or ruffling shower,
Will force you hence, and in an hour.

You are a sparkling Rose i' th' bud,
Yet lost, ere that chaste flesh and blood
Can shew where you or grew or stood.

You are a full-spread, fair-set Vine,
And can with tendrils love entwine,
Yet dri'd, ere you distil your wine.

You are like Balm, inclosed well
In amber, or some crystal shell,
Yet lost ere you transfuse your smell.

You are a dainty Violet,
Yet wither'd, ere you can be set
Within the virgin's coronet.

You are the queen all flowers among,
But die you must, fair maid, ere long,
As he, the maker of this song.

CL.

HIS RECANTATION.

Love, I recant,
And pardon crave,
That lately I offended,
But 'twas
Alas !
To make a brave,
But no disdain intended.

No more I'll vaunt,
For now I see
Thou only hast the power,
To find,
And bind
A heart that's free,
And slave it in an hour.

CLI.

UPON JULIA'S HAIR FILLED WITH DEW.

Dew sat on Julia's hair,
And spangled too,
Like leaves that laden are
With trembling dew ;
Or glitter'd to my sight,
As when the beams
Have their reflected light
Danc'd by the streams.

CLII.

THE LILY IN A CRYSTAL.

You have beheld a smiling rose
When virgins' hands have drawn
O'er it a cobweb lawn ;
And here, you see, this lily shows,
Tomb'd in a crystal stone,
More fair in this transparent case
Than when it grew alone,
And had but single grace.

You see how cream but naked is ;
Nor dances in the eye
Without a strawberry ;
Or some fine tincture like to this
Which draws the sight thereto,
More by that wantoning with it,
Than when the paler hue
No mixture did admit.

You see how amber through the streams
More gently strokes the sight,
With some conceal'd delight ;
'Than when he darts his radiant beams
Into the boundless air ;
Where either too much light his worth
Doth all at once impair,
Or set it little forth.

Put purple grapes or cherries in -
To glass, and they will send
More beauty to commend

Them, from that clean and subtile skin,
Than if they naked stood,
And had no other pride at all,
But their own flesh and blood,
And tinctures natural.

Thus lily, rose, grape, cherry, cream,
And strawberry do stir
More love, when they transfer
A weak, a soft, a broken beam ;
Than if they should discover
At full their proper excellence,
Without some scene ~~to~~ cast over,
To juggle with the sense.

Thus let this crystall'd lily be
A rule, how far, to teach,
Your nakedness must reach ;
And that no further than we see
Those glaring colours laid
By art's wise hand, but to this end
They should obey a shade,
Lest they too far extend.

So though you're white as swan or snow,
And have the power to move
A world of men to love ;
Yet, when your lawns and silks shall flow,
And that white cloud divide
Into a doubtful twilight, then,
Then will your hidden pride
Raise greater fires in men.

CLIII.

TO PANSIES.

Ah, cruel love, must I endure
Thy many scorns, and find no cure ?
Say, are thy medicines made to be
Helps to all others but to me ?
I'll leave thee, and to Pansies come ;
Comforts you'll afford me some :
You can ease my heart, and do
What love could ne'er be brought unto.

CLIV.

ON GILLIFLOWERS BEGOTTEN

What was't that fell but now
From that warm kiss of ours ?
Look, look, by love I vow
They were two gilliflowers.

Let's kiss, and kiss again ;
For if so be our closes
Make gilliflowers, then
I'm sure they'll fashion roses.

CLV.

UPON A VIRGIN KISSING A ROSE.

'Twas but a single rose,
Till you on it did breathe
But since, methinks, it shows
Not so much rose as wreath.

CLVI.

HIS MISERY IN A MISTRESS.

Water, water, I espy,
Come and cool ye, all who fry
In your loves, but none as I.

Though a thousand showers be
Still a falling, yet I see
Not one drop to light on me.

Happy you who can have seas
For to quench ye, or ~~some~~ ease
From your kinder mistresses.

I have one, and she alone,
Of a thousand thousand known,
Dead to all compassion.

Such an one as will repeat
Both the cause, and make the heat
More by provocation great.

Gentle friends, though I despair
Of my cure, do you beware
Of those girls which cruel are.

CLVII.

UPON LOVE, BY WAY OF QUESTION AND ANSWER.

I bring ye love. *Quest.* What will love do ?
 Ans. Like, and dislike ye.

I bring ye love. *Quest.* What will love do ?

Ans. Stroke ye, to strike ye.

I bring ye love. *Quest.* What will love do ?

Ans. Love will be-fool ye.

I bring ye love. *Quest.* What will love do ?

Ans. Heat ye, to cool ye.

I bring ye love. *Quest.* What will love do ?

Ans. Love, gifts will send ye.

I bring ye love. *Quest.* What will love do ?

Ans. Stock ye, to spend ye.

I bring ye love. *Quest.* What will love do ?

Ans. Love will fulfil ye.

I bring ye love. *Quest.* What will love do ?

Ans. Kiss ye, to kill ye.

CLVIII.

UPON CUPID.

Love, like a gipsy, lately came,
And did me much importune
To see my hand, that by the same
He might foretel my fortune.

He saw my palm ; and then, said he,
I tell thee, by this score here
That thou, within few months, shalt be
The youthful Prince D'Amour here.

I smil'd, and bade him once more prove,
And by some cross-line show it,
That I could ne'er be Prince of Love,
Though here the princely poet.

CLIX.

UPON A BLACK TWIST, ROUNDING THE ARM OF
THE COUNTESS OF CARLISLE.

I saw about her spotless wrist,
Of blackest silk, a curious twist ;
Which, circumvolving gently, there
Enthrall'd her arm, as prisoner.
Dark was the jail, but as if light
Had met t' engender with the night ;
Or so, as darkness made a stay
To shew at once both night and day.
'I fancy more ; but if there be
Such freedom in captivity ;
I beg of love that ever I
May in like chains of darkness lie.

CLX.

TO THE LADIES.

Trust me 'ladies, I will do
Nothing to distemper you ;
If I any fret or vex,
Men they shall be, not your sex.

CLXI.

TO PERENNA.

How long, Perenna, wilt thou see
Me languish for the love of thee ?
Consent and play a friendly part
To save, when thou may'st kill a heart.

CLXII.

UPON LOVE.

I held love's head while it did ache,
But so it chanc'd to be,
The cruel pain did his forsake,
And forthwith came to me.

Ah me ! how shall my grief be still'd ?
Or where else shall we find
One like to me, who must be kill'd
For being too too kind ?

CLXIII.

NO FAULT IN WOMEN.

No fault in women, to refuse
The offer which they most would choose.
No fault in women to confess,
How tedious they are in their dress ;
No fault in women, to lay on
The tincture of vermillion ;
And there to give the cheek a dye
Of white, where Nature doth deny.
No fault in women, to make show
Of largeness, when th' are nothing so ;
When, true it is, the outside swells
With inward buckram, little else.
No fault in women, though they be
But seldom from suspicion free ;
No fault in womankind at all,
If they but slip, and never fall.

CLXIV.

TO THE MOST FAIR AND LOVELY MISTRESS

ANNE SOAME, NOW LADY ABDIE.

So smell those odours that do rise
From out the wealthy spiceries ;
So smells the flower of blooming clove,
Or roses smother'd in the stove ;
So smells the air of spiced wine,
Or essences of jessamine ;
So smells the breath about the hives,
When well the work of honey thrives,
And all the busy factors come
Laden with wax and honey home ;
So smell those neat and woven bowers,
All over-arch'd with orange flowers,
And almond-blossoms that do mix
To make rich these aromatics ;
So smell those bracelets, and those bands
Of amber chaf'd between the hands ;
When thus enkindled, they transpire
A noble perfume from the fire.
The wine of cherries, and to these
The cooling breath of raspberries ;
The smell of morning's milk and cream,
Butter of cowslips mixed with them ;
Of roasted warden, or bak'd pear,
These are not to be reckon'd here ;
When as the meanest part of her
Smells like the maiden-pomander.
Thus sweet she smells, or what can be
More lik'd by her, or lov'd by me.

CLXV.

UPON LOVE.

Love, I have broke
Thy yoke ;
The neck is free :
But when I'm next
Love vex'd,
Then shackle me.

'Tis better yet
To fret
The feet or hands ;
Than to enthrall,
Or gall
The neck with bands.

CLXVI.

THE BRACELET TO JULIA.

Why I tie about thy wrist,
Julia, this my silken twist ;
For what other reason is 't,
But to show thee how in part
Thou my pretty captive art ?
But thy bond-slave is my heart ;
'Tis but silk that bindeth thee,
Knap the thread, and thou art free ;
But 'tis otherwise with me ;
I am bound, and fast bound so,
'That from thee I cannot go ;
If I could, I would not so.

CLXVII.

THE ADMONITION.

Seest thou those diamonds which she wears
In that rich carcanet,
Or those on her dishevell'd hairs,
Fair pearls in order set ?
Believe, young man, all those were tears
By wretched wooers sent,
In mournful hyacinths and rue,
That figure discontent ;
Which, when not warmed by her view,
By cold neglect such one
Congeal'd to pearl and stone ;
Which precious spoils upon her,
She wears as trophies of her honour.
Ah, then consider what all this implies ;
She that will wear thy tears wou'd wear thine eyes.

CLXVIII.

UPON THE NIPPLES OF JULIA'S BREAST.

Have ye beheld, with much delight,
A red rose peeping through a white ?
Or else a cherry, double grac'd,
Within a lily, centre plac'd ?
Or ever mark'd the pretty beam,
A strawberry shews half drown'd in cream ?
Or seen rich rubies blushing through
A pure smooth pearl, and orient too ?
So like to this, say all the rest,
Is each neat Niplet of her breast.

CLXIX.

ON HIMSELF.

Love-sick I am, and must endure
A desp'rate grief that finds no cure.
Ah me! I try; and trying prove,
No herbs have power to cure love.
Only one sovereign salve I know,
And that is death, the end of woe.

CLXX.

ON JULIA'S BREATH.

Breathe, Julia, breathe, and I'll protest,
Nay more, I'll deeply swear,
That all the spices of the east
Are circumfused there.

CLXXI.

UPON LOVE.

In a dream, love bade me go
To the galleys there to row;
In the vision I ask'd why?
Love as briefly did reply;
'Twas better there to toil, than prove
The turmoils they endure that love.
I awoke, and then I knew
What love said was too too true:
Henceforth therefore, I will be
As from love, from trouble free:
None pities him that's in the snare,
And warn'd before, would not beware.

CLXXII.

LOVE LIGHTLY PLEASED.

Let fair or foul my mistress be,
 Or low, or tall, she pleaseth me ;
 Or let her walk, or stand, or sit,
 The posture her's, I'm pleas'd with it ;
 Or let her tongue be still, or stir,
 Graceful in ev'ry thing from her ;
 Or let her ~~front~~ ^{grant}, or else deny,
 My love will fit each history.

CLXXIII.

HOW SPRINGS CAME FIRST.

These springs were maidens once that lov'd,
 But lost to that they most approv'd :
 My story tells, by Love they were
 Turn'd to these springs which we see here :
 The pretty whimpering that they make,
 When of the banks their leave they take,
 Tells ye but this, they are the same,
 In nothing chang'd but in their name.

CLXXIV.

UPON JULIA.

How can I choose but love, and follow her
 Whose shadow smells like milder pomander ?
 How can I choose but kiss her, whence does come
 The storax, spikenard, myrrh, and laudanum.

CLXXV.

NO LUCK IN LOVE.

I do love, I know not what,
Sometimes this and sometimes that;
All conditions I aim at.

But, as luckless, I have yet
Many shrewd disasters met,
To gain her whom I would get.

Therefore, now I'll love no more,
As I've doated heretofore ;
He who must be, shall be poor.

CLXXVI.

THE WILLOW GARLAND.

A willow garland thou didst send
Perfum'd, last day, to me ;
Which did but only this portend,
I was forsook by thee.

Since so it is ; I'll tell thee what,
To-morrow thou shalt see
Me wear the willow ; after that,
To die upon the tree.

As beasts upon the altars go
With garlands dress'd, so I
Will, with my Willow-wreath also,
Come forth and sweetly die.

CLXXVII.

UPON SAPPHO, SWEETLY PLAYING AND SWEETLY
SINGING.

When thou dost play and sweetly sing,
Whether it be the voice or string,
Or both of them that do agree
Thus to entrance and ravish me ;
This, this I know, I'm oft struck mute,
And die away upon thy lute.

CLXXVIII.

I CALL AND I CALL.

I call, I call : who do ye call ?
The maids to catch this cowslip ball ;
But since these cowslips fading be,
Troth, leave the flowers and maids take me.
Yet, if that neither you will do,
Speak but the word, and I'll take you.

CLXXIX.

A SONG.

Burn or drown me, choose ye whether,
So I may but die together ;
Thus to slay me by degrees,
Is the height of cruelties ;
What needs twenty stabs, when one
Strikes me dead as any stone ?
O, show mercy then, and be
Kind at once to murder me.

CLXXX.

TO ANTHEA.

Let's call for Hymen, if agreed thou art,
Delays in love but crucify the heart :
Love's thorny tapers yet neglected lie ;
Speak thou the word, they'll kindle by and by.
The nimble hours woo us on to wed,
And Genius waits to have us both to bed ;
Behold, for us the naked Graces stay,
With maunds of roses for to strew the way ;
Besides, the most religious prophet stands
Ready to join, as well our hearts as hands ;
Juno yet smiles ; but if she chance to chide,
Ill luck 'twill bode to th' bridegroom and the bride.
Tell me, Anthea, dost thou fondly dread
The loss of that we fondly call a maidenhead ?
Come, I'll instruct thee. Know, the vestal fire
Is not by marriage quench'd, but flames the higher.

CLXXXI.

UPON HIMSELF.

I lately fried, but now behold
I freeze as fast, and shake for cold ;
And, in good faith, I'd thought it strangest
'T'ave found in me this sudden change,
But that I understood by dreams,
These only were but love's extremes ;
Who fires with hope the lover's heart,
And starves with cold the self-same part

CLXXXII.

A SONG UPON SILVIA.

From me my Silvia ran away,
And running therewithall,
A prinrose bank did cross her way,
And gave my love a fall.

But trust me now, I dare not say
What I by chance did see;
But such the drap'ry did betray,
That fully ravish'd me.

CLXXXIII.

HOW MARIGOLDS CAME YELLOW.

Jealous girls these sometimes were,
While they lived or lasted here:
I turn'd to flowers, still they be
Yellow, mark'd for jealousy.

CLXXXIV.

ON LOVE.

Love bade me ask a gift,
And I no more did move,
But this, that I might shift
Still with my clothes my love.
That favour granted was;
Since which, though I love many,
Yet so it comes to pass,
That long I love not any.

CLXXXV.

UPON HIMSELF.

I could never love indeed,
Never see mine own heart bleed ;
Never crucify my life,
Or for widow, maid, or wife.

I could never seek to please
One or many mistresses ;
Never like their lips, to swear
Oil of roses still smelt there.

I could never break my sleep,
Fold mine arms, sob, sigh, or weep ;
Never beg or humbly woo
With oaths and lies, as others do.

I could never walk alone,
Put a shirt of sackcloth on ;
Never keep a fast, or pray
For good luck in love that day.

But have hitherto liv'd free,
As the air that circles me ;
And kept credit with my heart,
Neither broke i' th' whole or part.

CLXXXVI.

ART ABOVE NATURE. TO JULIA.

When I behold a forest spread
With silken trees upon thy head ;

And when I see that other dress
 Of flowers set in comeliness ;
 When I behold another grace
 In the ascent of curious lace,
 Which, like a pinnacle, doth show
 The top, and the top-gallant too ;
 Then, when I see thy tresses bound
 Into an oval, square, or round ;
 And knit in knots far more than I
 Can tell by tongue, or true love tie ;
 Next, when those lawny films I see
 Play with a wild civility ;
 And all those airy silks to flow,
 Alluring me, and tempting so
 I must confess, mine eye and heart
 Doats less on nature than on art.

CLXXXVII.

UPON IRENE.

Angry if Irene be
 But a minute's life with me ;
 Such a fire I espy
 Walking in and out her eye,
 As at once I freeze and fry.

CLXXXVIII.

TO HIS VALENTINE, ON ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

Oft have I heard both youths and virgins say,
 Birds choose their mates, and couple too, this day ;
 But by their flight I never can divine
 When I shall couple with my Valentine.

CLXXXIX.

THE DELAYING BRIDE.

Why so slowly do you move
To the centre of your love ?
On your niceness though we wait,
Yet the hours say 'tis late ;
Coyness takes us to a measure,
Let o'er acted deads the pleasure.
Go to bed, and care not when
Cheerful day shall spring again.
One brave captain did command,
By his word, the sun to stand ;
One short charm if you but say,
Will enforce the moon to stay,
Till you warn her hence, away,
To have your blushes seen by day.

CXC.

A CONJURATION.

TO ELECTRA.

By those soft tods of wool,
With which the air is full ;
By all those tinctures there,
That paint the hemisphere ;
By dews and drizzling rain,
That swell the golden grain ;
By all those sweets that be
I' the flowery nunnery ;

By silent nights, and the
 Three forms of Hecate;
 By all aspects that bless
 The sober sorceress,
 While juice she strains, and pith
 To make her filters with;
 By Time, that hastens on
 Things to perfection;
 And by your self, the best
 Conjurement of the rest;
 O, my Electra! be
 In love with none, but me.

CXCI.

THE BRACELET OF PEARL.

TO SILVIA.

I brake thy bracelet 'gainst my will;
 And, wretched, I did see
 Thee discomposed then, and still
 Art discontent with me.

One gem was lost, and I will get
 A richer pearl for thee,
 Than ever, dearest Silvia, yet
 Was drunk to Antony.

Or, for revenge, I'll tell thee what
 Thou for the breach shalt do;
 First crack the strings, and after that,
 Cleave thou my heart in two.

CXCII.

TO ELECTRA.

'Tis ev'ning, my sweet,
And dark, let us meet ;
Long time w'ave here been a toying ;
And never, as yet,
That season could get,
Wherein t'ave had an enjoying.

For pity or shame,
Then let not Love's flame
Be ever and ever a spending ;
Since now to the port
The path is but short,
And yet our way has no ending.

Time flies away fast,
Our hours do waste ;
The while we never remember,
How soon our life here,
Grows old with the year,
That dies with the next December.

CXCIII.

THE BRIDE CAKE.

This day, my Julia, thou must make
For Mistress Bride the wedding-cake ;
Knead but the dough, and it will be
To paste of almonds turn'd by thee ;
Or kiss it thou but once or twice,
And for the bride-cake there'll be spicc.

CXCIV.

HOW HIS SOUL CAME ENSNARED.

My soul would one day go and seek
For roses, and in Julia's cheek
A richness of those sweets she found,
As in another Rosamond ;
But gathering roses as she was,
Not knowing what would come to pass,
It chanc'd a ringlet of her hair
Caught my poor soul, as in a snare ;
Which ever since has been in thrall,
Yet freedom she enjoys withal.

CXCV.

TO VIRGINS.

Hear, ye Virgins, and I'll teach
What the times of old did preach.
Rosamond was in a bower
Kept as Danæ in a tower ;
But yet love who subtle is,
Crept to that, and came to this.
Be ye lock'd up like to these,
Or the rich Hesperides :
Or those babies in your eyes,
In their crystal nunneries ;
Notwithstanding, love will win,
Or else force a passage in ;
And as coy be as you can,
Gifts will get ye, or the man.

CXCVI.

UPON LOVE.

I play'd with love as with the fire
The wanton satyr did;
Nor did I know, or could descry
What under there was hid.

That satyr he but burnt his lips;
But mine's the greater smart,
For kissing love's dissembling chips,
The fire scorch'd my heart.

CXCVII.

TO ELECTRA.

LOVE LOOKS FOR LOVE.

Love, love begets; then never be
Unsoft to him who's smooth to thee:
Tigers and bears, I've heard some say,
For proffer'd love, will love repay;
None are so harsh, but if they find
Softness in others will be kind:
Affection will affection move,
Then you must like, because I love.

CXCVIII.

THE PARCÆ; OR, THREE DAINTY DESTINIES.

THE ARMELET.

Three lovely sisters working were,
As they were closely set,
Of soft and dainty maiden-hair,
A curious Armelet.

I, smiling, ask'd them what they did,
 Fair destinies all three ?
 Who told me they had drawn a thread
 Of life, and 't was for me.

They show'd me then how fine 't was spun,
 And I repli'd thereto ;
 I care not now how soon 't is done,
 Or cut, if cut by you.

CXCIX.

THE RAINBOW ; OR CURIOUS COVENANT.

Mine eyes, like clouds, were drizzling rain ;
 And, as they thus did entertain
 The gentle beams from Julia's sight
 To mine eyes levell'd opposite,
 O thing admir'd ! there did appear
 A curious rainbow smiling there ;
 Which was the covenant that she
 No more would drown mine eyes, or me.

CC.

UPON JULIA'S CLOTHES.

When as in silks my Julia goes,
 Then, then, methinks, how sweetly flows
 That liquefaction of her clothes.

Next, when I cast my eyes, and see
 That brave vibration each way free ;
 O how that glittering taketh me !

CCI.

'CHOP-CHERRY.

Thou gav'st me leave to kiss,
 Thou gav'st me leave to woo ;
 Thou mad'st me think by this,
 And that, thou lov'dst me too.
 But I shall ne'er forget,
 How for to make thee merry,
 Thou mad'st me chop, but yet
 Another snap'd the cherry.

CCII.

UPON LOVE.

Love brought me to a silent grove,
 And shew'd me there a tree,
 Where some had hang'd themselves for love,
 And gave a twist to me.

The halter was of silk and gold,
 That he reach'd forth unto me ;
 No otherwise than if he would,
 By dainty things undo me.

He bade me then that necklace use,
 And told me too, he maketh
 A glorious end by such a noose,
 His death for love that taketh.

'Twas but a dream ; but had I been
 There really alone,
 My desp'rate fears, in-love, had seen
 Mine execution.

CCIII.

AN HYMN TO CUPID.

Thou, thou that bear'st the sway,
With whom the sea-nymphs play,
And Venus, every way ;
When I embrace thy knee,
And make short prayers to thee,
In love, then prosper me.
This day I go to woo,
Instruct me how to do
This work thou put'st me too.
From shame my face keep free,
From scorn I beg of thee,
Love, to deliver me ;
So shall I sing thy praise,
And to thee altars raise,
Unto the end of days.

CCIV.

UPON JULIA WASHING HERSELF IN THE RIVER.

How fierce was I, when I did see
My Julia wash herself in thee !
So lilies thorough crystal look,
So purest pebbles in the brook,
As in the river Julia did,
Half with a lawn of water hid.
Into thy streams myself I threw,
And struggling there, I kiss'd thee too ;
And more had done, it is confess'd,
Had not thy waves forbad the rest.

CCV.

UPON MISTRESS SUSANNA SOUTHWELL,

HER CHEEKS.

Rare are thy cheeks, Susanna, which do show
Ripe cherries smiling, while that others blow.

CCVI.

UPON HER EYES.

Clear are her eyes,
Like purest skies ;
Discovering from thence
A baby there
That turns each sphere,
Like an intelligence.

CCVII.

UPON HER FEET.

Her pretty feet
Like snails did creep
A little out, and then,
As if they played at bo-peep,
Did soon draw in again.

CCVIII.

UPON HIMSELF.

Love he that will ; it best likes me
To have my neck from love's yoke free.

CCIX.

THE HEAD ACHE.

My head doth ache,
 O Sappho! take
 Thy fillit,
 And bind the pain;
 Or bring some bane
 To kill it.

But less that part,
 Than my poor heart,
 Now is sick:
 One kiss from thee
 Will council be,
 And physic.

CCX.

THE DELUGE.

Drowning, drowning I espy,
 Coming from my Julia's eye;
 'Tis some solace in our smart,
 To have friends to bear a part:
 I have none, but must be sure
 The inundation to endure.
 Shall not times hereafter tell
 This for no mean miracle;
 When the waters by their fall,
 Threaten'd ruin unto all,
 Yet the deluge here was known,
 Of a world to drown but one?

CCXI.

HIS PARTING FROM MRS. DOROTHY KENEDAY.

When I did go from thee, I felt that smart
Which bodies do, when souls from them depart.
Thou did'st not mind it, though thou then might'st see
Me turn'd to tears, yet did'st not weep for me.
'T is true I kiss'd thee, but I could not hear
Thee spend a sigh, to accompany my tear.
Methought 't was strange, that thou so hard should'st
 prove,
Whose heart, whose hand, whose every part spake love.
Prithee (lest maids should censure thee) but say
Thou shedd'st one tear when as I went away;
And that will please me somewhat; though I know,
And love will swear't, my dearest did not so.

CCXII.

THE TEAR SENT TO HER FROM STAINES.

Glide, gentle streams, and bear
Along with you my tear
 To that coy girl,
 Who smiles, yet slays
 Me with delays,
And strings my tears as pearl.

See, see, she's yonder set
Making a carcanet
 Of maiden-flowers!

There, there present
This orient,
And pendant pearl of ours.

Then say I've sent one more
Gem to enrich her store ;
And that is all
Which I can send,
Or vainly spend,
For tears no more will fall.

Nor will I seek supply
Of them, the spring's once dry ;
But I'll devise,
Among the rest,
A way that's best,
How I may save mine eyes.

Yet say, should she condemn
Me to surrender them ;
Then say, my part
Must be to weep
Out them, to keep
A poor, yet loving heart.

Say, too, she would have this ;
She shall : Then my hope is,
That when I'm poor
And nothing have
To send or save,
I'm sure she'll ask no more.

CCXIII.

THE SCAR-FIRE.

Water, water, I desire,
Here's a house of flesh on fire ;
Ope' the fountains and the springs,
And come all to bucketings :
What ye cannot quench, pull down,
Spoil a house to save a town.
Better 'tis that one should fall,
Than by one to hazard all.

CCXIV.

ON HIMSELF.

Young I was, but now am old,
But I am not yet grown cold ;
I can play, and I can twine
'Bout a virgin like a vine :
In her lap, too, I can lie
Melting, and in fancy die ;
And return to life, if she
'Claps my cheek, or kisseth me ;
Thus and thus it now appears
That our love outlasts our years.

CCXV.

LOVE IS A LEAVEN.

Love is a leaven, and a loving kiss
The leaven of a loving sweetheart is.

CCXVI.

ON JULIA'S PICTURE.

How am I ravish'd, when I do but see
The painter's art in thy sciography?
If so, how much more shall I dote thereon,
When once he gives it incarnation?

CCXVII.

HER BED.

Seest thou that cloud as silver clear,
Plump, soft, and swelling every where?
'T is Julia's bed, and she sleeps there.

CCXVIII.

THE BONDMAN.

Bind me but to thee with thine hair,
And quickly I shall be
Made, by that fetter or that snare,
A bondman unto thee.

Or if thou tak'st that bond away,
Then bore me through the ear,
And, by the law, I ought to stay
For ever with thee here.

CCXIX.

UPON SAPPHO.

Look upon Sappho's lip, and you will swear
There is a love-like leaven rising there.

CCXX.

UPON HIMSELF.

I am sieve-like, and can hold
Nothing hot, or nothing cold ;
Put in love, and put in too
Jealousy, and both will through :
Put in fear, and hope, and doubt,
What comes in runs quickly out ;
Put in secrecies withal,
Whate'er enters, out it shall.
But if you can stop the sieve,
For mine own part I'd as lieve,
Maids should say, or virgins sing,
Herrick keeps as holds nothing.

CCXXI.

TO PERENNA.

Thou say'st I'm dull ; if edgeless so I be,
I'll whet my lips, and sharpen love on thee.

CCXXII.

OF LOVE.

I do not love, nor can it be,
Love will in vain spend shafts on me ;
I did this God-head once defy ;
Since which I freeze, but cannot fry.
Yet out, alas ! the death's the same,
Kill'd by a frost or by a flame.

CCXXIII.

HOW PANSIES OR HEART'S-EASE CAME FIRST.

Frolic virgins once these were,
 Overloving, living here;
 Being here their ends denied,
 Ran for sweethearts mad, and died.
 Love, in pity of their tears,
 And their loss in blooming years,
 For their restless here-spent hours,
 Gave them heart's-ease turn'd to flowers.

CCXXIV.

LOVE PALPABLE.

I press'd my Julia's lips, and in the kiss
 Her soul and love were palpable in this.

CCXXV.

THE BUBBLE.

A SONG.

To my revenge, and to her desperate fears,
 Fly, thou made bubble of my sighs and tears.
 In the wild air, when thou hast roll'd about,
 And, like a blazing planet, found her out;
 Stoop, mount, pass by to take her eye, then glare
 Like to a dreadful comet in the air:
 Next, when thou dost perceive her fix'd sight,
 For thy revenge to be most opposite;
 Then like a globe, or ball of wildfire, fly,
 And break thyself in shivers on her eye.

CCXXVI.

TO MISTRESS AMY POTTER.

Ah me ! I love ; give him your hand to kiss
Who both your wooer and your poet is.
Nature has pre-compos'd us both to love ;
Your part's to grant, my scene must be to move.
Dear, can you like, and liking love your poet ?
If you say, I, blush-guiltiness will show it.
Mine eyes must woo you, though I sigh the while,
True love is tongueless as a crocodile ;
And you may find in love these differing parts ;
Woosers have tongues of ice, but burning hearts.

CCXXVII.

UPON JULIA'S UNLACING HERSELF.

Tell, if thou canst, and truly, whence doth come
This camphire, storax, spikenard, galbanum ;
These musks, these ambers, and those other smells,
Sweet as the vestry of the oracles.
I'll tell thee ; while my Julia did unlacc
Her silken bodice but a breathing space,
'The passive air such odor then assumed,
As when to Jove great Juno goes perfumed ;
Whose pure immortal body doth transmit
A scent, that fills both heaven and earth with it.

CCXXVIII.

ON JULIA'S LIPS.

Sweet are my Julia's lips, and clean,
As if o'er wash'd in hippocrene.

CCXXIX.

UPON HIMSELF.

I disliked but even now,
Now I love I know not how.
Was I idle, and that while
Was I fired with a smile ?
I'll to work, or pray ; and then
I shall quite dislike again.

CCXXX.

TO SYCAMORES.

I'm sick of love ; O let me lie
Under your shades to sleep or die !
Either is welcome ; so I have
Or here my bed, or here my grave.
Why do you sigh, and sob, and keep
Time with the tears that I do weep ?
Say, have ye sense, or do you prove
What crucifixions are in love ?
I know ye do ; and that's the why
You sigh for love as well as I.

CCXXXI.

UPON ELECTRA.

When out of bed my love doth spring,
'T is but as day a kindling ;
But when she's up and fully dress'd,
'T is then broad day throughout the east.

CCXXXII.

CLOTHES DO BUT CHEAT AND COZEN US.

Away with silks, away with lawn,
I'll have no scenes or curtains drawn ;
Give me my mistress as she is,
Dress'd in her nak'd simplicities.
For as my heart, e'en so mine eye
Is won with flesh, not drapery.

CCXXXIII.

THE MAIDEN-BLUSH.

So look the mornings, when the sun
Paints them with fresh vermillion ;
So cherries blush, and Catherine pears,
And apricots, in youthful years ;
So corals look more lovely red,
And rubies lately polished ;
So purest diaper doth shine,
Stained by the beams of claret wine ;
As Julia looks, when she doth dress
Her either cheek with bashfulness.

CCXXXIV.

LOVE KILLED BY LACK.

Let me be warm, let me be fully fed ;
Luxurious Love by Wealth is nourished.
Let me be lean, and cold, and once grown poor,
I shall dislike what once I lov'd before.

CCXXXV.

A CAUTION.

That love last long, let it thy first care be
To find a wife that is most fit for thee.
Be she too wealthy, or too poor, be sure,
Love in extremes can never long endure.

CCXXXVI.

LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG.

You say to me-wards ~~your~~ affection's strong ;
Pray love me little, so you love me long.
Slowly goes far ; the mean is best : Desire
Grown violent, does either die or tire.

CCXXXVII.

HIS COVENANT OR PROTESTATION TO JULIA.

Why dost thou wound and break my heart,
As if we should for ever part ?
Hast thou not heard an oath from me,
After a day, or two, or three,
I would come back and ~~live~~ with thee ?
Take, if thou dost distrust that vow,
This second protestation now ;
Upon thy cheek that spangl'd tear,
Which sits as dew of roses there ;
That tear shall scarce be dried before
I'll kiss the threshold of thy door :
Then weep not, sweet, but thus much know,
I'm half return'd before I go.

CCXXXVIII.

A DEFENCE OF WOMEN.

Naught are all women ; I say no,
Since for one bad, one good I know ;
For Clytemnestra most unkind,
Loving Alcestis there we find ;
For one Medea that was bad,
A good Penelope was had ;
For wanton Lais, then we have
Chaste Lucrece, or a wife as grave :
And thus through womankind we see
A good and bad. Sirs, credit me.

CCXXXIX.

TO HIS GIRLS.

Wanton wenches, do not bring
For my hairs, black colouring ;
For my locks, girls, let 'em be
Gray or white, all's one to me.

CCXL.

UPON HIS KINSWOMAN,
MISTRESS BRIDGET HERRICK.

Sweet Bridget blush'd, and therewithal,
Fresh blossoms from her cheeks did fall.
I thought at first 't was but a dream,
Till after I had handled them,
And smelt them ; then they smelt to me
As blossoms of the almond tree.

CCXLI.

A VOW TO VENUS.

Happily I had a sight
Of my dearest dear last night ;
Make her this day smile on me,
And I'll roses give to thee.

CCXLII.

NOR BUYING OR SELLING.

Now, if you love me, tell me,
For as I will not sell ye,
So not one cross to buy thee
I'll give, if thou deny me.

CCXLIII.

ON HIMSELF.

Let me not live if I not love ;
Since I as yet did never prove
Where pleasures met at last do find
All pleasures meet in womankind.

CCXLIV.

TO ROSES IN JULIA'S BOSOM.

Roses, you can never die,
Since the place wherein ye lie,
Heat and moisture mix'd are so,
As to make ye ever grow.

CCXLV.

TO HIS GIRLS WHO WOULD HAVE HIM SPORTFUL.

Alas ! I can't, for tell me how
Can I be gamesome, aged now ;
Besides, ye see me daily grow
Here, winter-like, to frost and snow ;
And I, ere long, my girls, shall see
Ye quake for cold to look on me.

CCXLVI.

HIS COMFORT.

The only comfort of my life
Is, that I never yet had wife ;
Nor will hereafter, since I know
Who weds, o'erbuys his weal with woe.

CCXLVII.

IN PRAISE OF WOMEN.

Oh, Jupiter ! should I speak ill
Of woman-kind, first die I will ;
Since that I know, 'mong all the rest
Of creatures, woman is the best.

CCXLVIII.

ANTHEA'S RETRACTATION.

Anthea laugh'd, and, fearing lest excess
Might stretch the cords of civil comeliness,
She with a dainty blush rebuk'd her face,
And call'd each line back to his rule and space.

CCXLIX.

A BONNET OF PERILLA.

Then did I live, when I did see
 Perilla smile on none but me !
 But, ah ! by stars malignant cross'd,
 The life I got I quickly lost ;
 But yet a way there doth remain,
 For me embalm'd to live again ;
 And that's to love me ; in which state
 I'll live as one regenerate.

CCL.

THE SADNESS OF THINGS FOR SAPPHO'S SICKNESS.

Lilies will languish, violets look ill,
 Sickly the primrose, pale the daffodil ;
 'That gallant tulip will hang down his head,
 Like to a virgin newly ravished ;
 Pansies will weep, and marygolds will wither,
 And keep a fast and funeral together ;
 If Sappho droop, daisies will open never,
 But bid good-night, and close their lids for ever.

CCLI.

LOVE IS A SYRUP.

Love is a syrup ; and whoe'er we see
 Sick and surcharg'd with this satiety,
 Shall ~~but~~ his pleasing trespass quickly prove,
~~There~~ ^{There} ~~is~~ ^{is} noathsomeness e'en in the sweets of love.

CCLII.

UPON LUCIA DABBLED IN THE DEW.

My Lucia in the dew did go,
 And prettily bedabbled so,
 Her clothes held up, she show'd withal
 Her decent legs, clean, long, and small.
 I follow'd after, to descry
 Part of the nak'd sincerity;
 But still the envious scene between,
 Denied the mask I would have seen.

CCLIII.

OF LOVE.

1. Instruct me now what love will do ;
2. 'Twill make a tongueless man to woo.
1. Inform me next what love will do ;
2. 'Twill strangely make a one of two.
1. Teach me besides what love will do ;
2. 'Twill quickly mar and make ye too.
1. Tell me, now last, what love will do ;
2. 'Twill hurt and heal a heart pierc'd through.

CCLIV.

UPON A GENTLEWOMAN WITH A SWEET VOICE.

So long you did not sing, or touch your lute,
 We knew 't was flesh and blood that there sat mute.
 But when your playing and your voice came in,
 'T was no more you thén, but a cherubim.

CCLV.

WHY FLOWERS CHANGE COLOUR.

These fresh beauties we can prove,
 Once were virgins, sick of love.
 Turn'd to flowers, still in some
 Colours go and colours come.

CCLVI.

TO SILVIA.

Pardon my trespass, Silvia; I confess
 My kiss out-went the bounds of shamefac'dness;
 None is discreet at all times; no, not Jove
 Himself, at one time, can be wise and love.

CCLVII.

TO SAPPHO.

Thou say'st thou lov'st me Sappho; I say no;
 But would to love I could believe 'twas so!
 Pardon my fears, sweet Sappho; I desire
 That thou be righteous found, and I the liar.

CCLVIII.

UPON SILVIA. A MISTRESS.

When some shall say, fair once my Silvia was;
 Thou wilt complain, false now's thy looking-glass;
 Which renders that quite tarnish'd which was green,
 And priceless now, what peerless once had been.
 Upon thy form more wrinkles yet will fall,
 And coming down, shall make no noise at all.

CCLIX.

TO MYRRHA HARD-HEARTED.

Fold now thine arms, and hang the head,
 Like to a lily withered ;
 Next, look thou like a sickly moon,
 Or like Jocasta in a swoon ;
 Then weep, and sigh, and softly go ;
 Like to a widow drown'd in woe,
 Or, like a virgin full of ruth
 For the lost sweetheart of her youth :
 And all because, fair maid, thou art
 Insensible of all my smart,
 And of those evil days that be
 Now posting on to punish thee.
 The gods are easy, and condemn
 All such as are not soft like them.

CCLX.

LOVE WHAT IT IS.

Love is a circle, that doth restless move
 In the same sweet eternity of love.

CCLXI.

TO MUSIC. A SONG,

Music, thou queen of heaven, care-charming spell,
 That strik'st a stillness into hell ;
 Thou that tam'st tigers, and fierce storms that rise,
 With thy soul-melting lullabies ;
 Fall down, down, down, from those thy chiming spheres,
 To charm our souls, as thou enchant'st our ears.

CCLXII.

THE PARTING VERSE, OR CHARGE TO HIS SUPPOSED
WIFE, WHEN HE TRAVELLED.

Go hence, and, with this parting kiss
Which joins two souls, remember this :
Though thou beest young, kind, soft, and fair,
And may'st draw thousands with a hair ;
Yet let these glib temptations be
Furies to others, friends to me.
Look upon all ; and, though on fire,
Thou sett'st their hearts, let chaste desire
Steer thee to me ; and think me gone,
In having all, that thou hast none.
Nor so immured would I have
Thee live, as dead and in thy grave,
But walk abroad ; yet wisely well
Stand, for my coming, sentinel ;
And think, as thou dost walk the street,
Me or my shadow thou dost meet.
I know a thousand greedy eyes
Will on thy features tyrannise,
In my short absence ; yet behold
Them like some picture, or some mould
Fashion'd like thee ; which though t' have ears
And eyes, it neither sees or hears.
Gifts will be sent, and letters, which
Are the expressions of that itch,
And salt, which frets thy suitors ; fly
Both, lest thou lose thy liberty ;
For that once lost, thou'lt fall to one,
Then prostrate to a million :

AMATORY ODES.

But if they woo thee, do thou say,
As that chaste queen of Ithaca
Did to her suitors : this web done,
Undone as oft as done. I'm won.
I will not urge thee, for I know,
Though thou art young, thou can'st say no,
And no again ; and so deny
Those thy lust-burning incubi.
Let them enstyle thee, fairest fair,
The pearl of princes ; yet despair
That so thou art, because thou must
Believe, love speaks it not, but lust.
And this their flattery does commend
Thee chiefly for their pleasure's end.
I am not jealous of thy faith,
Or will be ; for the axiom saith,
He that doth suspect, does haste
A gentle mind to be unchaste :
No, live thee to thyself, and keep
Thy thoughts as cold as is thy sleep ;
And let thy dreams be only fed
With this, that I am in thy bed ;
And thou, then turning in that sphere,
Waking shalt find me sleeping there.
But yet if boundless lust must scale
Thy fortress, and will needs prevail,
And wildly force a passage in ;
Banish consent, and 'tis no sin
Of thine : so Lucrece fell, and the
Chaste Syracusian Cyane ;
So Medullina fell : yet none
Of these had imputation

For the least trespass, 'cause the mind
Here was not with the act combined :
The body sin's not ; 'tis the will
That makes the action good or ill :
And if thy fall should this way come,
Triumph in such a martyrdom.
I will not overlong enlarge
To thee this my religious charge :
Take this compression ; so by this
Means I shall know what other kiss
Is mix'd with mine ; and truly know,
Returning, if 't be mine or no ;
Keep it 'till then ; and now, my spouse,
For my wish'd safety pay thy vows
And prayers to Venus ; if it please
The great blue ruler of the seas,
Not many full-faced moons shall wane
Lean-horn'd, before I come again
As one triumphant ; when I find
In thee all faith of womankind.
Nor would I have thee think, that thou
Had'st power thyself to keep this vow ;
But, having scap'd temptation's shelf,
Know virtue taught thee, not thyself.

A N A C R E O N T I C ·
AND
BACCHANALIAN.

CCLXIII.

A SHORT HYMN TO VENUS.

Goddess, I do love a girl
Ruby-lipp'd, and tooth'd with pearl ;
If so be I may but prove
Lucky in this maid I love,
I will promise there shall be
Myrtles offer'd up to thee.

A N A C R E O N T I C
AND
B A C C H A N A L I A N

OCLXIV.

LYRIC TO MIRTH.

While the milder fates consent,
Let's enjoy our merriment ;
Drink and dance, and pipe and play ;
Kiss our dollies night and day ;
Crowned with clusters of the vine ;
Let us sit and quaff our wine ;
Call on Bacchus, chaunt his praise ;
Shake the Thyrsè, and bite the Bayes ;
Rouse Anacreon from the dead,
And return him drunk to bed ;
Sing o'er Horace ; for ere long
Death will come and mar the song ;
'Then shall Wilson and Gotiere
Never sing or play more here.

CCLXV.

TO BIANCA, TO BLESS HIM.

Would I woo, and would I win,
 Would I well my work begin ;
 Would I evermore be crown'd
 With the end that I propound ;
 Would I frustrate or prevent
 All aspects malevolent ;
 Thwart all wizards, and with these
 Dead all black contingencies ;
 Place my words, and all works else
 In most happy parallels ;
 All will prosper, if so be
 I be kiss'd or bless'd by thee.

CCLXVI.

ODE TO SIR CLIPSEBY CREW.

Here we securely live ; and eat
 The cream of meat ;
 And keep eternal fires,
 By which we sit, and do divine,
 As wine
 And rage inspires.

If full, we charm ; then call upon
 Anacreon
 To grace the frantic thyrse ;
 And, having drunk, we raise a shout
 Throughout,
 To praise his verse.
 Then cause we Horace to be read ;
 Which sung or said,

A goblet to the brim,
Of lyric wine, both swell'd and crown'd,
 Around
We quaff to him.

Thus, thus we live ; and spend the hours
 In wine and flowers ;
And make the frolic year,
The month, the week, the instant day,
 To stay
The longer here.

Come then, brave knight, and see the cell
 Wherein I dwell ;
And my enchantments too,
Which love and noble freedom is,
 And this
Shall fetter you.

Take horse, and come ; or be so kind
 To send your mind,
Though but in numbers few ;
And I shall think I have the heart
 Or part
Of Clipseby Crew.

CCLXVII.

TO ENJOY THE TIME.

While fate permits us, let's be merry,
Pass all we must the fatal ferry ;
And this, our life, too, whirls away,
With the rotation of the day,

CCLXVIII.

A BACCHANALIAN VERSE.

TO BEN JONSON.

Fill me a mighty bowl
 Up to the brink,
 That I may drink
 Unto my Jonson's soul.

Crown it again, again;
 And thrice repeat
 That happy heat;
 To drink to thee, my Ben.

Well I can quaff, I sec,
 To the number five,
 Or nine; but thrive
 In frenzy ne'er like thee.

CCLXIX.

ODE FOR THE SAME.

Ah, Ben !
 Say how or when
 Shall we, thy guests,
 Meet at those lyric feasts,
 Made at the Sun,
 The Dog, the triple Tun ;
 Where we such clusters had,
 As made us nobly wild, not mad
 And yet each verse of thine
 Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine.

My Ben !
Or come again,
Or send to us,
Thy wit's great overplus :
But teach us yet
Wisely to husband it ;
Lest we that talent spend ;
And, having once brought to an end
That precious stock, the store
Of such a wit the world should have no more.

CCLXX.

TO SIR CLIPSEBY CREW.

Give me wine, and give me meat,
To create in me a heat ;
That my pulses high may beat.

Cold and hunger never yet
Could a noble verse beget ;
But your bowls with sack replete.

Give me these, my knight, and try
In a minute's space how I
Can run mad, and prophesy.

Then, if any piece proves new
And rare, I'll say, my dearest Crew,
It was full inspired by you.

CCLXXI.

TO LIVE FREELY.

Let's live in haste ; use pleasures while we may ;
Could life return, 'twould never lose a day.

CCLXXII.

TO PHILLIS, TO LOVE AND LIVE WITH HIM

Live, live with me, and thou shalt see
The pleasures I'll prepare for thee ;
What sweets the country can afford
Shall bless thy bed and bless thy board :
The soft sweet moss shall be thy bed,
With crawling woodbine overspread ;
By which the silver-shedding streams
Shall gently melt thee into dreams :
Thy clothing next shall be a gown
Made of the fleece's purest down ;
The tongues of kids shall be thy meat :
Their milk thy drink ; and thou shalt eat
The paste of filberts for thy bread,
With cream of cowslips buttered.
Thy feasting tables shall be hills
With daisies spread and daffodils ;
Where thou shalt sit, and red-breast by,
For meat, shall give thee melody.
I'll give thee chains and carcanets
Of primroses and violets.
A bag and bottle thou shalt have,
That richly wrought and this as brave ;
So that as either shall express
The wearer's no mean shepherdess :
At shearing times and yearly wakes,
When Themilis his pastime makes,
There thou shalt be, and be the wit,
Nay more, the feast and grace of it :
On holidays, when virgins meet

To dance the hays with nimble feet,
Thou shalt come forth, and then appear,
The queen of roses for that year ;
And having danced 'bove all the best,
Carry the garland from the rest :
In wicker baskets maids shall bring
To thee, my dearest shepherdling,
The blushing apple, bashful pear,
And shamefaced plumb, all simpering there :
Walk in the groves, and thou shalt find
The name of Phillis in the rind
Of every straight and smooth-skin'd tree ;
Where, kissing that, I'll twice kiss thee :
To thee a sheephook I will send,
Beprank'd with ribands, to this end,
That this alluring hook might be
Less for to catch a sheep than me :
Thou shalt have possets ; wassails fine,
Not made of ale, but spiced wine ;
To make thy maids and self free mirth,
All sitting near the glittering hearth :
Thou shalt have ribands, roses, rings,
Gloves, garters, stockings, shoes and strings
Of winning colours, that shall move
Others to lust, but me to love :
These—nay, and more thine own shall be,
If thou wilt love and live with me.

CCLXXIII.

A KISS.

What is a kiss ? Why this, as some approve,
The sure sweet cement, glue, and lime of love.

CCLXXIV.

TO LIVE MERRILY, AND TO TRUST TO GOOD VERSES.

Now is the time for mirth,
Nor cheek nor tongue be dumb ;
For with the flowery earth
The golden pomp is come.

The golden pomp is come ;
For now each tree does wear,
Made of her pap and gum,
Rich beads of amber here.

Now reigns the rose ; and now
The Arabian dew besmears
My uncontrolled brow,
And my retorted hairs.

Homer, this health to thee
In sack of such a kind,
That it would make thee see,
Though thou wert ne'er so blind.

Next Virgil I'll call forth,
To pledge this second health
In wine, whose each cup's worth
An Indian commonwealth.

A goblet next I'll drink
To Ovid ; and suppose,
Made he the pledge, he'd think
The world had all one nose.

Then this immensive cup
Of aromatic wine,
Catullus, I quaff up
To that terse muse of thine.

Wild I am now with heat :
O Bacchus ! cool thy rays ;
Or, frantic, I shall eat
Thy thyrses, and bite thy bays.

Round, round the roof does run ;
And being ravish'd thus,
Come, I will drink a tun
To my Propertius.

Now to Tibullus next
This flood I drink to thee ;
But stay, I see a text
That this presents to me.

Behold, Tibullus lies
Here burnt, whose small return
Of ashes scarce suffice
To fill a little urn !

Trust to good verses then ;
They only will aspire,
When pyramids, as men,
Are lost in the funeral fire.

And when all bodies meet,
In Lethe to be drown'd ;
Then only numbers sweet
With endless life are crown'd.

CCLXXV.

ON HIMSELF.

I fear no earthly powers,
 But care for crowns of flowers,
 And love to have my beard
 With wine and oil besmear'd.
 This day I'll drown all sorrow,
 Who knows to live to-morrow?

CCLXXVI.

HYMN TO BACCHUS.

Bacchus, let me drink no more.
 Wild are seas that want a shore.
 When our drinking has no stint,
 There is no one pleasure in't.
 I have drunk up, for to please
 Thee, that great cup Hercules.
 Urge no more, and there shall be
 Daffodils given up to thee.

CCLXXVII.

ON HIMSELF.

Born I was to meet with age,
 And to walk life's pilgrimage;
 Much I know of time is spent,
 Tell I can't what resident;
 Howsoever, cares adieu!
 I have naught to say of you:
 But I'll spend my coming hours
 Drinking wine, and crown'd with flowers.

CCLXXVIII.

TO BACCHUS.

A CANTICLE.

Whither dost thou hurry me,
Bacchus, being full of thee ?
This way, that way, that way, this,
Here and there a fresh love is ;
That doth like me, this doth please :
Thus a thousand mistresses
I have now ; yet I alone,
Having all, enjoy not one.

CCLXXIX.

HYMN TO BACCHUS.

I sing thy praise, Iacchus,
Who with thy thyrses dost thwack us ;
And yet thou dost so back us
With boldness, that we fear
No Brutus entering here,
Nor Cato the severe.
What though the lictors treat us ?
We know they dare not beat us,
So long as thou dost heat us.
When we thy orgies sing,
Each cobbler is a king.
O, Bacchus ! let us be
From cares and troubles free ;
And thou shalt hear how we
Will chant new hymns to thee.

CCLXXX.

TO SAPPHO.

Let us now take time and play,
Love and live here while we may,
Drink rich wine and make good cheer,
While we have our being here,
For, once dead, and laid i' th' grave,
No return from thence we have.

CCLXXXI.

ANACREONTIC VERSE.

Brisk methinks I am and fine,
When I drink my capering wine ;
Then to love I do incline,
When I drink my wanton wine ;
And I wish all maidens mine
When I drink my sprightly wine ;
Well I sup and well I dine,
When I drink my frolic wine ;
But I languish, lower, and pine,
When I want my fragrant wine.

CCLXXXII.

TO ENJOY THE TIME.

While Fate permits us, let's be merry ;
Pass all we must the fatal ferry ;
And this our life, too, whirls away,
With the rotation of the day.

CCLXXXIII.

TO MUSIC.

Begin to charm, and as thou strok'st mine ears
With thy enchantment, melt me into tears.
Then let thy active hand scud o'er thy lyre ;
And make my spirits frantic with the fire ;
That done, sink down into a silv'ry strain,
And make me smooth as balm, and oil again.

CCLXXXIV.

THE VISION.

Methought I saw, as I did dream in bed,
A crawling vine, about Anacreon's head ;
Flush'd was his face, his hair with oil did shine,
And as he spake, his mouth ran o'er with wine ;
Tippled he was, and tippling lisp'd withal ;
And lisping, reel'd, and reeling, like to fall.
A young enchantress close by him did stand,
Tapping his bosom with a myrtle wand :
She smiled—he kiss'd ; and kissing, thought to woo,
But being cup-shot, more he could not do ;
For which, methought, in pretty anger she
Snatch'd off his crown, and gave the wreath to me.

CCLXXXV.

THE FRANKINCENSE.

When my off'ring next I make,
Be thy hand the hallowed cake ;
And thy breast the altar, whence
Love may smell the frankincense.

CCLXXXVI.

BEST TO BE MERRY.

Fools are they, who never know
How the times away do go ;
But for us, who wisely see
Where the bounds of black death be
Let's live merrily, and thus
Gratify the genius.

CCLXXXVII.

UPON A FLY.

A golden fly once shew'd to me,
Clos'd in a box of ivory,
Where both seem'd proud ; the fly to have
His burial in an ivory grave ;
The ivory took state to hold
A corpse as bright as burnish'd gold.
One fate had both ; both equal grace,
The buried, and the burying-place.
Not Virgil's gnat, to whom the spring
All flowers sent to his burying ;
Not Marshal's bee, which in a bead
Of amber quick was buried ;
Nor that ~~fine~~ worm that does inter
Herself i' the ~~silken~~ sepulchre ;
Nor my rare Phil. that lately was
With lilies tomb'd up in a glass,
More honour had then this same fly,
Dead, and clos'd up in ivory.

CCLXXXVIII.

A FROLIC.

Bring me my rose-buds, drawer, come ;
So while I thus sit crown'd,
I'll drink the aged Cecubum,
Until the roof turn round.

CCLXXXIX.

THE AMBER BEAD.

I saw a fly, within a bead
Of amber cleanly buried ;
The urn was little, but the room
More rich than Cleopatra's tomb.

CCXC.

KISSES.

Give me the food that satisfies a guest ;
Kisses are but dry banquets to a feast.

CCXCI.

TO MUSIC, TO RECAL A SWEET SICK YOUTH.

Charms that call down the moon from out her sphere,
On this sick youth work your enchantments here ;
Bind up his senses with your numbers, so
As to entrance his pain, or cure his woe.
Fall gently, gently, and awhile him keep
Lost in the civil wilderness of sleep :
That done, then let him, dispossess'd of pain,
Like to a slumbering bride, awake again.

CCXCII.

A BACCHANALIAN VERSE.

Drink up
Your cup,
But not spill wine ;
For if you
Do,
'Tis an ill sign,

That we
Foresee
You are cloy'd hence ;
If so, no
Hoe,
But avoid here.

CCXCIII.

TO MUSIC, TO BECALM HIS FEVER.

Charm me asleep. and melt me so
With thy delicious numbers ;
That being ravish'd, hence I go
Away in easy slumbers.
Ease my sick head,
And make my bed,
Thou power that canst sever
From me this ill,
And quickly still,
Though thou not kill
My fever.

'Thou sweetly canst convert the same
From a consuming fire,
Into a gentle-licking flame,
And make it thus expire.
Then make me weep
My pains asleep,
And give me such repose,
That I, poor I,
May think, thereby,
I live and die
'Mongst roses.

Fall on me like a silent dew,
Or like those maiden showers,
Which, by the peep of day, do strew
A baptism o'er the flowers.
Melt, melt my pains,
With thy soft strains ;
That having ease me given,
With full delight,
I leave this light,
And take my flight
For Heaven.

CCXCIV.

COURAGE COOLED.

I cannot love as I have lov'd before ;
For I am grown old, and with mine age grown poor
Love must be fed by wealth : this blood of mine
Must needs wax cold, if wanting bread and wine.

CCXCV.

ANACREONTIC.

I must
Not trust
Here to any ;
Bereav'd,
Deceiv'd,
By so many ;
As one
Undone
By my losses,
Comply
Will I
With my crosses.
Yet still
I will
Not be grieving ;
Since thence
And hence
Comes relieving.
But this
Sweet is
In our mourning ;
Times bad
And sad
Are a turning ;
And he
Whom we
See dejected,
Next day
We may
See erected.

CCXCVI.

UPON CUPID.

Old wives have often told how they
Saw Cupid bitten by a flea ;
And thereupon, in tears half-drown'd,
He cried aloud, Help, help the wound ;
He wept, he sobb'd, he call'd to some
To bring him lint and balsamum,
To make a tent, and put it in,
Where the stiletto pierc'd the skin :
Which being done, the fretful pain
Assuaged, and he was well again.

CCXCVII.

A CANTICLE TO APOLLO.

Play, Phœbus, on thy lute,
And we will sit all mute ;
By listening to thy lyre,
That sets all ears on fire.

Hark ! hark ! the God does play ;
And as he leads the way
Through heaven, the very spheres
As men, turn all to ears.

CCXCVIII.

TO YOUTH.

Drink wine, and live here blitheful while ye may ;
The morrow's life too late is ;—live to-day.

CCXCIX.

THE CHEAT OF CUPID, OR THE UNGENTLE GUEST.

One silent night, of late,
When every creature rested,
Came one unto my gate,
And, knocking, me molested.

“Who’s that,” said I, “beats there,
And troubles thus the sleepy?”
“Cast off,” said he, “all fear,
And let not locks thus keep ye :

“For I a boy am, who
“By moonless nights have swerved.
“And all with showers wet through,
“And e’en with cold half starved.”

I pitiful arose,
And soon a taper lighted,
And did myself disclose
Unto the lad benighted :

I saw he had a bow,
And wings too which did shiver ;
And, looking down below,
I spied he had a quiver.

I to my chimney’s shine
Brought him, as Love professes,
And chafed his hands with mine,
And dried his dropping tresses.

But when he felt him warm'd,
 " Lets try this bow of our's,
" And string, if they be harm'd "
 Said he, " with these late showers."

Forthwith his bow be bent,
 And wedded string and arrow,
And struck me, that it went
 Quite through my heart and marrow.

Then, laughing loud, he flew
 Away, and thus said, flying,
" Adieu, mine host, adieu !
 " I'll leave thy heart a-dying."

CCC.

THE BAG OF THE BEE.

About the sweet-bag of a bee
 Two cupids fell at odds ;
And whose the pretty prize should be,
 They vowed to ask the gods.

Which Venus hearing, thither came,
 And for their boldness stript them ;
And taking thence from each his flame,
 With rods of myrtle whipt them.

Which done, to still their wanton cries,
 When quiet grown she'd seen them,
She kiss'd and wiped their dove-like eyes,
 And gave the bag between them.

CCCI.

A DIALOGUE BETWIXT HORACE AND LYDIA,—TRANSLATED ANNO 1627, AND SET TO MUSIC BY RO. RAMSEY.

HORACE.

While, Lydia, I was loved of thee,
Nor any was preferr'd 'fore me
To hug thy whitest neck ; than I
The Persian king lived not more happily.

LYDIA.

While thou no other didst affect,
Nor Chloe was of more respect ;
Than Lydia, far-fam'd Lydia,
I flourish'd more than Roman Ilia.

HORACE.

Now Thracian Chloe governs me,
Skilful in the harp and melody ;
For whose affection, Lydia, I,
So fate spares her, am well content to die.

LYDIA.

My heart now set on fire is
By Ornithes' son, young Calais :
For whose commutual flames here I,
To save his life, twice am content to die.

HORACE.

Say, our first loves we should revoke,
And, severed, join in brazen yoke ;
Admit I Chloe put away,
And love, again love, cast-off Lydia ?

LYDIA.

Though mine be brighter than the star,
Though lighter than the cork by far,
Rough as the Adriatic sea, yet I
Will live with thee, or else for thee will die.

CCCII.

THE VISION.

Sitting alone, as one forsook,
Close by a silver-shedding brook,
With hands held up to Love, I wept ;
And, after sorrows spent, I slept :
Then in a vision I did see
A glorious form appear to me ;
A virgin's face she had ; her dress
Was like a sprightly Spartaness :
A silver bow, with green silk strung,
Down from her comely shoulders hung ;
And, as she stood, the wanton air
Dandled the ringlets of her hair ;
Her legs were such Diana shows,
When, tuck'd up, she a hunting goes,
With buskins shorten'd to descry
The happy dawning of her thigh ;
Which when I saw, I made access
To kiss that tempting nakedness ;
But she forbad me with a wand
Of myrtle she had in her hand ;
And, chiding me, said—" Hence, remove,
" Herrick ! thou art too coarse to love."

CCCIII.

THE APPARITION OF HIS MISTRESS CALLING HIM TO
ELISIUM.*Desunt nonnulla.*—

Come then, and like two doves with silvery wings,
Let our souls fly to the shades, where ever springs
Sit smiling in the meads ; where balm and oil,
Roses and cassia crown the untill'd soil ;
Where no disease reigns, or infection comes
To blast the air, but ambergris and gums.
This, that, and every thicket doth transpire
More sweet than storax from the hallowed fire ;
Where ev'ry tree a wealthy issue bears
Of fragrant apples, blushing plums, or pears ;
And all the shrubs, with sparkling spangles, shew
Like morning sun-shine, tinselling the dew.
Here in green meadows sits eternal May,
Purfling the margents, while perpetual day
So double gilds the air, as that no night
Can ever rust the enamel of the light :
Here naked younglings, handsome striplings run
Their goals for virgins' kisses ; which when done,
Then unto dancing forth the learned round
Commix'd they meet, with endless roses crown'd.
And here we'll sit on primrose-banks, and see
Love's chorus led by Cupid ; and we'll be
Two loving followers too unto the grove,
Where poets sing the stories of our love :
There thou shalt hear divine Musæus sing
Of Hero and Leander ; then I'll bring

Thee to the stand, where honour'd Homer reads
His Odes and his high Iliads ;
About whose throne the crowd of poets throng
To hear the incantation of his tongue :
To Linus, then to Pindar ; and that done,
I'll bring thee, Herrick, to Anacreon,
Quaffing his full-crown'd bowls of burning wine,
And in his raptures speaking lines of thine,
Like to his subject ; and his frantic
Looks show him truly Bacchanalian like,
Besmear'd with grapes, welcome he shall thee thither,
Where both may rage, both drink and dance together.
Then stately Virgil, witty Ovid, by
Whom fair Corinna sits, and doth comply
With ivory wrists his laureate head, and steeps
His eye in dew of kisses while he sleeps ;
Then soft Catullus, sharp-fang'd Martial,
And towering Lucan, Horace, Juvenal,
And snaky Perseus ; these and those whom rage,
Dropt for the jars of heaven, fill'd t' engage
All times unto their frenzies ; thou shalt there
Behold them in a spacious theatre :
Among which glories, crowned with sacred bays
And flatt'ring ivy, to recite their plays,
Beaumont and Fletcher, swans, to whom all ears
Listen, while they, like syrens in their spheres,
Sing their Evadne ; and still more for thee
There yet remains to know then thou can'st see
By glimm'ring of a fancy : do but come,
And there I'll show you that capacious room
In which thy father Jonson, now is plac'd,
As in a globe of radiant fire, and grac'd

To be in that orb crown'd, that doth include
Those prophets of the former magnitude,
And he one chief. But hark, I hear the cock,
The bellman of the night proclaim the clock
Of late struck one; and now I see the prime
Of day-break from the pregnant east, 'tis time
I vanish; more I had to say,
But night determines here; Away!

CCCIV.

TO M. KELLAM.

What! Can my Kellam drink his sack
In goblets to the brim.
And see his Robin Herrick lack,
Yet send no bottles to him?

For love or pity to his muse,
That she may flow in verse,
Contemn to recommend a cruise,
But send to her a tierce.

CCCV.

THE BROKEN CRYSTAL.

To fetch me wine my Lucia went,
Bearing a crystal continent;
But, making haste, it came to pass,
She brake in two the purer glass,
Then smil'd, and sweetly chid her speed;
So with a blush beshrew'd the deed.

CCCVI.

THE CLOUD.

Seest thou that cloud that rides in state,
Part Ruby-like, part Candidate ?

It is no other than the bed
Where Venus sleeps, half smothered.

CCCVII.

UPON THE DEATH OF HIS SPARROW.

AN ELEGY.

Why do not all fresh maids appear
To work love's sampler only here,
Where spring-time smiles throughout the year ?
Are not here rose-buds, pinks, all flowers
Nature begets by the sun and show'rs,
Met in one hearse-cloth, to o'erspread
The body of the under-dead ?
Phil, the late dead, the late dead dear !
O, may no eye distil a tear,
For you once lost, who wept not here !
Had Lesbia, too, too kind, but known
This sparrow, she had scorn'd her own ;
And for this deed which under lies,
Wept out her heart, as well as eyes.
But endless peace sit here, and keep
My Phil, the time he has to sleep ;
And thousand virgins come and weep,
To make these flowery carpets show
Fresh as their blood, and ever grow,
Till passengers shall spend their doom ;
Not Virgil's gnat had such a tomb !

CCCVIII.

THE WELCOME TO SACK.

So soft streams meet, so springs with gladder smiles
Meet after long divorcement by the isles ;
When Love, the child of likeness, urgeth on
Their crystal natures to an union :
So meet stol'n kisses, when the moony nights
Call forth fierce lovers to their wish'd delights ;
So kings and queens meet, when desire convinces
All thoughts but such as aim at getting princes.
As I meet thee.—Soul of my life and fame !
Eternal lamp of love, whose radiant flame
Outglares the heaven's Osiris ; and thy gleams
Outshine the splendour of the mid-day beams !
Welcome, O welcome, my illustrious spouse,
Welcome as are the ends unto my vows !
Aye, far more welcome than the happy soil
The sea-scourg'd merchant, after all his toil,
Salutes with tears of joy, when fires betray
The smoky chimnies of his Ithaca !
Where hast thou been so long from my embraces,
Poor pitied exile ? Tell me, did thy graces
Fly discontented hence, and for a time
Did rather choose to bless another clime ?
Or went'st thou to this end the more to move me,
By thy short absence, to desire and love thee ?
Why frowns my sweet ? Why won't my saint confer
Favours on me, her fierce idolater ?
Why are those looks, those looks the which have been
Time past so fragrant, sickly now drawn in,
Like a dull twilight ? Tell me ; and the fault
I'll expiate with sulphur, hair, and salt ;

And with the crystal humour of the spring
Purge hence the guilt, and kill this quarrelling.
Wilt thou not smile, or tell me what's amiss ?
Have I been cold to hug thee ; too remiss,
Too temp'rate in embracing ? Tell me, has desire
To thee-ward died in th' embers, and no fire
Left in this rak'd-up ash-heap, as a mark
To testify the glowing of a spark ?
Have I divorc'd thee only to combine
In hot adult'ry with another wine ?
True, I confess I left thee, and appeal
'Twas done by me, more to confirm my zeal,
And double my affection on thee ; as do those
Whose love grows more inflam'd by being foes ;
But to forsake thee ever ! could there be
A thought of such like possibility,
When thou thyself dar'st say, thy isles shall lack
Grapes, before Herrick leaves canary sack ?
Thou mak'st me airy, active to be born,
Like Iphycus, upon the tops of corn :
Thou mak'st me nimble as the winged Hours,
To dance and caper on the heads of flow'rs,
And ride the sunbeams. Can there be a thing
Under the heav'nly Isis, that can bring
More love unto my life, or can present
My genius with a fuller blandishment ?
Illustrious idol ! could th' Egyptian seek
Help from the garlick, onion, and the leek ;
And pay no vows to thee, who was their best
God, and far more transcendent than the rest ?
Had Cassius, that weak water-drinker, known
Thee in thy vine, or had but tasted one

Small chalice of thy frantic liquor ; he,
As the wise Cato, had approv'd of thee.
Had not Jove's son, that proud Tyrrhian swain,
(Invited to the Thesbian banquet) ta'en
Full goblets of thy generous blood, his spright
Ne'er had kept heat for fifty maids that night.
Come, come and kiss me ; love and lust commends
Thee and thy beauties ; kiss, we will be friends
Too strong for fate to break us : Look upon
Me with that full pride of complexion,
As queens meet queens ; or come thou unto me,
As Cleopatra came to Anthony ;
When her high carriage did at once present
To the Triumvir love and wonderment.
Swell up my nerves with spirit ; let my blood
Run through my veins like to a hasty flood ;
Fill each part full of fire, active to do
What thy commanding soul shall put it to ;
And till I turn apostate to thy love,
Which here I vow to serve, do not remove
Thy fires from me ; but Apollo's curse
Blast these like actions, or a thing that's worse ;
When these circumstants shall but live to see
The time, that I prevaricate from thee.
Call me " the son of beer ; " and then confine
Me to the tap, the toast, the turf. Let wine
Ne'er shine upon me. May my numbers all
Run to a sudden death, and funeral !
And last, when thee, dear spouse, I disavow,
Ne'er may prophetic Daphne crown my brow.

CCCIX.

HIS FAREWELL TO SACK.

Farewell, thou thing time-past so known, so dear
To me, as blood to life and spirit : near,
Nay, thou more near than kindred, friend, man, wife,
Male to the female, soul to body : life
To quick action, or the warm soft side
Of the resigning, yet resisting bride.
The kiss of virgins ; first-fruits of the bed ;
Soft speech, smooth touch, the lips, the maiden head ;
These, and a thousand sweets, could never be
So near or dear as thou was once to me.
O, thou the drink of gods and angels ! wine
That scatter'st spirit and lust ; whose purest shine,
More radiant than the summer's sun-beams shows,
Each way illustrious, brave ; and like to those
Comets we see by night, whose shagg'd potents
Foretell the coming of some dire events ;
Or some full flame, which with a pride aspires,
Throwing about his wild and active fires.
'Tis thou, above nectar, O divinest soul !
Eternal in thyself, that canst control
That which subverts whole nature, grief and care,
Vexation of the mind, and damn'd despair.
'Tis thou alone, who, with thy mystic fan,
Work'st more than wisdom, art, or nature can,
To rouse the sacred madness, and awake
The frost-bound blood and spirits, and to make
Them frantic with thy raptures, flashing through
The soul like lightning, and as active too ;
'Tis not Apollo can, or those thrice-three
Castilian sisters sing if wanting thee.

Horace, Anacreon, both had lost their fame,
 Had'st thou not fill'd them with thy fire and flame,
 Phæbean splendour! and thou, Thespian spring,
 Of which sweet swans must drink before they sing
 Their true-pac'd numbers, and their holy-lays,
 Which makes them worthy cedar and the bays.
 But why? why longer do I gaze upon
 Thee with the eye of admiration?
 Si ice I must leave thee, and enforc'd must say,
 To all thy witching beauties, go, away.
 But if thy whimp'ring looks do ask me why?
 Then know that Nature bids thee go, not I.
 'Tis her erroneous self has made a train
 Incapable of such a sovereign,
 As is thy powerful self. Prithee, not smile,
 Or smile more inly, lest thy looks beguile
 My vows denounc'd in zeal, which thus much show thee,
 That I have sworn but by thy looks to know thee.
 Let others drink thee freely, and desire
 Thee and their lips espous'd, while I admire
 And love thee, but not taste thee. Let my Muse
 Fail of thy former helps. and only use
 Her inadult'rate strength; what's done by me
 Hereafter, shall smell of the lamp, not of thee.

CCCX.

HOW HE WOULD DRINK HIS WINE.

Fill me my wine in crystal: thus, and thus
 I see't in 's *puris naturalibus*.
 Unmix'd, I love to have it smirk, and shine;
 'Tis sin, I know, 'tis sin to throttle wine.
 What madman's he that, when it sparkles so,
 Will cool his flames, or quench his fires with snow?

CCCXI.

HIS EMBALMING TO JULIA.

For my embalming, Julia, do but this,
Give thou my lips but their supremest kiss;
Or else transfuse thy breath into the chest,
Where my small relics must for ever rest;
That breath the balm, the myrrh, the nard shall be,
To give an incorruption unto me.

CCCXII.

TO JULIA.

Holy waters hither bring
For the sacred sprinkling;
Baptize me and thee, and so
Let us to the altar go;
And, ere we our rites commence,
Wash our hands in innocence;
Then I'll be the Rex Sacrorum,
Thou the queen of peace and quorum.

CCCXIII.

AN ODE TO MASTER ENDYMION PORTER, UPON HIS
BROTHER'S DEATH.

Not all thy flushing suns are set,
Herrick, as yet;
Nor doth this far-drawn hemisphere
Frown, and look sullen every where.
Days may conclude in nights; and suns may rest,
As dead within the west;
Yet, the next morn re-gild the fragrant east.

Alas, for me! that I have lost
 E'en all, almost;
 Sunk is my sight; set is my sun;
 And all the loom of life undone;
 The staff, the elm, the prop, the shelt'ring wall,
 Whereon my vine did crawl,
 Now, now blown down; needs must the old stock
 fall.

Yet, Porter, while thou keep'st alive,
 In death I thrive;
 And like a Phœnix, re-aspire
 From out my nard and fun'ral-fire;
 And as I prune my feather'd youth, so I
 Do mar'l how I could die,
 When I had thee, my chief preserver, by.

I'm up, I'm up, and bless that hand,
 Which makes me stand
 Now as I do; and but for thee,
 I must confess, I could not be.
 The debt is paid; for he who doth resign,
 Thanks to the gen'rous vine,
 Invites fresh grapes to fill his press with wine.

CCCXIV.

TO JULIA.

Offer thy gift; but first the law commands
 Thee, Julia, first to sanctify thy hands:
 Do that, my Julia, which the rites require,
 Then boldly give thine incense to the fire.

CCCXV.

TO SILVIA.

I am holy while I stand
Circum-cross'd by the pure hand ;
But when that is gone, again
I, as others, am prophane.

CCCXVI.

THE CAPTIVE BEE, OR THE LITTLE FILCHER.

As Julia once a slumbering lay
It chanced a bee did fly that way,
After a dew, or dew-like shower,
To tipple freely in a flower.
For some rich flower he took the lip
Of Julia, and began to sip ;
But when he felt he suck'd from thence
Honey, and in the quintessence :
He drank so much he scarce could stir ;
So Julia took the pilferer ;
And thus surprised, as filchers use,
He thus began himself to excuse :
" Sweet lady-flower ! I never brought
" Hither the least one thieving thought ;
" But taking those rare lips of your's
" For some fresh, fragrant, luscious flowers ;
" I thought I might there take a taste,
" Where so much syrup ran at waste :
" Besides, know this; I never sting
" The flower that gives me nourishing ;

" But with a kiss, or thanks, do pay
" For honey that I bear away."
This said, he laid his little scrip
Of honey 'fore her ladyship ;
And told her, as some tears did fall,
That, that he took, and that was all.
At which she smiled ; and bade him go
And take his bag ; but thus much know,
When next he came a pilfering so,
He should from her full lips derive
Honey enough to fill his hive.

CCCXVII.

TO JULIA,

THE FLAMINICA DIALIS, OR QUEEN-PRIEST.

Thou know'st, my Julia, that it is thy turn
This morning's incense to prepare and burn ;
The chaplet and inarculum here be,
With the white vestures all attending thee.
This day the Queen-Priest thou art made, to appease
Love for our very many trespasses.
One chief transgression is, among the rest,
Because with flowers her temple was not drest ;
The next, because her altars did not shine
With daily fiers ; the last, neglect of wine,
For which, her wrath is gone forth to consume
Us all, unless preserv'd by thy perfume.
Take then thy censer ; put in fire, and thus,
O pious Priestess ! make a peace for us.
For our neglect, love did our death decree,
That we escape : Redemption comes by thee.

CCCXVIII.

TO THE WATER NYMPHS DRINKING AT THE
FOUNTAIN.

Reach with your whiter hands to me,
Some crystal of the spring ;
And I about the cup shall see
Fresh lilies flourishing.

Or else, sweet nymphs, do you but this ;
'To the glass your lips incline ;
And I shall see by that one kiss,
'The water turn'd to wine.

CCCXIX.

ANACREONTIC.

Born I was to be old,
And for to die here ;
After that, in the mould
Long for to lie here.
But before that day comes,
Still I be bousing ;
For I know in the tombs
'There's no carousing.

CCCXX.

ON A PERFUMED LADY.

You say you're sweet ; how should we know
Whether that you be sweet or no ?
From powders and perfumes keep free,
'Then we shall smell how sweet you be.

CCCXXI.

THE JIMMALL RING, OR THE TRUE-LOVE-KNOT.

Thou sent'st to me a true-love-knot ; but I
Return'd a ring of jimmals, to imply
Thy love had one knot, mine a triple tye.

CCCXXII.

TO BE MERRY.

Let's now take our time,
While we are in our prime,
And old, old age is afar off ;
For the evil, evil days,
Will come on apace,
Before we can be aware of.

CCCXXIII.

TO CUPID.

I have a leaden, thou a shaft of gold ;
Thou kill'st with heat, and I strike dead with cold
Let's try of us who shall the first expire ;
Or thou by frost, or I by quenchless fire.
Extremes are fatal where they once do strike,
And bring to th' heart destruction both alike.

CCCXXIV.

UPON HER VOICE.

Let but thy voice engender with the string
And angels will be born, while thou dost sing.

CCCXXV.

THE WOUNDED CUPID.

Cupid, as he lay among
Roses, by a bee was stung.
Whereupon, in anger flying
To his mother, said thus, crying,
“ Help ! O help ! your boy’s a dying ! ”
“ And why, my pretty boy ? ” said she.
Then, blubbering, replied he,
“ A winged snake has bitten me,
Which country people call a bee.”
At which she smiled ; then with her hairs
And kisses drying up his tears,
“ Alas ! ” said she, “ my son, if this
Such a pernicious torment is ;
Come tell me then, how great’s the smart
Of those thou woundest with thy dart ? ”

CCCXXVI.

UPON CUPID.

Love like a beggar came to me,
With hose and doublet torn,
His shirt bedangling from his knee,
With hat and shoes out worn.

He ask’d an alms ; I gave him bread,
And meat too, for his need ;
Of which when he had fully fed,
He wish’d me all good speed.

Away he went ; but, as he turn’d,
In faith I know not how !

He touch'd me so, as that I burn,
And am tormented now.

Love's silent flames and fires obscure
Then crept into my heart ;
And, though I saw no bow, I'm sure,
His finger was the dart.

CCCXXVII.

LOVERS HOW THEY COME AND PART.

A gyges ring they bear about them still,
To be, and not seen when and where they will ;
They tread on clouds, and though they sometimes fall,
They fall like dew, but make no noise at all :
So silently they one to th' other come,
As colours steals into the pear or plum
And air-like, leave on pression to be seen
Where'er they meet, or parting place has been.

CCCXXVIII.

UPON JULIA'S BREASTS.

Display thy breasts, my Julia, there let me
Behold that circummortal purity ;
Between whose glories there my lips I'll lay,
Ravish'd in that fair *Via lactea*.

CCCXXIX.

THE PERFUME.

To-morrow, Julia, I betimes must rise,
For some small fault, to offer sacrifice ;
The altar's ready ; fire to consume
The fat ; breathe thou, and there's the rich perfume.

CCCXXX.

ORPHEUS.

Orpheus he went, as poets tell,
 To fetch Eurydice from hell ;
 And had her, but it was upon
 This short, but strict condition ;
 Backward he should not look, while he
 Led her through hell's obscurity.
 But ah ! it happened, as he made
 His passage through that dreadful shade,
 Revolve he did his loving eye,
 For gentle fear or jealousy ;
 And looking back, that look did sever
 Him and Eurydice for ever.

CCCXXXI.

THE CANDOUR OF JULIA'S TEETH.

White as Zenobia's teeth, the which the girls
 Of Rome did wear for their most precious pearls.

CCCXXXII.

UPON HER WEeping.

| She by the river sat, and sitting there,
 | She wept, and made it deeper by a tear.

CCCXXXIII.

ANOTHER UPON HER WEeping.

She wept upon her cheeks, and weeping so
 She seem'd to quench love's fires that there did glow.

CCCXXXIV.

AN END DECREED.

Let's be jocund while we may ;
 All things have an ending day ;
 And when once the work is done,
 Fates revolve no flax th'ave spun.

CCCXXXV.

HOW PRIMROSES CAME GREEN.

Virgins, time-past, known were these
 Troubled with green-sicknesses,
 Turn'd to flowers ; still the hue,
 Sickly girls, they bear of you.

CCCXXXVI.

TO HIS LOVELY MISTRESSES.

One night in the year, my dearest beauties, come
 And bring those dew drink-offerings to my tomb ;
 When thence you see my reverend ghost to rise,
 And there to lick the effused sacrifice,
 Though paleness be the livery that I wear,
 Look ye not wan or colourless for fear ;
 Trust me, I will not hurt you, or once show
 The least grim look, or cast a frown on you ;
 Nor shall the tapers, when I'm there, burn blue.
 This I may do, perhaps, as I glide by,
 Cast on my girls a glance, and loving eye ;
 Or fold mine arms, and sigh because I've lost
 The world so soon, and in it you the most :
 Then these, no fears more on your fancies fall,
 Though then I smile, and speak no words at all.

EPITHALAMIUM.

CCCXXXVII.

THE TITHE. TO THE BRIDE.

If nine times you your bridegroom kiss,
The tenth you know the parson's is
Pay then your tithe ; and doing thus,
Prove in your bride-bed numerous.
If children you have ten, Sir John
Won't for his tenth part ask you one.

EPITHALAMIUM.

CCCXXXVIII.

THE ENTERTAINMENT, OR PORCH-VERSE,
AT THE MARRIAGE OF MR. HEN. NORTHLY, AND THE MOST
WITTY MRS. LETTICE YARD.

Welcome ! but yet no entrance, till we bless
First you, then you, and both for white success.
Profane no porch, young man and maid, for fear
Ye wrong the threshold-god that keeps peace here :
Please him, and then all good-luck will betide
You, the brisk bridegroom, you, the dainty bride.
Do all things sweetly, and in comely wise,
Put on your garlands first, then sacrifice ;
That done, when both of you have seemly fed,
We'll call on night to bring ye both to bed ;
Where being laid, all fair signs looking on,
Fish-like, increase then to a million ;
And millions of spring-times may ye have,
Which spent, one death bring to ye both one grave.

CCCXXXIX.

THE GOOD-NIGHT, OR BLESSING.

Blessings, in abundance come
 To the bride, and to her groom ;
 May the bed, and this short night,
 Know the fulness of delight.
 Pleasures many here attend ye,
 And ere long a boy love send ye,
 Curled and comely, and so trim,
 Maids, in time, may ravish him.
 Thus a dew of graces fall
 On ye both ; Good-night, to all.

CCCXL.

AN EPITHALAMY TO SIR THOMAS SOUTHWELL
AND HIS LADY.

I.

Now, now's the time, so oft by truth
 Promis'd should come to crown your youth.
 Then, fair ones, do not wrong
 Your joys by staying long ;
 Or let love's fire go out,
 By lingering thus in doubt ;
 But learn, that time once lost,
 Is ne'er redeem'd by cost.
 Then away ; come Hymen, guide
 To the bed the bashful bride.

II.

Is it, sweet maid, your fault these holy
 Bridal rites go on so slowly ?

Dear, is it thus you dread
The loss of maidenhead ?
Believe me, you will most
Esteem it when 'tis lost ;
Then it no longer keep,
Lest issue lie asleep.

Then away ; come, Hymen, guide
To the bed the bashful bride.

III.

'These precious, pearly, purling tears,
But spring from ceremonious fears.
And 'tis but native shame,
That hides the loving flame,
And may awhile control
The soft and am'rous soul ;
But yet love's fire will waste
Such bashfulness at last.

Then away ; come, Hymen, guide
To the bed the bashful bride.

IV.

Night now hath watch'd herself half blind,
Yet not a maidenhead resigned :
'Tis strange ye will not fly
To love's sweet mystery.
Might yon full moon the sweets
Have promised to your sheets ;
She soon would leave her sphere
To be admitted there.

Then away ; come, Hymen, guide
To the bed the bashful bride.

V.

On, on devoutly, make no stay,
While Domiduca leads the way ;
 And Genius, who attends
 The bed for lucky ends ;
 With Juno goes the hours,
 And Graces strewing flowers.
 And the boys with sweet tunes sing,
 Hymen ! O Hymen ! bring
Home the turtles, Hymen guide
To the bed the bashful bride.

VI.

Behold how Hymen's taper-light,
Shews you how much is spent of night.
 See, see the bridegroom's torch
 Half wasted in the porch ;
 And now those tapers five,
 That shew the womb shall thrive.
 Their silv'ry flames advance,
 To tell all prosp'rous chance
Still shall crown the happy life
Of the good man and the wife.

VII.

Move forward then your rosy feet,
And make, whate'er they touch, turn sweet.
 May all like flowery meads
 Smell, where your soft foot treads :
 And every thing assume
 To it the like perfume ;
 As Zephyrus, when he 'spires
 Through woodbine and sweet-bryers.

Then away ; come, Hymen guide,
To the bed the bashful bride.

VIII.

And now the yellow vale, at last,
Over her fragrant cheek is cast.

Now seems she to express
A bashful willingness ;
Shewing a heart consenting,
As with a will repenting ;
Then gently lead her on
With wise suspicion :

For that, matrons say, a measure
Of that passion sweetens pleasure.

IX.

You, you that be of her nearest kin,
Now o'er the threshold force her in.

But to aver the worst,
Let her her fillets first
Knit to the posts ; this point
Remembering, to anoint
The sides ; for 'tis a charm
Strong against future harm,
And the evil deeds, the which
There was hidden by the witch.

X.

O Venus ! thou to whom is known
The best way how to loose the zone
Of virgins ; tell the maid
She need not be afraid ;
And bid the youth apply
Close kisses, if she cry ;

And charge he not forbears
Her, though she woo with tears,
Tell them now they must adventure
Since that love and night bid enter.

XI.

No fatal owl the bedstead keeps
With direful notes to fright your sleeps ;
No furies hereabout
To put the tapers out
Watch, or did make the bed ;
'Tis omen full of dread :
But all fair signs appear,
Within the chamber here :
Juno here far off doth stand,
Cooling sleep with charming wand.

XII.

Virgins, weep not ; 'twill come when,
As she, so you'll be ripe for men :
Then grieve her not with saying,
She must no more a Maying,
Or by rose-buds divine
Who'll be her Valentine ;
Nor name those wanton rakes,
You've had at barleybrakes :
But now kiss her ; and thus say,
Take time lady, while ye may.

XIII.

Now bar the doors, the bridegroom puts,
The eager boys to gather nuts :
And now both love and time
To their full height do climb :

O, give them active heat
And moisture, both complete ;
Fit organs for increase,
To keep, and to release
That, which may the honour'd stem
Circle with a diadem.

XIV.

And now, behold ! the bed or couch
That ne'er knew bride's or bridegroom's touch,
Feels in itself a fire,
And, tickled with desire,
Pants with a downy breast,
As with a heart possess'd
Shrugging as it did move,
Even with the soul of love
And, oh, had it but a tongue,
Doves, 'twould say, ye bill too long.

XV.

O, enter then ! but see ye shun
A sleep until the act be done ;
Let kisses, in their close,
Breathe as the damask rose :
Or sweet as is that gum
Doth from Panchaia come ;
Teach nature now to know,
Lips can make cherries grow
Sooner, than she ever yet
In her wisdom could beget.

XVI.

On your minutes, hours, days, months, years,
Drop the fat blessing of the spheres !

That good, which heaven can give,
 To make you bravely live,
 Fall, like a spangling dew,
 By day and night on you !
 May fortune's lily hand
 Open at your command ;
 With all lucky birds, to side
 With the bridegroom and the bride !

XVII.

Let bounteous fate your spindles full
 Fill and wind up with whitest wool ;
 Let them not cut the thread
 Of life, until ye bid !
 May death yet come at last,
 And not with desperate haste ;
 But when ye both can say,
 Come, let us now away !
 Be ye to the barn then born,
 Two, like two ripe shocks of corn !

CCCKLI.

CONNUBII FLORES, OR THE WELLWISHERS AT
 WEDDINGS.

CHORUS OF PRIESTS.

From the temple to your home
 May a thousand blessings come ;
 And a sweet concurring stream
 Of all joys, to join with them !

CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

Happy day,
Make no long stay
Here
In thy sphere ;
But give thy place to-night,
That she
As thee
May be
Partaker of the sight !
And, since it was thy care
To see the younglings wed,
'Tis fit that night the pair
Should see safe brought to bed.

CHORUS OF OLD MEN.

Go to your banquet then ; but use delight,
So as to rise still with an appetite :
Love is a thing most nice ; and must be fed.
To such a height, but never surfeited :
What is beyond the mean is ever ill ;
'Tis best to feed love, but not over-fill :
Go then discreetly to the bed of pleasure ;
And this remember, virtue keeps the measure.

CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

Lucky signs we have descried
To encourage on the bride ;
And to these we have espied,
Not a kissing Cupid flies
Here about, but has his eyes,
To imply your love is wise.

CHORUS OF SHEPHERDS.

Here we present à fleece,
 To make a piece
 Of cloth ;
 Nor, fair, must you be loth
 Your finger to apply
 To housewifery :
 Then, then begin
 To spin ;
 And, sweetling, mark you, what a web will come
 Into your chests, drawn by your painful thumb.

CHORUS OF MATRONS.

Set you to your wheel, and wax
 Rich by the ductile wool and flax :
 Yarn is an income ; and the housewives' thread
 The larder fills with meat, the bin with bread.

CHORUS OF OLD MEN.

Let wealth come in by comely thrift,
 And not by any sordid shift ;
 'Tis haste
 Makes waste ;
 Extremes have still their fault ;
 The softest fire makes the sweetest malt ;
 Who gripes too hard the dry and slipp'ry sand,
 Holds none at all, or little, in his hand.

CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

Goddess of pleasure, youth, and peace,
 Give them the blessing of increase !
 And thou, Lucina, that dost hear
 The vows of those that children bear,

When as her April hour draws near,
Be thou then propitious there !

CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

Far hence be all speech that may anger move ;
Sweet words must nourish soft and gentle love.

GENERAL CHORUS.

Live in the love of doves ; and, having told
The ravens' years, go hence more ripe than old !

CCCXLII.

A NUPTIAL VERSE TO MISTRESS ELIZABETH LEE,
NOW LADY TRACY.

Spring with the lark, most comely bride, and meet
Your eager bridegroom with auspicious feet :
The morn's far spent, and the immortal sun
Carols his cheek, to see those rites not done.
Fie, lovely maid ! indeed you are too slow,
When to the temple love should run, not go. .
Dispatch your dressing then, and quickly wed,
Then feast and coy it a little ; then to bed.
This day is love's day, and this busy night
Is yours, in which you challeng'd are to fight
With such an arm'd, but such an easy foe,
As will, if you yield, lie down conquer'd too.
The field is pitch'd, but such must be your wars,
As that your kisses must outvie the stars ;
Fall down together vanquish'd both, and lie
Drown'd in the blood of rubies there, not die.

CCCXLIII.

A NUPTIAL SONG; OR
EPITHALAMIUM ON SIR CLIPSEBY CREW AND HIS LADY.

What's that we see from far? the spring of day
Bloom'd from the east; or fair enjewell'd May
 Blown out of April; or some new
 Star fill'd with glory to our view,
 Reaching at heaven,
To add a nobler planet to the seven?
 Say; or do we not descry
Some goddess, in a cloud of tiffany
 To move; or rather the
Emergent Venus from the sea?

'Tis she, 'tis she! or else some more divine
Enlighten'd substance. Mark how from the shrine
 Of holy saints she paces on,
 Treading upon vermillion
 And amber, spicing
The chafed air with fumes of paradise!
 Then come on. come on; and yield
A savour like unto a blessed field,
 When the bedabbled morn
Washes the golden ears of corn.

See where she comes; and smell how all the street
Breathes vineyards and pomegranates. O how sweet!
 As a fired altar is each stone
 Perspiring pounded cinnamon.
 The phoenix nest,
Built up of odours, burneth in her breast.

Who therein would not consume
 His soul to ash heaps in that rich perfume ;
 Bestroking fate, the while
 He burns to embers on the pile ?

Hymen, O Hymen ! tread the sacred ground ;
 Shew thy white feet, and head with marjoram
 crown'd ;
 Mount up thy flames ; and let thy torch
 Display the bridegroom in the porch,
 In his desires
 More towering, more disparkling than thy fires ;
 Shew her how his eyes do turn
 And roll about, and in their motions burn
 Their balls to cinders ; haste
 Or else to ashes he will waste.

Glide by the banks of virgins then, and pass
 The showers of roses, lucky four-leav'd grass ;
 The while the cloud of younglings sing,
 And drown ye with a flowery spring ;
 While some repeat
 Your praise, and bless you, sprinkling you with wheat
 While that others do divine,
 “ Blest is the bride, on whom the sun doth shine ; ”
 And thousands gladly wish
 You multiply as doth a fish.

And beauteous bride, we do confess you're wise,
 In dealing forth these bashful jealousies :
 In Love's name do so, and a price
 Set on yourself, by being nice.

But yet take heed,
 What now you seem, be not the same indeed,
 And turn apostate: Love will
 Part of the way be met, or sit stone still.
 On then, and though you slow-
Ly go, yet, howsoever, go.

And now you're enter'd, see the coddled cook
 Runs from his torrid zone, to pry and look,
 And bless his dainty mistress; see,
 The aged point out, This is she,
 Who now must sway
 The house (love shield her) with her Yea and Nay;
 And the smirk butler thinks it
 Sin, in's naprie, not to express his wit;
 Each striving to devise
 Some gin, wherewith to catch your eyes.

To bed, to bed, kind turtles, now, and write
 'This the short'st day, and this the longest night,
 But yet too short for you; 'tis we
 Who count this night as long as three,
 Lying alone,
 Telling the clock strike ten, eleven, twelve, one.
 Quickly, quickly then prepare,
 And let the young men and the bride-maids share
 Your garters, and their joints.
 Encircle with the bridegroom's points.

By the bride's eyes, and by the teeming life
 Of her green hopes, we charge ye, that no strife,

Farther than gentleness tends, gets place
Among ye striving for her lace.

O do not fall

Foul in these noble pastimes, lest ye call
Discord in, and so divide
The youthful bridegroom and the fragrant bride ;
Which love forefend ; but spoken
Be't to your praise, no peace was broken.

Strip her of spring-time, tender whimpering maids,
Now Autumn's come, when all those flowery aids
Of her delays must end ; dispose
That lady-smock, that pansy, and that rose
Neatly apart ;

But for prick-madam, and for gentle-heart,
And soft maiden's-blush, the bride
Makes holy these, all others lay aside :
Then strip her, or unto her
Let him come who dares undo her.

And, to enchant ye more, see every where
About the roof a syren in a sphere,
As we think, singing to the din
Of many a warbling cherubim ;
O mark ye how
The soul of nature melts in numbers ; now
See a thousand cupids fly
To light their tapers at the bride's bright eye !
To bed, or her they'll tire,
Were she an element of fire.

And to your more bewitching, see the proud
Plump bed bear up, and swelling like a cloud,

Tempting the two too modest ; can
 You see it bristle like a swan,
 And you be clod
To meet it, when it woos and seems to fold
 The arms to hug it ; throw, throw
Yourself into the mighty overflow
 Of that white pride, and drown
 The night, with you, in floods of down.

The bed is ready, and the maze of love
Looks for the treaders ; every where is wove
 Wit and new mystery ; read, and
 Put in practise, to understand
 And know each wile,
Each hieroglyphic of a kiss or smile ;
 And do it to the full ; reach
High in your conceit, and some way teach
 Nature and Art one more
 Play than they ever knew before.

If needs we must, for ceremony's sake,
Bless a sack posset ; luck go with it ; take
 The night charm quickly, you have spells
 And magics for to end, and hells
 To pass ; but such,
And of such torture, as no one would grutch
 To live therein for ever. Fry
And consume, and grow again to die,
 And live, and in that case
 Love the confusion of the place.

But since it must be done, dispatch, and sow
Up in a sheet your bride, and what if so

It be with rock or walls of brass,
Ye tower her up as Danæ was;
Think you that this,
Or hell itself, a powerful bulwark is?
I tell ye no; but like a
Bold bolt of thunder he will make his way,
And rend the cloud, and throw
The sheet about like flakes of snow.

All now is hush'd in silence; midwife moon,
With all her owl-eyed issue begs a boon
Which you must grant; that's entrance, with
Which extract all we can call pith
And quintessence
Of planetary bodies; so commence
All fair constellations,
Looking upon ye, that, that nations
Springing from two such fires,
May blaze the virtue of their sires.

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THE WORKS
OF
ROBERT HERRICK.

HESPERIDES,

OR

WORKS BOTH HUMAN AND DIVINE,

OF

Robert Herrick.

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PASTORAL AND DESCRIPTIVE.

I.

TO HIS MUSE.

Were I to give thee Baptism, I would choose
To christen thee the bride, the bashful muse,
Or muse of roses; since that name does fit
Best with those virgin verses thou hast writ;
Which are so clean, so chaste. as none may fear
Cato the Censor, should he scan each here.

PASTORAL AND DESCRIPTIVE.

II.

HOW THE WALL-FLOWER CAME FIRST,
AND WHY SO CALLED.

Why this flower is now call'd so,
 List, sweet maids, and you shall know.
 Understand, this firstling was
 Once a brisk and bonny lass,
 Kept as close as Danae was ;
 Who a sprightly Springall lov'd :
 And to have it fully prov'd,
 Up she got upon a wall,
 Tempting down to slide withal ;
 But the silken twist untied,
 So she fell ; and bruise'd, she dy'd.
 Love, in pity of the deed,
 And her loving luckless speed,
 Turn'd her to this plant, we call
 Now The Flower of the Wall.

III.

A PARANÆTICAL, OR ADVISIVE VERSE, TO HIS FRIEND,

MR. JOHN WICKS.

Is this a life, to break thy sleep
To rise as soon as day doth peep,
To tire thy patient ox or ass
By noon, and let thy good days pass;
Not knowing this, that Jove decrees
Some mirth, t'adulce man's miseries?
No; 'tis a life to have thine oil
Without extortion from thy soil;
Thy faithful fields to yield thee grain,
Although with some, yet little pain;
To have thy mind and nuptial bed,
With fears and cares uncumbered;
A pleasing wife, that by thy side
Lies softly panting like a bride;
This is to live, and to endear
Those minutes time has lent us here.
Then, while fates suffer, live thou free,
As is that air that circles thee;
And crown thy temples too; and let
Thy servant, not thy own self, sweat,
To strut thy barns with sheafs of wheat
Time steals away like to a stream,
And we glide hence away with them:
No sound recalls the hours once fled,
Or roses, being withered;
Nor us, my friend, when we are lost,
Like to a dew, or melted frost.
Then live we mirthful while we should,

And turn the iron age to gold ;
Let's feast and frolic, sing and play,
And thus less last, than live our day.
Whose life with care is overcast,
That man's not said to live, but last ;
Nor is't a life, seven years to tell,
But for to live that half seven well ;
And that we'll do, as men who know,
Some few sands spent, we hence must go,
Both to be blended in the urn,
From whence there's never a return.

IV.

TO DAISES, NOT TO SHUT SO SOON.

Shut not so soon : the dull-ey'd night
Has not as yet begun
To make a seizure on the light,
Or to seal up the sun.

No marigolds yet closed are,
No shadows yet appear :
Nor doth the early shepherd's star
Shine like a spangle here.

Stay but till my Julia close
Her life-begetting eye ;
And let the whole world then dispose
Itself to live, or die.

V.

CORINNA'S GOING A MAYING.

Get up, get up, for shame, the blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.

See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colours through the air;
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree.

Each flower has wept, and bow'd toward the east,
Above an hour since, yet you not drest,

Nay! not so much as out of bed;
When all the birds have matins said,
And sung their thankful hymns; 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation to keep in,

When as a thousand virgins on this day
Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and green,

And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown or hair;
Fear not, the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you;

Besides the childhood of the day has kept
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept.

Come, and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night;
And Titan on the eastern hill

Retires himself, or else stands still

Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying
Few beads are best, when once we go a Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come, and coming, mark
How each field turns a street, each street a park
 Made green, and trimmed with trees ; see how
 Devotion gives each house a bough,
 Or branch ; each porch, each door, ere this,
 An ark, a tabernacle is,
Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove ;
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
 Can such delights be in the street
 And open fields, and we not see it ?
 Come, we'll abroad, and let's obey
 The proclamation made for May :
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying ;
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a Maying.

'There's not a budding boy or girl, this day,
But is got up, and gone to bring in May.
 A deal of youth, ere this, is come
 Back, and with white-thorn, laden home.
 Some have dispatched their cakes and cream
 Before that we have left to dream ;
And some have wept, and wooed, and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth ;
 Many a green-gown has been given ;
 Many a kiss both odd and even ;
 Many a glance too has been sent
 From out the eye, love's firmament ;
Many a jest told of the key's betraying
This night, and locks picked, yet w're not a Maying.

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time.

We shall grow old apace and die
 Before we know our liberty.
 Our life is short, and our days run
 As fast away as does the sun ;
 And as a vapour, or a drop of rain
 Once lost, can ne'er be found again ;
 So when or you or I are made
 A fable, song, or fleeting shade ;
 All love, all liking, all delight
 Lies drowned with us in endless night.
 Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,
 Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a Maying.

VI.

THE MEADOW VERSE,

OR ANNIVERSARY OF MRS. BRIDGET LOWMAN.

Come with the spring-time forth, fair maid ; and be
 This year again the meadow's deity :
 Yet, ere ye enter, give us leave to set
 Upon your head this flow'ry coronet :
 To make this neat distinction from the rest,
 You are the prime and princess of the feast,
 To which with silver feet lead you the way,
 While sweet-breath nymphs attend on you this day ;
 This is your hour ; and best you may command,
 Since you are lady of this fairy land :
 Full mirth wait on you ; and such mirth as shall
 Cherish the cheek, but make none blush at all !

VII.

A COUNTRY LIFE ;

TO HIS BROTHER, M. THO. HERRICK.

Thrice, and above blest, my soul's half, art thou,
In thy both last and better vow ;
Could'st leave the city, for exchange, to see
The country's sweet simplicity ;
And it to know and practice, with intent
To grow the sooner innocent ;
By studying to know virtue, and to aim
More at her nature than her name ;
The last is but the least, the first doth tell
Ways less to live than to live well ;
And both are known to thee, who now can'st live
Led by thy conscience, to give
Justice to some-pleased nature, and to show
Wisdom and she together go,
And keep one centre ; this with that **conspires**
To teach man to confine desires,
And know that riches have their proper stint
In the contented mind, not mint ;
And can'st instruct that those who have the itch
Of craving more are never rich.
These things thou knowest to the height, and dost
prevent
That plague, because thou art content
With that Heaven gave thee with a weary hand,
(More blessed in thy brass than land)

To keep cheap Nature even and upright;
To cool, not cocker appetite.
Thus thou canst scarcely live to satisfy
The belly chiefly, not the eye;
Keeping the barking stomach wisely quiet,
Less with a neat than needful diet.
But that which most makes sweet a country life,
Is the fruition of a wife,
Whom, stars consenting with thy fate, thou hast
Got not so beautiful as chaste;
By whose warm side thou dost securely sleep,
While love the sentinel doth keep,
With those deeds done by day which ne'er affright
Thy silken slumbers in the night.
Nor has the darkness power to usher in
Fear to those sheets that know no sin.
But still thy wife, by chaste intentions led,
Gives thee each night a maidenhead.
The damask meadows and the pebbly streams
Sweeten and make soft your dreams;
The purling springs, groves, birds, and well weaved
bowers,
With fields enamelled with flowers,
Present their shapes, while phantasy discloses
Millions of Lilies mixt with Roses.
Then dream ye hear the lamb by many a bleat
Woo'd to come suck the milky teat;
While Faunus in the vision comes, to keep
From ravening wolves, the fleecy sheep.
With thousand such enchanting dreams, that meet
To make sleep not so sound, as sweet;

Nor can these figures so thy rest endear,
As not to rise when Chanticleer
Warns the last watch, but with the dawn dost rise
To work, but first to sacrifice;
Making thy peace with heaven for some late fault,
With holy-meal and spiriting salt;
Which done, thy painful thumb this sentence tell us,
“Jove for our labour all things sells us.”
Nor are thy daily and devout affairs,
Attended with those desperate cares
The industrious merchant has, who for to find
Gold, runneth to the Western Inde,
And back again; tortured with fears, doth fly,
Untaught to suffer poverty;
But thou at home, blest with securest ease,
Sittest, and believest that there be seas,
And watry dangers, while thy whither hap
But sees these things within thy map;
And viewing them with a more safe survey,
Makest easy fear unto thee say,
“A heart thrice walled with oak and brass, that man
Had, first durst plough the ocean.”
But thou at home, without or tide or gale,
Canst in thy map securely sail;
Seeing those painted countries, and so guess
By those fine shades, their substances;
And from thy compass taking small advice,
Buyest travel at the lowest price;
Nor are thine ears so deaf but thou canst hear,
Far more with wonder than with fear,
Fame tell of states, of countries, courts, and kings;
And believe there be such things;

When, of these truths thy happier knowledge lies,
More in thine ears than in thine eyes.
And when thou hearest by too true report,
Vice rules the most, or all at court ;
Thy pious wishes are, though thou not there,
Virtue had, and moved her sphere.
But thou livest fearless ; and thy face ne'er shows
Fortune when she comes, or goes ;
But with thy equal thoughts prepared, dost stand
To take her by the either hand ;
Nor carest which comes the first, the foul or fair.
A wise man every way lies square ;
And like a surly oak with storms perplexed,
Grows still the stronger, strongly vexed.
Be so, bold spirit ; stand centre-like, unmoved ;
And be not only thought, but proved
To be what I report thee, and inure
Thyself, if want comes to endure ;
And so thou dost ; for thy desires are
Confined to live with private Larr ;
Nor curious whether appetite be fed,
Or with the first or second bread.
Who keepest no proud mouth for delicious cates ;
Hunger makes coarse meats delicacies.
Canst, and unurged, forsake that larded fare,
Which art, not nature makes so rare ;
To taste boiled nettles, coleworts, beets, and eat
These, and sour herbs as dainty meat ?
While soft opinion makes thy genius say,
“ Content makes all ambrosia ;”
Nor is it that thou keepest this stricter size
So much for want as exercise ;

To numb the sense of dearth, which should sin haste it,
Thou might'st but only see it, not taste it ;
Yet can thy humble roof maintain a quire
Of singing crickets by thy fire ;
And the brisk mouse may feast herself with crumbs,
Till that the green-eyed kitling comes ;
Then to her cabin, blest she can escape
The sudden danger of a rape ;
And thus thy little well kept stock doth prove,
Wealth cannot make a life, but love.
Nor art thou so close-handed, but can'st spend,
(Counsel concurring with the end),
As well as spare ; still conning o'er this theme,
To shun the first and last extreme ;
Ordaining that thy small stock find no breach,
Or to exceed thy tether's reach ;
But to live round, and close, and wisely true
To thine own self, and known to few.
Thus let thy rural sanctuary be
Elysium to thy wife and thee ;
There to disport yourselves with golden measure ;
For seldom use commends the pleasure.
Live, and live blest ; thrice happy pair ; let breath,
But lost to one, be the other's death :
And as there is one love, one faith, one troth,
Be so one death, one grave to both ;
Till when, in such assurance live ye may
Nor fear, or wish your dying day.

VIII.

A BUCOLIC, OR DISCOURSE OF NEAT-HERDS.

1. Come, blitheful neat-herds, let us lay
A wager, who the best shall play,
Of thee, or I, the roundelay,
That fits the business of the day.

CHORUS.

And Lallage the judge shall be,
To give the prize to thee or me.

2. Content, begin, and I will bet
A heifer smooth, and black as jet,
In every part alike complete,
And wanton as a kid as yet.

CHORUS.

And Lallage, with cow-like eyes,
Shall be disposeress of the prize.

1. Against thy heifer I will here
Lay to thy stake a lusty steer,
With gilded horns and burnish'd clear.

CHORUS.

Why then begin, and let us hear
The soft, the sweet, the mellow note
That gently purls from either's oat

2. The stakes are laid; let's now apply
Each one to make his melody;

LALLAGE.

The equal empire shall be I,
Who'll hear, and so judge righteously.

CHORUS.

Much time is spent in prate; begin,
And sooner play, the sooner win. [*He plays.*]

1. That's sweetly touch'd ; I must confess
Thou art a man of worthiness ;
But hark how I can now express
My love unto my neat-herdess. [*He sings.*]

CHORUS.

A sugar'd note, and sound as sweet
As kine, when they at milking meet.

1. Now for to win thy heifer fair,
I'll strike thee such a nimble air,
'That thou shalt say, thyself, tis rare ;
And title me without compare.

CHORUS.

Lay by awhile your pipes, and rest,
Since both have here deserved best.

2. To get thy steerling once again,
I'll play thee such another strain,
'That thou shalt swear, my pipe does reign
Over thine oat, as sovereign. [*He sings.*]

CHORUS.

And Lallage shall tell by this,
Whose now the prize and wager is.

1. Give me the prize.
2. The day is mine.
1. Not so ; my pipe has silenc'd thine ;
And hadst thou wager'd twenty kine,
They were mine own.

LALLAGE.

In love combine.

CHORUS.

And lay we down our pipes together,
As weary, not o'ercome by either.

IX.

HIS TEARS TO THAMASIS.

I send, I send here my supremest kiss,
To thee, my silver-footed Thamasis :
No more shall I reiterate thy strand,
Whereon so many stately structures stand ;
Nor in the summer's sweeter evenings go,
To bathe in thee, as thousand others do ;
No more shall I along thy crystal glide
In barge, with boughs and rushes beautified,
With soft smooth virgins, for our chaste disport,
To Richmond, Kingston, and to Hampton Court :
Never again shall I with finny oar
Put from, or draw unto the faithful shore ;
And landing here, or safely landing there,
Make way to my beloved Westminster ;
Or to the golden Cheapside, where the earth
Of Julia Herrick gave to me my birth.
May all clean nymphs and curious water dames,
With swan like state, float up and down thy streams
No drought upon thy wanton waters fall,
To make them lean and languishing at all ;
No ruffling winds come hither to disease
Thy pure and silver-wristed Naides.
Keep up your state, ye streams ; and as ye spring,
Never make sick your banks by surfeiting ;
Grow young with tides, and though I see ye never,
Receive this vow ; so fare ye well for ever.

X.

A BUCOLIC BETWEEN TWO; LACON AND THYRSIS.

LACON.

For a kiss or two, confess,
What doth cause this pensiveness
Thou most lovely neat-herdess ?
Why so lonely on the hill ;
Why thy pipe by thee so still,
That ere while was heard so shrill ?

Tell me, do thy kine now fail
To fulfil the milking-pail ?
Say what is't that thou do'st ail ?

THYRSIS.

None of these ; but out, alas !
A mischance is come to pass,
And I'll tell thee what it was :
See, mine eyes are weeping ripe.

LACON.

Tell, and I'll lay down my pipe.

THYRSIS.

I have lost my lovely steer,
That to me was far more dear
Than these kine which I milk here ;
Broad of forehead, large of eye,
Party colour'd like a pie,
Smooth in each limb as a die ;

Clear of hoof, and clear of horn,
Sharply pointed as a thorn ;
With a neck by yoke unworn,
From the which hung down by strings,
Balls of cowslips, daisy rings,
Interlac'd with ribbanings ;
Faultless every way for shape,
Not a straw could him escape,
Ever gamesome as an ape,
But yet harmless as a sheep.
Pardon, Lacon, if I weep ;
Tears will spring where woes are deep.
Now, ah me ! ah me ! Last night
Came a mad dog, and did bite,
I, and kill'd my dear delight.

LACON.

Alack, for grief !

THYRSIS.

But I'll be brief.

Hence I must, for time doth call
Me, and my sad playmates all,
To his ev'ning funeral.
Live long, Lacon ; so adieu !

LACON.

Mournful maid, farewell to you ;
Earth afford ye flowers to strew !

XI.

THE COUNTRY LIFE,

TO THE HONOURED MR. END. PORTER,
GROOM OF THE BED-CHAMBER TO HIS MAJESTY.

Sweet country life, to such unknown,
Whose lives are others, not their own ;
But, serving courts and cities, be
Less happy, less enjoying thee.
Thou never plough'st the ocean's foam
To seek and bring rough pepper home ;
Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove
To bring from thence the scorched clove ,
Nor, with the loss of thy lov'd rest,
Bring'st home the ingot from the west ;
No, thy ambition's master-piece
Flies no thought higher than a fleece ;
Or how to pay thy hinds, and clear
All scores, and so to end the year ;
But walk'st about thine own dear bounds,
Not envying others' larger grounds ;
For well thou know'st, 'tis not the extent
Of land makes life, but sweet content.
When now the cock, the plough-man's horn,
Calls forth the lily-wristed morn ;
Then to thy corn-fields thou dost go,
Which, though well soil'd, yet thou dost know,
That the best compost for the lands
Is the wise master's feet and hands :
There at the plough thou find'st thy team,
With a hind whistling there to them ;

And cheer'st them up by singing how
The kingdom's portion is the plough ;
This done, then to the enamel'd meads
Thou go'st, and as thy foot there treads,
Thou seest a present God-like power
Imprinted in each herb and flower ;
And smell'st the breath of great-ey'd kine
Sweet as the blossoms of the vine :
Here thou behold'st thy large sleek neat
Unto the dew-laps up in meat ;
And as thou look'st, the wanton steer,
The heifer, cow, and ox draw near,
To make a pleasing pastime there ;
These seen, thou go'st to view thy flocks
Of sheep, safe from the wolf and fox,
And find'st their bellies there as full
Of short sweet grass, as backs with wool ;
And leav'st them, as they feed and fill,
A shepherd piping on a hill.
For sports, for pageantry, and plays,
Thou hast thy eves and holidays ;
On which the young men and maids meet
To exercise their dancing feet,
Tripping the comely country round,
With daffodils and daisies crown'd.
Thy wakes, thy quintels, here thou hast,
Thy May-poles too with garlands grac'd,
Thy morris-dance, thy Whitsun ale,
Thy sheering-feast, which never fail,
Thy harvest home, thy wassail bowl,
That's rost up after Fox-i'-th'-hole,
Thy mummeries, thy twelfth-tide kings

And queens, thy Christmas revellings,
Thy nut-brown mirth, thy russet wit,
And no man pays too dear for it :
To these thou hast thy times to go
And trace the hare i' th' treacherous snow ;
Thy witty wiles to draw, and get
The lark into the trammel net ;
Thou hast thy cockrood and thy glade
To take the precious pheasant made ;
Thy lime-twigs, snares, and pit-falls then
To catch the pilfering birds, not men.
O happy life ! if that their good
The husbandmen but understood ;
Who all the day themselves do please,
And younglings, with such sports as these ;
And, lying down, have nought t' affright
Sweet sleep, that makes more short the night.

Cætera desunt——

XII.

HOW VIOLETS CAME BLUE.

Love on a day, wise poets tell,
Some time in wrangling spent,
Whether the violets should excel,
Or sh. in sweetest scent.

But Venus having lost the day,
Poor girls, she fell on you,
And beat ye so, as some dare say,
Her blows did make ye blue.

XIII.

THE HOCK-CART, OR HARVEST-HOME.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE MILD MAY, EARL OF
WESTMORELAND.

Come sons of summer ; by whose toil
We are the lords of wine, and oil ;
By whose tough labours, and rough hands,
We rip up first, then reap our lands :
Crown'd with the ears of corn, now come,
And to the pipe sing harvest home.
Come forth, my lord, and see the cart
Drest up with all the country art :
See here a maukin ; there a sheet
As spotless, pure, as it is sweet ;
The horses, mares, and frisking fillies,
Clad all in linen white as lilies ;
The harvest swains, and wenches bound
For joy, to see the hock-cart crown'd :
About the cart, hear, how the rout
Of rural younglings raise the shout,
Pressing before, some coming after,
Those with a shout, and these with laughter :
Some bless the cart, some kiss the sheaves,
Some prank them up with oaken leaves ;
Some cross the fill-horse, some with great
Devotion stroke the home-borne wheat ;
While other rustics, less attent
To prayers than to merriment,
Run after with their breeches rent.
Well, on, brave boys, to your lord's hearth,
Glitt'ring with fire, where, for your mirth,

Ye shall see first the large and chief
Foundation of your feast, fat beef ;
With upper stories, mutton, veal,
And bacon, which makes full the meal;
With sev'ral dishes standing by,
As here a custard, there a pie,
And here all-tempting frumenty :
And, for to make the merry cheer,
If smirking wine be wanting here,
There's that which drowns all care, stout beer ;
Which freely drink to your Lord's health,
Then to the plough the commonwealth ;
Next to your flails, your fanes, your fats,
Then to the maids with wheaten hats,
To the rough sickle, and the crook'd scythe,
Drink, frolic boys, till all be blithe :
Feed, and grow fat ; and, as ye eat,
Be mindful that the lab'ring neat,
As you, may have their full of meat :
And know, besides, ye must revoke
The patient ox unto the yoke ;
And all go back unto the plough
And harrow, though they're hang'd up now :
And, you must know your lord's word's true,
" Feed him ye must, whose food fills you : "
And that this pleasure is like rain,
Not sent ye for to drown your pain,
But for to make it spring again.

XIV.

HIS AGE.

DEDICATED TO HIS PECULIAR FRIEND, MR. JOHN WICKES,
UNDER THE NAME OF POSTHUMOUS.

Ah, Posthumous ! our years hence fly,
And leave no sound : nor piety,
Or prayers, or vow,
Can keep the wrinkle from the brow ;
But we must on,
As fate does lead or draw us. None,
None, Posthumous, could e'er decline
The doom of cruel Proserpine.

The pleasing wife, the house, the ground
Must all be left ; no one plant found
To follow thee,
Save only the curs'd cypress tree.
A merry mind
Looks forward, scorns what's left behind :
Lets live, my Wickes, then, while we may ;
And here enjoy our holiday.

We've seen the past, best times ; and these
Will ne'er return : we see the seas,
And moons to wane ;
But they fill up their ebbs again :
But vanish'd man,
Like to a lily lost, ne'er can,
Ne'er can, repullulate, or bring
His days to see a second spring.

But on we must ; and thither tend
Where Ancus, and rich Tullus blena

 Their sacred seed :
Thus has infernal Jove decreed :

 We must be made
Ere long a song, ere long a shade.
Why then, since life to us is short,
Lets make it full up by our sport.

Crown we our heads with roses then,
And 'noint with Syrian balm ; for when

 We two are dead,
The world with us is buried :

 Then live we free
As is the air, and let us be
Our own fair wind, and mark each one
Day with the white and lucky stone.

We are not poor ; although we have
No roofs of cedar, nor our brave

 Baia, nor keep
Account of such a flock of sheep,
Nor bullocks fed

To lard the shambles ; barbles bred
To kiss our hands ; nor do we wish
For Pollio's lampries in our dish.

If we can meet, and so confer
Both by a shining saltcellar ;

 And have our roof,
Although not arch'd, yet weather-proof ;

 And ceiling free
From that cheap candle-bawdry ;

We'll eat our bean with that full mirth,
As we were lords of all the earth.

Well then ; on what seas we are tost,
Our comfort is, we can't be lost :

Let the winds drive
Our bark, yet she will keep alive
Amidst the deeps :
'Tis constancy, my Wickes, which keeps
The pinnace up ; which, though she errs
I'th' seas, she saves her passengers.

Say, we must part ; sweet mercy bless
Us both i'th' sea, camp, wilderness !

Can we so far
Stray, to become less circular
Than we are now ?
No, no ; that selfsame heart. that vow
Which made us one shall ne'er undo,
Or ravel, so to make us two.

Live in thy pence ; as for myself,
When I am bruised on the shelf
Of time, and show
My locks behung with frost and snow ;
When with the rheum,
The cough, the phthsick, I consume
Unto an almost nothing ; then
The ages fled I'll call again ;

And with a tear compare these last
Lame, and bad times with those are past ;

While Baucis by,
My old lean wife, shall kiss it dry :
And so we'll sit
By the fire, foretelling snow, and sleet,
And weather, by our aches, grown
Now old enough to be our own

True calendars ; as puss's ear
Wash'd o'er's, to tell what change is near.

Then, to assuage
The gripings of the chine by age,
I'll call my young

Iulus to sing such a song
I made upon my Julia's breast,
And of her blush at such a feast :

Then shall he read that flow'r of mine
Inclos'd within a crystal shrine ;

A primrose next :
A piece then of a higher text,
For to beget

In me a more transcendant heat,
Than that insinuating fire
Which crept into each aged sire,

When the fair Helen from her eyes
Shot forth her loving sorceries ;

At which I'll rear
Mine aged limbs above my chair ;
And, hearing it,

Flutter and crow, as in a fit
Of fresh concupiscence, and cry,
" No lust there's like to poetry ! "

Thus frantic crazy man, God wot !
I'll call to mind things half forgot ;
 And oft between
Repeat the times that I have seen.
 Thus ripe with tears,
And twisting my Iulus' hairs,
Doting I'll weep and say, in truth,
" Baucis, these were my sins of youth."

Then next I'll cause my hopeful lad,
If a wild apple can be had,
 To crown the hearth ;
Larr thus conspiring with our mirth ;
 Then to infuse
Our browner ale into the cruse,
Which sweetly spic'd, we'll first carouse
Unto the genius of the house ;

Then the next health to friends of mine,
Loving the brave Burgundian wine,
 High sons of pith,
Whose fortunes I have frolick'd with,
 Such as could well
Bear up the magic bough and spell,
And, dancing 'bout the mystic thyrse,
Give up the just applause to verse.

To those, and then again to thee
We'll drink, my Wickes ; until we be
 Plump as the cherry,
Though not so fresh, yet full as merry
 As the cricket,
The untam'd heifer, or the pricket ;

Until our tongues shall tell our ears,
We're younger by a score of years :

Thus, 'till we see the fire less shine
From th' embers than the kitling's cyne,
 We'll still sit up,
Sphering about the wassail cup
 To all those times
Which gave me honour for my rhymes :
The coal once spent, we'll then to bed,
Far more than night bewearied.

XV.

TO CHERRY BLOSSOMS.

Ye may simper, blush, and smile,
And perfume the air awhile ;
But, sweet things, ye must be gone ;
Fruit, ye know, is coming on :
Then, ah ! then, where is your grace,
When as cherries come in place ?

XVI.

HOW ROSES CAME RED.

'Tis said as Cupid danc'd among
The gods, he down the nectar flung ;
Which, on the white rose being shed,
Made it for ever after red.

XVII.

TO MEADOWS.

Ye have been fresh, and green ;
Ye have been fill'd with flow'rs ;
And ye the walks have been.
Where maids have spent their hours.

You have beheld, how they
With wicker arks did come,
To kiss and bear away,
The richer cowslips home.

You've heard them sweetly sing,
And seen them in a round ;
Each virgin like a spring,
With honeysuckles crown'd.

But now we see none here,
Whose silv'ry feet did tread,
And with dishevell'd hair
Adorn'd this smoother mead.

Like unthrifths, having spent
Your stock, and needy grown,
You're left here to lament
Your poor estates alone.

XVIII.

A PASTORAL UPON THE BIRTH OF PRINCE CHARLES,
PRESENTED TO THE KING, AND SET BY MR. NIC.
LANIERE.

The Speakers, Mirtillo, Amintas, and Amarillis.

Amin. Good day, Mirtillo. *Mirt.* And to you no
less;
And all fair signs led on our shepherdess.

Amar. With all white luck to you. *Mirt.* But say,
What news
Stirs in our sheep-walk? *Amin.* None, save that my
ewes,
My wethers, lambs, and wanton kids are well,
Smooth, fair, and fat, none better I can tell:
Or that this day Menalchas keeps a feast
For his sheep-shearers. *Mirt.* These things are the
least.

But dear Amintas, and sweet Amarillis,
Rest but a while here by this bank of lilies;
And lend a gentle care to one report
The country has. *Amin.* From whence? *Amar.* From
whence? *Mirt.* The Court.

Three days before the shutting in of May,
(With whitest wool be ever crowned that day!)
'To all our joy a sweet fac'd child was born,
More tender than the childhood of the morn.

Chor. Pan pipe to him, and bleats of lambs and
sheep,
Let lullaby the pretty prince asleep.

Mirt. And that his birth should be more singular,
At noon of day was seen a silver star,
Bright as the wise men's torch, which guided them
To God's sweet babe, when born at Bethlehem ;
While golden angels, some have told to me,
Sung out his birth with heavenly minstrelsy.

Amin. O rare ! But is it a trespass, if we three
Should wend along his babyship to see ?

Mirt. Not so, not so. *Chor.* But if it chance to
prove
At most a fault, it is but a fault of love.

Amar. But dear Mirtillo, I have heard it told,
Those learned men brought incense, myrrh, and
gold,

From countries far, with store of spices sweet,
And laid them down for offerings at his feet.

Mirt. 'Tis true, indeed ; and each of us will bring
Unto our smiling and our blooming King,
A neat, though not so great an offering.

Amar. A garland for my gift shall be,
Of flowers ne'er sucked by the thieving bee ;
And all most sweet, yet all less sweet than he.

Amin. And I will bear along with you
Leaves dropping down the honeyed dew,
With oaten pipes, as sweet as new.

Mirt. And I a sheep-hook will bestow
To have his little King-ship know,
As he is prince, he is shepherd too.

Chor. Come let's away, and quickly let's be dress'd,
And quickly give, the swiftest grace is best.
And when before him we have laid our treasures,
We'll bless the babe, then back to country pleasures.

XIX.

A PANEGYRIC TO SIR LEWIS PEMBERTON.

Till I shall come again, let this suffice,
I send my salt, my sacrifice
To thee, thy lady, younglings, and as far
As to thy genius and thy larr;
'To the worn threshold, porch, hall, parlour, kitchen,
The fat-fed smoking temple, which in
The wholesome savour of thy mighty chimes,
Invites to supper him who dines,
Where laden spits, warp'd with large ribs of beef,
Not represent, but give relief
To the lank stranger and the sour swain,
Where both may feed and come again;
For no black-bearded vigil from thy door
Beats with a button'd-staff the poor;
But from thy warm love-hatching gates, each may
Take friendly morsels, and there stay
To sun his thin-clad members, if he likes,
For thou no porter keep'st who strikes.
No comer to thy roof his guest-rite wants;
Or, staying there, is scourg'd with taunts
Of some rough groom, who, yirk'd with corns, says, Sir,
You've dipt too long i'th' vinegar;
And with our broth and bread and bits, Sir friend,
You've fared well, pray make an end;
Two days you've larded here; a third, you know,
Makes guests and fish smell strong; pray go
You to some other chimney, and there take
Essay of other giblets; make

Merry at another's hearth ! you're here
Welcome as thunder to our beer ;
Manners knows distance, and a man unrude
Would soon reconcile, and not intrude
His stomach to a second meal. No, no,
Thy house, well fed and taught, can show
No such crabb'd visard : Thou hast learnt thy train
With heart and hand to entertain ;
And by the armsful, with a breast unhid,
As the old race of mankind did,
When either's heart, and either's hand did strive
To be the nearer relative ;
Thou dost redeem those times ; and what was lost
Of ancient honesty, may boast
It keeps a growth in thee, and so will run
A course in thy fame's pledge, thy son.
Thus, like a Roman Tribune, thou thy gate
Early sets ope to feast, and late ;
Keeping no currish waiter to affright,
With blasting eye, the appetite,
Which fain would waste upon thy cates, but that
The trencher creature marketh what
Best and more suppling piece he cuts, and by
Some private pinch tells danger's nigh,
A hand too desp'rate, or a knife that bites
Skin deep into the pork, or lights
Upon some part of kid, as if mistook,
When checked by the butler's look.
No, no, thy bread, thy wine, thy jocund beer
Is not reserv'd for Trebius here,
But all who at thy table seated are,
Find equal freedom, equal fare ;

And thou, like to that hospitable god,
Jove, joy'st when guests make their abode
To eat thy bullock's thighs, thy veals, thy fat
Wethers, and never grudged at.
The pheasant, partridge, godwit, reeve, ruff, rail,
The cock, the curlew, and the quail ;
These, and thy choicest viands do extend
Their taste unto the lower end
Of thy glad table ; not a dish more known
To thee, than unto any one ;
But as thy meat, so thy immortal wine
Makes the smirk face of each to shine,
And spring fresh rosebuds, while the salt, the wit
Flows from the wine, and graces it ;
While reverence, waiting at the bashful board,
Honours my lady and my lord.
No scurrile jest, no open scene is laid
Here, for to make the face afraid ;
But temp'rate mirth dealt forth, and so discreet-
Ly, that it makes the meat more sweet,
And adds perfumes unto the wine, which thou
Do'st rather pour forth, than allow
By cruse and measure ; thus devoting wine
As the Canary isles were thine ;
But with that wisdom and that method, as
No one that's there his guilty glass
Drinks of distemper, or has cause to cry
Repentance to his liberty.
No, thou know'st order, ethics, and has read
All economics, know'st to lead
A house-dance neatly, and can'st truly show
How far a figure ought to go,

Forward or backward, sideward, and what pace
Can give, and what retract a grace ;
What gesture, courtship, comeliness agrees,
With those thy primitive decrees,
To give subsistence to thy house, and prove,
What genii support thy roof,
Goodness and greatness, not the oaken piles ;
For these, and marbles have their whiles
To last, but not their ever ; virtue's hand
It is which builds 'gainst fate to stand.
Such is thy house, whose firm foundations trust
Is more in thee than in her^e dust,
Or depth ; these last may yield, and yearly shrink
When what is strongly built, no chink
Or yawning rupture can the same devour,
But fix'd it stands, by her own power,
And well-laid bottom, on the iron and rock,
Which tries and counter-stands the shock,
And ram of time, and by vexation grows
The stronger. Virtue dies when foes
Are wanting to her exercise, but great
And large she spreads by dust and sweat.
Safe stand thy walls, and thee, and so both will,
Since neither's height was rais'd by th' ill
Of others : since no stud, no stone, no piece
Was rear'd up by the poor man's fleece ;
No widow's tenement was rack'd to gild
Or fret thy ceiling, or to build
A sweating-closet, to anoint the silk-
Soft skin, or bathe in asses' milk ;
No orphan's pittance, left him, serv'd to set
The pillars up of lasting jet,

For which their cries might beat against thine ears,
Or in the damp jet read their tears.
No plank from hallowed altar does appeal
To yond' Star-chamber, or does seal
A curse to thee, or thine ; but all things even
Make for thy peace, and pace to heaven.
Go on directly so, as just men may,
A thousand times, more swear, than say,
This is that princely Pemberton, who can
Teach man to keep a God in man ;
And when wise poets shall search out to see
Good men, they find them all in thee.

XX.

HOW LILIES CAME WHITE.

White though ye be ; yet, lilies, know,
From the first ye were not so ;
But I'll tell ye
What befel ye :
Cupid and his mother lay
In a cloud ; while both did play,
He with his pretty finger press'd
The ruby niplet of her breast,
Out of the which the cream of light,
Like to a dew,
Fell down on you,
And made ye white.

XXI.

AN ECLOGUE, OR PASTORAL BETWEEN ENDYMION PORTER, AND LYCIDAS HERRICK, SET AND SUNG.

Endym. Ah, Lycidas, come tell me why
Thy whilome merry oate
By thee do so neglected lie,
And never purls a note?

I prithee speak. *Lyc.* I will. *End.* Say on.

Lyc. 'Tis thou, and only thou
That art the cause, Endymion;

End. For love's sake tell me how.

Lyc. In this regard, that thou dost play
Upon another plain;
And for a rural roundelay
Strik'st now a courtly strain.

Thou leav'st our hills, our dales, our bowers,
Our finer fleeced sheep;
Unkind to us, to spend thine hours,
Where shepherds should not keep.

I mean the court: let Latmos be
My loved Endymion's court;

End. But I the courtly state would see;

Lyc. Then see it in report.

What has the court to do with swains,
Where Phillis is not known?
Nor does it mind the rustic strains
Of us, or Coridon.

Break, if thou lov'st us, this delay ;

End. Dear Lycidas, ere long,

I vow my Pan, to come away,

And pipe unto thy song.

Then Jessamine, with Florabel,

And dainty Amaryllis,

With handsome-handled Drosomel,

Shall prank thy hook with lilies.

Lyc. Then Tityrus and Coridon,

And Thyrsis, they shall follow,

With all the rest ; while thou alone

Shalt lead, like young Apollo.

And if thou com'st, thy Lycidas,

In every genial cup,

Shall write in spice, Endymion 'twas

That kept his piping up.

And my most lucky swain, when I shall live to see

Endymion's moon to fill up full, remember me ;

Meantime, let Lycidas have leave to pipe to thee.

XXII.

TO BLOSSOMS.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree

Why do you fall so fast ?

Your date is not so past,

But you may stay yet here awhile

To blush, and gently smile,

And go at last.

What! were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good night?
'Twas pity nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave;
And after they have shown their pride,
Like you, awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

XXIII.

TO A BED OF TULIPS.

Bright tulips, we do know,
You had your coming hither,
And fading time does show,
That ye must quickly wither.

Your sisterhoods may stay,
And smile here for your hour;
But die ye must away,
Even as the meanest flower.

Come, virgins, then and see
Your frailties, and bemoan ye,
For lost like these, 'twill be
As time had never known ye.

XXIV.

TO PRIMROSES FILLED WITH MORNING-DEW.

Why do ye weep, sweet babes? can tears

Speak grief in you,

Who were but born

Just as the modest morn

Teemed her refreshing dew?

Alas, you have not known that shower,

That mars a flower,

Nor felt the unkind

Breath of a blasting wind,

Nor are ye worn with years;

Or warpt, as we,

Who think it strange to see,

Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,

To speak by tears before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimpering younglings, and make known

The reason why

Ye droop and weep,

Is it for want of sleep,

Or childish lullaby?

Or that ye have not seen as yet

The violet?

Or brought a kiss

From that sweetheart to this?

No, no, this sorrow shown

By your tears shed,

Would have this lecture read,

That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,

Conceiv'd with grief are, and with tears brought forth.

XXV.

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT SENT TO SIR SIMEON STEWARD.

No news of navies burnt at seas ;
No news of late-spawn'd titteries ;
No closet plot or open vent,
That frights men with a Parliament :
No new device or late-found trick,
To read by th' stars the kingdom's sick ;
No gin to catch the state, or wring
The free-born nostrils of the king,
We send to you ; but here a jolly
Verse crown'd with ivy and with holly ;
That tells of winter's tales and mirth,
That milk-maids make about the hearth,
Of Christmas sports, the wassail-bowl,
That toss'd up after Fox-i'di'hole ;
Of Blind-man's-buff, and of the care
That young men have to shoe the mare ;
Of twelfth-tide cake, of peas and beans,
Wherewith ye make those merry scenes,
When as ye choose your king and queen,
And cry out " Hey for our town green."
Of ash-heaps, in the which ye use
Husbands and wives by streaks to choose ;
Of crackling laurel, which fore-sounds
A plenteous harvest to your grounds ;
Of these, and such like things, for shift,
We send instead of new-year's gift.
Read then, and when your faces shine
With bucksome meat and cap'ring wine,
Remember us in cups full crown'd,

And let our city-health go round,
Quite through the young maids and the men,
To the ninth number, if not ten,
Until the fired chesnuds leap
For joy to see the fruits ye reap,
From the plump chalice and the cup
That tempts till it be tossed up.
Then as ye sit about your embers,
Call not to mind those fled Decembers;
But think on these, that are t' appear,
As daughters to the instant year;
Sit crown'd with rose-buds, and carouse,
Till *Liber Pater* twirls the house
About your ears, and lay upon
The year, your cares, that's fled and gone.
And let the russet swains the plough
And harrow hang up resting now;
And to the bag-pipe all address
Till sleep takes place of weariness.
And thus, throughout, with Christmas plays
Frolic the full twelve holydays.

XXVI.

FAIR DAYS ; OR, DWANS DECEITFUL.

Fair was the dawn; and but e'en now the skies
Shew'd like to cream, inspir'd with strawberries:
But on a sudden all was chang'd and gone,
That smil'd in that first sweet complexion;
Then thunder-claps and lightning did conspire
To tear the world, or set it all on fire.
What! trust to things below, when as we see
As men, the heavens have their hypocrisy.

XXVII.

TO DAFFODILS.

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon ;
 As yet the early-rising sun
 Has not attain'd his noon :
 Stay, stay,
 Until the hastening day
 Has run
 But to the even-song ;
 And, having pray'd together, we
 Will go with you along !

We have short time to stay, as you ;
 We have as short a spring,
 As quick a growth to meet decay,
 As you, or any thing :
 We die,
 As your hours do ; and dry
 Away
 Like to the summer's rain,
 Or as the pearls of morning dew,
 Ne'er to be found again.

XXVIII.

UPON ONE LILLIE, WHO MARRIED WITH A MAID
CALLED ROSE.

What times of sweetness this fair day foreshows,
 When as the Lily marries with the Rose !
 What next is look'd for, but we all should see
 To spring from these a sweet posterity.

XXIX.

A PASTORAL SUNG TO THE KING.

Montano, Silvio, and Mirtillo, Shepherds

Mon. Bad are the times. *Sil.* And worse than they
are we.

Mon. Troth, bad are both; worse fruit, and ill the
trees:

The feast of shepherds fail. *Sil.* None crowns the
cup

Of wassail now, or sets the quintal up:

And he, who us'd to lead the country round,
Youthful Mirtillo, here he comes, grief drown'd.

Ambo. Let's cheer him up. *Sil.* Behold him weeping
ripe.

Mirt. Ah, Amarillis; farewell mirth and pipe;

Since thou art gone no more I mean to play

To these smooth lawns, my mirthful roundelay.

Dear Amarillis! *Mon.* Hark! *Sil.* Mark! *Mirt.* This
earth grew sweet

Where, Amarillis, thou didst set thy feet.

Ambo. Poor pitied youth! *Mirt.* And here the breath
of kine

And sheep grew more sweet by that breath of thine.

This flock of wool, and this rich lock of hair,

This ball of cowslips, these she gave me here.

Sil. Words sweet as love itself. *Mon.* Hark!

Mirt. This way she came, and this way too she went;

How each thing smells divinely redolent!

Like to a field of beans, when newly blown,

Or like a meadow being lately mown.

Mon. A sweet sad vision——

Mirt. In dewy mornings, when she came this way,
 Sweet bents would bow, to give my love the day;
 And when at night she folded had her sheep,
 Daisies would shut, and closing, sigh and weep.
 Besides (ah me!) since she went hence to dwell,
 The voice's daughter, ne'er spake syllable.

But she is gone. *Sil.* Mirtillo, tell us whither?

Mirt. Where she and I shall never meet together

Mon. Fore-fend it Pan; and Pales, do thou please
 To give an end. *Mirt.* To what? *Sil.* Such griefs as
 these.

Mirt. Never, O never! Still I may endure
 The wound I suffer, never find a cure.

Mon. Love, for thy sake, will bring her to these hills
 And dales again. *Mirt.* No, I will languish still;

And all the while my part shall be to weep;
 And with my sighs call home my bleating sheep;
 And in the rind of every comely tree

I'll carve thy name, and in that name kiss thee.

Mon. Set with the sun thy woes. *Sil.* The day grows
 old,

And time it is our full-fed flocks to fold.

Chor. The shades grow great; but greater grows our
 sorrow;

But let's go steep
 Our eyes in sleep,
 And meet to weep
 To-morrow.

XXX.

CHARON AND PHILOMEL, A DIALOGUE SUNG.

Ph. Charon! O gentle Charon! let me woo thee,
By tears and pity now to come unto me.

Ch. What voice so sweet and charming do I hear?
Say, what thou art. *Ph.* I pray you first draw near.

Ch. A sound I hear, but nothing yet can see,
Speak where thou art. *Ph.* O, Charon pity me!

I am a bird, and though no name I tell,
My warbling note will say I'm Philomel.

Ch. What's that to me, I waft nor fish or fowls,
Nor beasts, fond thing, but only human souls.

Ph. Alas, for me! *Ch.* Shame on thy witching note,
That made me thus hoist sail, and bring my boat:
But I'll return; what mischief brought thee hither;

Ph. A deal of love, and much, much grief together.

Ch. What's thy request? *Ph.* That since she's now
beneath

Who fed my life, I'll follow her in death.

Ch. And is that all? I'm gone. *Ph.* By love, I pray
thee.

Ch. Talk not of love; all pray, but few souls pay me.

Ph. I'll give thee vows and tears. *Ch.* Can tears pay
scores

For mending sails, for patching boat and oars?

Ph. I'll beg a penny, or I'll sing so long,
Till thou shalt say I've paid thee with a song.

Ch. Why, then begin, and all the while we make

Our slothful passage o'er the Stygian lake,

You and I'll sing to these dull shades merry,

Who else with tears would doubtless drown my ferry.

XXXI.

THE FUNERAL RITES OF THE ROSE.

The rose was sick, and smiling died ;
 And, being to be sanctifi'd,
 About the bed, there sighing stood
 The sweet and flow'ry sisterhood.
 Some hung the head, while some did bring,
 To wash her, water from the spring ;
 Some laid her forth, while others wept,
 But all a solemn fast there kept.
 The holy sisters, some among,
 The sacred dirge and trental sung ;
 But ah ! what sweets smelt everywhere,
 As heaven had spent all perfumes there.
 At last, when prayers for the dead,
 And rites were all accomplished ;
 They, weeping, spread a lawny loom,
 And clos'd her up as in a tomb.

XXXII.

THE SUCCESSION OF THE FOUR SWEET MONTHS.

First, April, she with mellow showers
 Opens the way for early flowers ;
 Then after her comes smiling May,
 In a more rich and sweet array ;
 Next enters June, and brings us more
 Gems than those two that went before ;
 Then, lastly, July comes, and she
 More wealth brings in than all those three.

XXXIII.

TO VIOLETS.

Welcome, maids of honour,
You do bring
In the spring;
And wait upon her.

She has virgins many,
Fresh and fair;
Yet you are
More sweet than any.

Y'are the Maiden Posies,
And so grac'd, .
To be plac'd
'Fore damask roses.

Yet though thus respected,
By and by
You do lie,
Poor girls, neglected

XXXIV.

FAREWELL FROST, OR WELCOME THE SPRING.

Fled are the frosts, and now the fields appear
Reclothed in fresh and verdant diaper;
Thaw'd are the snows, and now the lusty spring
Gives to each mead a neat enameilling:
The palms put forth their gems, and every tree
Now swaggers in her leafy gallantry.

The while the Daulian minstrel sweetly sings
With warbling notes her Terrean sufferings,
What gentle winds perspire ; as if here
Never had been the northern plunderer,
To strip the trees and fields to their distress,
Leaving them to a pitied nakedness :
And look, how when a frantic storm doth tear
A stubborn oak, or elm, long growing there,
But lull'd to calmness ; then succeeds a breeze,
That scarcely stirs the nodding leaves of trees :
So when this war, which, tempest-like, doth spoil
Our salt, our corn, our honey, wine, and oil,
Falls to a temper, and doth mildly cast
His inconsiderate frenzy off, at last ;
The gentle dove may, when these turmoils cease,
Bring in her bill once more the branch of peace.

XXXV.

TO FLOWERS.

In time of life I grac'd you with my verse ;
Do now your flowery honours to my hearse.
You shall not languish, trust me ; virgins here
Weeping, shall make you flourish all the year.

FAIRY LAND

XXXVI.

TO LARRY.

No more shall I, since I am driven hence,
Devote to thee my grains of frankincense ;
No more shall I from mantle-trees hang down
To honour thee, my little parsley-crown ;
No more shall I, I fear me, to thee bring
My chives of garlic for an offering ;
No more shall I, from henceforth, hear a choir
Of merry crickets by my country fire ;
Go where I will, thou lucky Larr, stay here,
Warm by a glitt'ring chimney all the year.

FAIRY LAND.

XXXVII.

THE FAIRIES.

If ye will with Mab find grace,
 Set each platter in his place ;
 Rake the fire up, and get
 Water in, ere sun be set.
 Wash your pails and cleanse your dairies,
 Sluts are loathsome to the fairies ;
 Sweep your house ; who doth not so,
 Mab will pinch her by the toe.

XXXVIII.

LARR'S PORTION AND THE POET'S PART.

At my homely country-seat,
 I have there a little wheat,
 Which I work to meal, and make
 Therewithal a holy cake ;
 Part of which I give to Larr,
 Part is my peculiar.

XXXIX.

THE FAIRY TEMPLE; OR OBERON'S CHAPEL.

DEDICATED TO MR. JOHN MERRIFIELD, COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

Rare temples thou hast seen I know,
And rich for in and outward show ;
Survey this chapel, built alone
Without or lime, or wood, or stone.
Then say if one thou hast seen more fine
Than this, the fairies once, now thine.

THE TEMPLE.

A way enchased with glass and beads
There is, that to the chapel leads ;
Whose structure, for his holy rest ;
Is here the halcyon's curious nest,
Into the which who looks shall see
His temple of idolatry.
Where he of god-heads has such store,
As Rome's Pantheon had not more.
His house of Rimmon this he calls,
Girt with small bones, instead of walls.
First, in a niche, more black than jet,
His idol cricket there is set ;
Then in a polish'd oval by,
There stands his idol beetle-fly ;
Next, in an arch, akin to this,
His idol canker seated is.
Then in a round, is placed by these
His golden god, Cantharides.

So that where'er ye look, ye see
No capital, no cornice free,
Or frieze, from this fine frippery.
Now this the fairies would have known,
Theirs is a mix'd religion :
And some have heard the elves it call
Part pagan, part papistical.
If unto me all tongues were granted,
I could not speak the saints here painted.
Saint Tit, saint Nit, saint Is, saint Itis,
Who against Mab's state placed here right is.
Saint Will-o'-th'-wisp of no great bigness,
But alias call'd here *fatuus ignis*.
Saint Frip, saint Trip, saint Fill, saint Filly,
Neither those other saint-ships will I
Here go about for to recite
Their number, almost infinite ;
Which, one by one, here set down are
In this most curious calendar.
First, at the entrance to the gate,
A little puppet-priest doth wait,
Who squeaks to all the comers there,
" Favour your tongues, who enter here.
Pure hands bring hither without stain : "
A second pules, " Hence, hence, profane."
Hard by i' the shell of half a nut
The holy water there is put ;
A little brush of squirrel's hairs,
Composed of odd not even pairs
Stands in the platter, or close by,
To purge the fairy family.

Near to the altar stands the priest,
There offering up the holy grist ;
Ducking in mood and perfect tense,
With (much good do't him) reverence.
The altar is not here four-square,
Nor in a form triangular ;
Nor made of glass, or wood, or stone,
But of a little transverse bone ;
Which boys and bruckled children call
(Playing for points and pins) cockall ;
Whose linen drapery is a thin,
Subtle, and ductile codlinⁿ skin ;
Which o'er the board is smoothly spread
With little seal-work damasked.
The fringe that circumbinds it, too,
Is spangle work of trembling dew,
Which gently gleaning, makes a show,
Like frost-work glittering on the snow.
Upon this fetuous board doth stand
Something for shew-bread, and at hand
(Just in the middle of the altar)
Upon an end, the fairy psalter,
Graced with the trout-fly's curious wings,
Which serve for watchet ribandings.
Now, we must know, the elves are led
Right by the rubrick which they read :
And if report of them be true,
They have their text for what they do ;
Ay, and their book of canons too.
And, as Sir Thomas Parson tells,
They have their book of articles ;

And, if that fairy knight not lies,
They have their book of homilies ;
And other scriptures, that design
A short but righteous discipline.
The bason stands the board upon
To take the free oblation :
A little pindust, which they hold
More precious than we prize our gold ;
Which charity they give to many
Poor of the parish, if there's any.
Upon the ends of these neat rails,
Hatch'd with the silver light of snails,
The elves, in formal manner, fix
Two pure and holy candlesticks,
In either which a tall small bent
Burns for the altar's ornament.
For sanctity, they have to these
Their curious copes and surplices
Of cleanest cobweb, hanging by
In their religious vestry.
They have their ash-pans and their brooms,
To purge the chapel and the rooms ;
Their many mumbling mass-priests here,
And many a dapper chorister ;
Their ushering vergers here likewise,
Their canons and their chanteries ;
Of cloister-monks they have enow,
Ay, and their Abbey-lubbers too.
And if their legend do not lie,
They much affect the papacy ;
And since the last is dead, there's hope
Elve Boniface shall next be pope.

They have their cups and chalices,
Their pardons and indulgences,
Their beads of nits, bells, books, and wax
Candles, forsooth, and other knacks ;
Their holy oil, their fasting spittle,
Their sacred salt here, not a little.
Dry chips, old shoes, rags, grease, and bones,
Beside their fumigations,
To drive the devil from the cod-piece
Of the friar, of work an odd-piece.
Many a trifle, too, and trinket,
And for what use, scarce ~~man~~ would think it.
Next then, upon the chanter's side
An apple's core is hung up dried,
With rattling kernels, which is rung
To call to morn and even-song.
The saint, to whom the most he prays
And offers incense nights and days,
The lady of the lobster is,
Whose foot-pace he doth stroke and kiss,
And humbly chives of saffron brings,
For his most cheerful offerings.
When after these he's paid his vows,
He lowly to the altar bows ;
And then he dons the silkworm's shed,
Like a Turk's turban on his head,
And reverently departeth thence,
Hid in a cloud of frankincense ;
And by the glow-worm's light well guided,
Goes to the feast that's now provided.

XL.

OBERON'S FEAST.

"Shapcot! to thee the fairy state
I with discretion dedicate ;
Because thou prizest things that are
Curious and unfamiliar.
Take first the feast; these dishes gone ;
We'll see the Fairy court anon."

A little mushroom-table spread,
After short prayers they set on bread,
A moon-parch'd grain of purest wheat
With some small glitt'ring grit, to eat
His choice bits with ; then in a trice
They make a feast less great than nice.
But all this while his eye is serv'd
We must not think his ear was starv'd ;
But that there was in place to stir
His spleen, the chirping grasshopper,
The merry cricket, puling flie,
The piping gnat for minstrelsy.
And now, we must imagine first,
The elf is present to quench his thirst,
A pure seed-pearl of infant dew,
Brought and besweetened in a blue
And pregnant violet ; which done,
His kitten eyes begin to run
Quite through the table, where he spies
The horns of paper butterflies,
Of which he eats ; and tastes a little
Of that we call the cuckoo's spittle ;

A little fuzball pudding stands
By, yet not blessed by his hands,
That was too coarse ; but then forthwith
He ventures boldly on the pith
Of sugared rush, and eats the sag
And well bestrutted bees' sweet bag ;
Glad'ning his palate with some store
Of emits' eggs ; what would he more ?
But beards of nice, a newt's stew'd thigh,
A bloated earwig, and a flie ;
With the red-cap'd worm, that's shut
Within the concave of a nut,
Brown as his tooth. A little moth,
Late fatten'd in a piece of cloth ;
With withered cherries, mandrakes' ears,
Moles' eyes ; to these the slain stag's tears ;
The unctuous dewlaps of a snail,
The broke heart of a nightingale
O'ercome in music ; with a wine
Ne'er ravish'd from the flattering vine,
But gently press'd from the soft side
Of the most sweet and dainty bride,
Brought in a dainty daisy, which
He fully quaffs up to bewitch
His blood to height ; this done, commended
Grace by his priest : the feast is ended.

XLI.

OBERON'S PALACE.

After the feast, my Shapcot, see
The Fairy court I give to thee ;
Where we'll present our Oberon led
Half tipsy to the Fairy bed,
Where Mab he finds, who there doth lie
Not without mickle majesty.
Which done, and thence remov'd the light,
We'll wish both them and thee good night.

Full as a bee with thyme, and red
As cherry harvest, now high fed
For lust and action ; on he'll go
To lie with Mab, though all say no.
Lust has no ears ; he's sharp as thorn,
And fretful, carries hay in's horn,
And lightning in his eyes ; and flings
Among the elves, if mov'd the stings
Of peltish wasps ; we'll know his guard ;
Kings, though they're hat'd, will be fear'd.
Wine lead him on. Thus to a grove,
Sometimes devoted unto love,
'Tinsel'd with twilight, he and they
Led by the shine of snails, a way
Beat with their numerous feet, which by
Many a neat perplexity,
Many a turn, and many a cross-
Track, they redeem a bank of moss
Spongy and swelling, and far more
Soft than the finest Lemster ore ;

Mildly disparkling, like those fires
Which break from the enjewel'd tires
Of curious brides: or like those mites
Of candid dew in moony nights.
Upon this convex, all the flowers
Nature begets by th' sun and showers,
Are to a wild digestion brought,
As if Love's sampler here was wrought;
Or Citherea's ceston, which
All with temptation doth bewitch,
Sweet airs move here, and more divine
Made by the breath of great May'd kine,
Who, as they low, empearl with milk
The four-leav'd grass, or moss-like silk.
The breath of monkies, met to mix
With musk-flies, are th' aromatics
Which scents this arch; and here and there,
And further off, and everywhere
Throughout that brave Mosaic yard,
Those picks or diamonds in the card;
With pips of hearts, of club and spade,
Are here most neatly interlaid.
Many a counter, many a die,
Half rotten, and without an eye,
Lies hereabouts; and for to pave
The excellency of this cave,
Squirrels' and children's teeth late shed,
Are neatly here enchequered,
With brownest toadstones, and the gum
That shines upon the bluer plum.
The nails fallen off by whitlows: Art's
Wise hand enchasing here those warts,

Which we to others (from ourselves)
Sell, and brought hither by the elves.
The tempting mole, stolen from the neck
Of the shy virgin, seems to deck
The holy entrance ; where within,
The room is hung with the blue skin
Of shifted snake ; enfreez'd throughout
With eyes of peacock's trains, and trout-
Flies' curious wings ; and these among
Those silver-pence, that cut the tongue
Of the red infant, neatly hung
The glowworm's eyes, the shining scales
Of silv'ry fish, wheat-straws, the snails
Soft candle-light, the kitten's eyne,
Corrupted wood, serve here for shine.
No glaring light of bold-fac'd day,
Or other over radiant ray,
Ransacks this room ; but what weak beams
Can make reflected from these gems,
And multiply ; such is the light,
But ever doubtful, day or night.
By this quaint taper-light, he winds
His errors up ; and now he finds
His moon-tann'd Mab, as somewhat sick,
And, love knows, tender as a chick.
Upon six plump dandelions, high-
Rear'd, lies her elfish majesty,
Whose woolly-bubbles seem'd to drown
Her Mabship in obedient down ;
For either sheet was spread the caul
That doth the infant face enthrall,

When it is born, by some enstyl'd
The lucky omen of the child ;
And next to these, two blankets o'er-
Cast of the finest gossamer ;
And then a rug of carded wool,
Which, sponge-like, drinking in the dull
Light of the moon, seem'd to comply,
Cloud-like, the dainty Deity.
Thus soft she lies ; and overhead
A spinner's circle is bespread
With cobweb curtains ; from the roof
So neatly sunk, as that no proof
Of any tackling can declare
What gives it hanging in the air,
The fringe about this, are those threads
Broke at the loss of maidenheads ;
And all behung with these pure pearls,
Drop'd from the eyes of ravish'd girls,
Or writhing brides, when, panting, they
Give unto love the straighter way.
For music now, he has the cries
Of feigned lost virginities ;
'The which the elves make to excite
A more unconquered appetite,
'The king's undress'd ; and now upon
The gnat's watchword the elves are gone.
And now the bed, and Mab possess'd
Of this great little kingly guest ;
We'll nobly think, what's to be done
He'll do no doubt : This flax is spun.

XLII.

THE BEGGAR TO MAB, THE FAIRY QUEEN.

Please your grace, from out your store
Give an alms to one that's poor,
That your mickle may have more.
Black I'm grown for want of meat,
Give me then an ant to eat,
Or the cleft ear of a mouse
Over-sour'd in drink of souse;
Or, sweet lady, reach to me
The abdomen of a bee;
Or commend a cricket's hip,
Or his huckson, to my scrip;
Give for bread a little bit
Of a piece that 'gins to chit,
And my full thanks take for it.
Flour of fuz-balls, that's too good
For a man in needy-hood;
But the meal of mill-dust can
Well content a craving man;
Any oats the elves refuse
Well will serve the beggar's use.
But if this may seem too much
For an alms, then give me such
Little bits that nestle there
In the pris'ner's pannier.
So a blessing light upon
You and mighty Oberon;
'That your plenty last till when
I return your alms again.

XLIII.

THE HAG.

The hag is astride,
This night for to ride,
The devil and she together ;
Through thick and through thin,
Now out, and then in,
Though ne'er so foul be the weather.

A thorn or a burr ;
She takes for a spur ;
With a lash of a bramble she rides now,
Through brakes and through briars,
O'er ditches and mires,
She follows the spirit that guides now.

No beast, for his food,
Dares now range the wood,
But hush'd in his lair he lies lurking ;
While mischief, by these,
On land and on seas,
At noon of night are found working.

The storm will arise,
And trouble the skies,
This night ; and, more for the wonder,
The ghost from the tomb
Affrighted shall come,
Call'd out by the clap of the thunder.

XLIV.

A HYMN TO THE LARES.

It was, and still my care is,
To worship ye, the Lares,
With crowns of greenest parsley,
And garlic chives not scarcely ;
For favours here to warm me,
And not by fire to harm me ;
For gladding so my hearth here
With inoffensive mirth here ;
That while the wassail bowl here
With North-down ale doth trowl here,
No syllable doth fall here.
To mar the mirth at all here.
For which, O chimney-keepers !
I dare not call ye sweepers,
So long as I am able
To keep a country table,
Great be my fare, or small cheer,
I'll eat and drink up all here.

XLV.

TO THE LITTLE SPINNERS.

Ye pretty housewives, would ye know
The work that I would put ye to ?
This, this it should be, for to spin
A lawn for me, so fine and thin,
As it might serve me for my skin.
For cruel love has me so whip'd,
That of my skin I am all strip'd,

And shall despair that any art
 Can ease the rawness or the smart,
 Unless you skin again each part.
 Which mercy, if you will but do,
 I call all maids to witness to
 What here I promise, that no broom
 Shall now, or ever after come,
 To wrong a Spinner or her loom.

XLVI.

THE GENIUS OF HIS HOUSE.

Command the roof, great Genius, and from thence
 Into this house pour down thy influence,
 That through each room a golden pipe may run
 Of living water by the benizon ;
 Fulfill the larders, and by strength'ning bread
 Be evermore thy bins replenished.
 Next, like a bishop, consecrate my ground,
 That lucky fairies here may dance their round ;
 And, after that, lay down some silver pence,
 The master's charge and care to recompense ;
 Charm then the chambers ; make the beds for ease,
 More than for peevish pining sicknesses ;
 Fix the foundation fast, and let the roof
 Grow old with time, but yet keep weather-proof.

XLVII.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE GOOD DÆMON.

What can I do in poetry,
 Now the good spirit's gone from me ?
 Why nothing now, but lonely sit,
 And over-read what I have writ.

CHARMS AND CEREMONIES.

XLVIII.

DIVINATION BY A DAFFODIL.

**When a daffodil I see,
Hanging down 's head towards me,
Guess I may what I may be :
First, I shall decline my head,
Secondly, I shall be dead ,
Lastly, safely buried.**

CHARMS AND CEREMONIES.

XLIX.

THE PETER-PENNY.

Fresh stowings allow
 To my sepulchre now,
 To make my lodging the sweeter ;
 A staff or a wand,
 Put then in my hand,
 With a penny to pay St. Peter.

Who has not a cross,
 Must sit with the loss,
 And no whit further must venture ;
 Since the porter he
 Will paid have his fee,
 Or else not one there must enter.

Who at a dead lift,
 Can't send, for a gift,
 A pig to the priest for a roaster,
 Shall hear his clerk say,
 By yea and by nay,
 No penny, no pater-noster.

I.

CEREMONIES FOR CHRISTMAS.

Come, bring with a noise,
My merry merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing;
While my good dame, she
Bids ye all be free,
And drink to your heart's desiring.

With the last year's brand
Light the new block, and
For good success in his spending,
On your psaltries play,
That sweet luck may
Come while the log is a tending.

Drink now the strong beer,
Cut the white loaf here,
The while the meat is a shredding;
For the rare mince-pie,
And the plums stand by,
To fill the paste that's a kneading.

I.I.

A CHARM, OR AN ALLAY FOR LOVE.

If so be a toad be laid
In a sheep's skin newly flayed,
And that tied to man, 'twill sever
Him and his affections ever.

LII.

THE WASSAIL.

Give way, give way, ye gates, and win
An easy blessing to your bin
And basket, by our ent'ring in.

May both with manchet stand replete,
Your larders, too, so hung with meat,
That thou a thousand, thousand eat.

Yet ere twelve moons shall whirl about
Their silv'ry spheres, there's none may doubt
But more's sent in than was serv'd out.

Next, may your dairies prosper so,
As that your pans no ebb may know;
But if they do, the more to flow.

Like to a solemn sober stream,
Bank'd all with lilies, and the cream
Of sweetest cowslips filling them.

Then may your plants be press'd with fruit,
Nor bee or hive you have be mute,
But sweetly sounding like a lute.

Next, may your duck and teeming hen,
Both to the cock's tread say, amen;
And for their two eggs render ten.

Last, may your harrows, shares, and ploughs,
Your stacks, your stocks, your sweetest mows,
All prosper by your virgin-vows.

Alas ! we bless, but see none here,
That brings us either ale or beer ;
In a dry-house all things are near.

Let's leave a longer time to wait,
Where rust and cobwebs bind the gate ;
And all live here with needy fate ;

Where chimneys do for ever weep,
For want of warmth, and stomachs keep
With noise the servants' eyes from sleep.

It is in vain to sing, or stay
Our free feet here, but we'll away ;
Yet to the lares this we'll say :

The time will come, when you'll be sad,
And reckon this for fortune bad,
T'ave lost the good ye might have had.

LIII.

CEREMONIES FOR CANDLEMAS EVE.

Down with rosemary and bays,
Down with the misletoe
Instead of holly, now upraise
The greener box, for show.

The holly hitherto did sway ;
Let box now domineer,
Until the dancing Easter-day
Or Easter's eve appear.

Then youthful box, which now hath grace
Your houses to renew,
Grown old, surrender must his place
Unto the crisped yew.

When yew is out, then birch comes in,
And many flowers beside,
Both of a fresh and fragrant kin
To honour Whitsuntide.

Green rushes then, and sweetest bents,
With cooler oaken boughs,
Come in for comely ornaments,
To re-adorn the house.

Thus times do shift; each thing his turn does hold;
New things succeed as former things grow old.

LIV.

THE CEREMONIES FOR CANDLEMAS DAY.

Kindle the Christmas brand, and then
Till sunset let it burn;
Which quench'd, then lay it up again,
Till Christmas next return.

Part must be kept, wherewith to tend
The Christmas log next year;
And where it is safely kept, the fiend
Can do no mischief there.

LV.

DRAW-GLOVES.

At Draw-gloves we'll play,
And prithee let's lay
A wager, and let it be this;
Who first to the sum
Of twenty shall come,
Shall have for his winning a kiss.

LVI.

CEREMONY UPON CANDLEMAS EVE.

Down with the rosemary, and so
 Down with the bays and misletoc ;
 Down with the holly, ivy, all
 Wherewith ye dress'd the Christmas hall ;
 That so the superstitious find
 No one least branch there left behind ;
 For look, how many leaves there be
 Neglected there, maids, trust to me,
 So many goblins you shall see.

LXVI.

UPON CANDLEMAS DAY.

End now the white-loaf and the pie,
 And let all sports with Christmas die.

LVIII.

THE OLIVE BRANCH.

Sadly I walk'd within the field,
 To see what comfort it wo'd yield ;
 And as I went my private way,
 An olive branch before me lay ;
 And seeing it, I made a stay,
 And took it up, and view'd it : then
 Kissing the omen, said, amen ;
 Be, be it so, and let this be
 A divination unto me ;
 That in short time my woes shall cease,
 And love shall crown my end with peace.

LIX.

CHRISTMAS-EVE, ANOTHER CEREMONY.

Come, guard this night the Christmas-pie,
That the thief, though ne'er so sly,
With his flesh-hooks, don't come nigh
To catch it.

From him, who all alone sits there,
Having his eyes still in his ear,
And a deal of nightly fear,
To watch it.

I.X.

THE SPLLL.

Holy water come and bring ;
Cast in salt for seasoning ;
Set the brush for sprinkling ;
Sacred spittle bring ye hither ;
Meal and it now mix together ;
And a little oil to either :
Give the tapers here their light ;
Ring the saints' bell, to affright
Far from hence the evil sprite.

LXI.

ANOTHER.

Wassail the trees, that they may bear
You many a plum and many a pear ;
For more or less fruits they will bring,
As you do give them wassailing.

LXII.

TWELFTH NIGHT, OR KING AND QUEEN.

Now, now the mirth comes,
With the cake full of plums,
Where bean's the king of the sport here ;
Beside we must know,
The pea also
Must revel as queen in the court here.

Begin then to choose,
This night as you use,
Who shall for the present delight here ;
Be a king by the lot,
And who shall not
Be twelfth-day queen for the night here.

Which known, let us make
Joy-sops with the cake ;
And let not a man then be seen here,
Who unurg'd will not drink,
To the base from the brink,
A health to the king and the queen here.

Next crown the bowl full
With gentle lambs' wool ;
Add sugar, nutmeg, and ginger,
With store of ale too ;
And thus ye must do
To make the wassail a swinger.

Give then to the king
And queen wassailing ;

And though with ale ye be wet here,
Yet part ye from hence,
As free from offence,
As when ye innocent met here.

LXIII.

SAINT DISTAFF'S DAY; OR, THE MORROW AFTER
TWELFTH DAY.

Partly work and partly play
Ye must on St. Distaff's day;
From the plough soon free your team,
Then come home and fother them.
If the maids a spinning go,
Burn the flax, and fire the tow;
Scorch their plackets, but beware
That ye singe no maiden-hair.
Bring in pails of water then,
Let the maids bewash the men:
Give St. Distaff all the right,
Then bid Christmas sport good night;
And next morrow, every one
To his own vocation.

LXIV.

CHARMS.

Let the superstitious wife,
Near the child's heart lay a knife;
Point be up and haft be down;
While she gossips in the town,
'This, 'mongst other mystic charms,
Keeps the sleeping child from harms.

LXV.

THE MAY-POLE.

The May-pole is up,
Now give me the cup ;
I'll drink to the garlands around it
But first unto those
Whose hands did compose
The glory of flowers that crown'd it.

A health to my girls,
Whose husbands may earls,
Or lords be, granting my wishes ;
And when th^{at} ye wed
To the bridal bed,
Then multiply all like to fishes.

LXVI.

A SONG TO THE MASKERS.

Come down, and dance ye in the toil
Of pleasures, to a heat ;
But if to moisture, let the oil
Of roses be your sweat.

Not only to yourselves assume
These sweets, but let them fly
From this to that, and so perfume
E'en all the standers by.

As goddess Isis, when she went
Or glided through the street ;
Made all that touch'd her, with her scent,
And whom she touch'd turn sweet.

LXVII.

CHARM.

Bring the holy crust of bread ;
Lay it underneath the head
'Tis a certain charm to keep
Hags away, while children sleep.

LXVIII.

ANOTHER CHARM FOR STABLES.

Hang up hooks and shears to scare
Hence the hag, that rides the mare,
Till they be all over wet
With the mire and the sweat
This observ'd, the manes, shall be,
Of your horses all knot free.

LXIX.

ON HIMSELF.

One ear tingles ; some there be
That are snarling now at me :
Be they those that Homer bit,
I will give them thanks for it.

LXX.

BARLEY-BREAK ; OR LAST IN HELL.

We two are last in hell ; what may we fear,
To be tormented, or kept pris'ners here ?
Alas ! if kissing be of plagues the worst,
We'll wish, in hell we had been last and first.

LXXI.

CHARM.

In the morning when ye rise
Wash your hands and cleanse your eyes ;
Next, be sure ye have a care
To disperse the water far ;
For as far as that doth light,
So far keeps the evil sprite.

LXXII.

ANOTHER TO THE MAIDS.

Wash your hands, or else the fire
Will not tend to your desire ;
Unwash'd hands, ye maidens, know
Dead the fire, though ye blow.

LXXIII.

ANOTHER.

This I'll tell ye by the way,
Maidens when ye leavens lay,
Cross your dough, and your dispatch
Will be better for your batch.

LXXIV.

ANOTHER.

If ye fear to be affrighted,
When ye are, by chance, benighted ;
In your pocket, for a trust,
Carry nothing but a crust ;
For that holy piece of bread
Charms the danger, and the dread.

LXXV.

THE OLD WIVES' PRAYER.

Holy-rood, come forth and shield
Us i' th' city and the field;
Safely guard us, now and aye,
From the blast that burns by day;
And those sounds that us affright
In the dead of dampish night;
Drive all hurtful fiends us fro',
By the time the cocks first crow.

LXXVI.

THE PARTING VERSE, TO MRS. BRIDGET LOWMAN,
THE FEAST THERE ENDED.

Loth to depart, but yet at last each one
Back must now go to's habitation;
Not knowing thus much, when we once do sever,
Whether or no that we shall meet here ever.
As for myself, since time a thousand cares
And griefs hath fill'd upon my silver hairs,
'Tis to be doubted whether I next year,
Or no, shall give you a re-meeting here.
If die I must, then my last vow shall be,
You'll with a tear or two remember-me,
Your sometime poet; but if fates do give
Me longer date, and more fresh springs to live;
Oft as your field shall her old age renew,
Herrick shall make the meadow-verse for you.

LXXVII.

TO DIANEME. A CEREMONY IN GLOUCESTER.

I'll to thee a simnel bring,
'Gainst thou go'st a mothering ;
So that when she blesseth thee,
Half that blessing thou'lt give me.

LXXVIII.

THE BELL-MAN.

From noise of scare-fire rest ye free,
From murders Benedicite ;
From all mischances that may fright
Your pleasing slumbers in the night ;
Mercy secure ye all, and keep
The goblin from ye, while ye sleep.
Past one o'clock, and almost two,
My masters all, " Good day to you."

E P I T A P H S .

LXXIX.

UPON A VIRGIN.

Here a solemn fast we keep,
While all beauty lies asleep,
Hush'd be all things, no noise here
But the toning of a tear ;
Or a sigh of such as bring
Cowslips for her covering.

EPITAPHS.

LXXX.

HIS OWN EPITAPH.

As weary pilgrims once possess'd
 Of long'd for lodging, go to rest ;
 So I, now having rid my way,
 Fix here my button'd staff and stay ;
 Youth, I confess, hath me misled,
 But age hath brought me right to bed.

LXXXI.

UPON HIS KINSWOMAN, MRS. M. S.

Here lies a virgin, and as sweet
 As e'er was wrapt in winding sheet ;
 Her name, if next you would have known
 The marble speaks it Mary Stone ;
 Who dying in her blooming years,
 This stone, for name's sake, melts to tears.
 If, fragrant virgins, you'll but keep
 A fast, while jets and marbles weep,
 And, praying, strew some roses on her,
 You'll do my niece abundant honour.

LXXXII.

UPON PREW, HIS MAID.

In this little urn is laid
Prudence Baldwin, once my maid ;
From whose happy spark here let
Spring the purple violet.

LXXXIII.

UPON AN OLD MAN, A RESIDENTIARY.

Tread, sirs, as lightly as ye can
Upon the grave of this old man.
Twice forty, bating but one year,
And thrice three weeks, he lived here ;
Whom gentle fate translated hence
To a more happy residence.
Yet, reader, let me tell thee this,
Which from his ghost a promise is,
If here ye will some few tears shed,
He'll never haunt ye now he's dead.

LXXXIV.

UPON THE MUCH LAMENTED MR. J. WARR.

What wisdom, learning, wit, or worth,
Youth or sweet nature could bring forth,
Rests here with him, who was the fame,
The volume of himself and name.
If reader, then thou wilt draw near,
And do an honour to thy tear ;
Weep then for him, for whom laments
Not one, but many monuments.

LXXXV.

UPON A VIRGIN.

Spend harmless shade, thy nightly hours,
 Selecting here both herbs and flowers ;
 Of which make garlands here and there,
 To dress thy silent sepulchre.
 Nor do thou fear the want of these
 In everlasting properties ;
 Since we fresh strewings will bring hither,
 Far faster than the first can wither.

LXXXVI.

UPON A MAID.

Here she lies, in bed of spice,
 Fair as Eve in paradise ;
 For her beauty it was such,
 Poets could not praise too much.
 Virgins come, and in a ring
 Her supremest *requiem* sing ;
 Then depart, but see ye tread
 Lightly, lightly o'er the dead.

LXXXVII.

UPON THE LADY CREW.

This stone can tell the story of my life,
 What was my birth, to whom I was a wife ;
 In teeming years how soon my sun was set,
 Where now I rest, these may be known by jet ;
 For other things, my many children be
 The best and truest chronicles of me.

LXXXVIII.

UPON A MAID.

Gone she is a long, long way,
But she has decreed a day
Back to come and make no stay,
So we keep, till her return
Here, her ashes, or her urn.

LXXXIX.

UPON A CHILD.

Here a pretty baby lies
Sung asleep with lullabies ;
Pray be silent, and not stir
The easy earth that covers her.

XC.

UPON A WIFE THAT DIED MAD WITH JEALOUSY.

In this little vault she lies,
Here, with all her jealousies ;
Quiet yet, but if ye make
Any noise, they both will wake ;
And such spirits raise, 'twill then
Trouble death to lay again.

XCI.

UPON A YOUNG MOTHER OF MANY CHILDREN.

Let all chaste matrons, when they chance to see
My numerous issue, praise and pity me.
Praise me for having such a fruitful womb ;
Pity me too, who found so soon a tomb.

XCII.

UPON A MAID THAT DIED THE DAY SHE WAS
MARRIED.

That morn which saw me made a bride,
The ev'ning witness'd that I died.
Those holy lights, wherewith they guide
Unto the bed the bashful bride,
Serv'd but as tapers, for to burn,
And light my reliques to their urn.
This epitaph, which here you see,
Supply'd the epithalamy.

XCIII.

AN EPITAPH UPON A SOBER MATRON.

With blameless carriage I lived here,
To th' almost seven and fortieth year.
Stout sons I had, and those twice three,
One only daughter lent to me :
The which was made a happy bride,
But thrice three moons before she died.
My modest wedlock, that was known
Contented with the bed of one.

XCIV.

UPON HIS SPANIEL TRACY.

Now thou art dead, no eye shall ever see,
For shape and service, Spaniel, like to thee.
This shall my love do, give thy sad death one
Tear, that deserves of me a million.

XCV.

UPON A LADY THAT DIED IN CHILD-BED, AND LEFT
A DAUGHTER BEHIND HER.

As gilly-flowers do but stay
To blow, and seed, and so away,
So you, sweet lady, sweet as May,
The garden's glory, liv'd awhile,
To lend the world your scent and smile :
But when your own fair print was set
Once in a virgin flosculet,
Sweet as yourself, and newly blown,
To give that life, resign'd your own ;
But so, as still the mother's power
Lives in the pretty lady-flower.

XCVI.

UPON A CHILD.

Virgins promis'd when I dy'd,
That they would each primrose-tide,
Duly morn and evening come,
And with flowers dress my tomb.
Having promised, pay your debts,
Maids, and here strew violets.

XCVII.

UPON A MAID.

Hence a blessed soul is fled,
Leaving here the body dead ;
Which, since here they can't combine
For the saint, we'll keep the shrine.

XCVIII.

UPON A CHILD THAT DIED.

Here she lies, a pretty bud,
Lately made of flesh and blood ;
Who, as soon fell fast asleep,
As her little eyes did peep.
Give her strewings, but not stir
The earth, that lightly covers her.

XCIX.

UPON BEN JONSON.

Here lies Jonson with the rest
Of the poets ; but the best.
Reader, wouldst thou more have known ?
Ask his story, not this stone ;
That will speak, what this can't tell
Of his glory. So farewell.

C.

UPON HIMSELF BEING BURIED.

Let me sleep this night away,
Till the dawning of the day ;
Then at th' opening of mine eyes,
I, and all the world shall rise.

CI.

UPON A VIRGIN.

Here a solemn fast we keep,
While all beauty lies asleep,
Hush'd be all things, no noise here
But the toning of a tear ;
Or a sigh of such as bring
Cowslips for her covering.

CII.

UPON A CHILD. AN EPITAPH.

But born, and like a short delight,
I glided by my parents' sight.
That done, the harder fates denied
My longer stay, and so I died.
If pitying my sad parents' tears,
You'll spill a tear or two with theirs ;
And with some flowers my grave bestrew,
Love and they'll thank you for't. Adieu.

CIII.

UPON A COMELY AND CURIOUS MAID.

If men can say that beauty dies,
Marbles will swear that here it lies.
If, reader, then thou canst forbear,
In public loss to shed a tear,
The dew of grief upon this stone
Will tell thee, pity thou hast none.

CIV.

ON HIMSELF.

Weep for the dead, for they have lost this light ;
And weep for me, lost in an endless night :
Or mourn, or make a marble verse for me,
Who writ for many. Benedicite.

CV.

ON HIMSELF.

Lost to the world ; lost to myself ; alone
Here now I rest under this marble stone,
In depth of silence, heard and seen of none.

A P H O R I S M S .

CVI.

F A M E M A K E S U S F O R W A R D

**To print our poems, the propulsive cause
Is Fame, the breath of popular applause.**

APHORISMS.

CVII.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

Wilt thou my true friend be ?
Then love not mine but me.

CVIII.

CRUELTY BASE IN COMMANDERS.

Nothing can be more loathsome, than to see
Power conjoin'd with Nature's cruelty.

CIX.

LITTLE AND LOUD.

Little you are; for woman's sake be proud ;
For my sake next, though little be not loud.

CX.

SHIPWRECK.

He who has suffered shipwreck, fears to sail
Upon the seas, though with a gentle gale.

CXI.

POVERTY AND RICHES.

Give want her welcome, if she comes ; we find
Riches to be but burthens to the mind.

CXII.

AGAIN.

Who with a little cannot be content,
Endures an everlasting punishment.

CXIII.

L A W S .

When Law's full power have to sway, we see
Little or no part there of tyranny.

CXIV.

GOOD LUCK NOT LASTING.

If well the dice run, let's applaud the cast ;
The happy fortune will not always last.

CXV.

GLORY.

I make no haste to have my numbers read ;
Seldom comes glory till a man be dead.

CXVI.

POETS.

Wantons we are ; and though our words be such,
Our lives do differ from our lines by much.

CXVII.

NO DESPITE TO THE DEAD.

Reproach we may the living, not the dead ;
'Tis cowardice to bite the buried.

CXVIII.

PAINTING SOMETIMES PERMITTED.

If Nature do deny
Colours, let Art supply.

CXIX.

PHYSICIANS.

Physicians fight not against men, but these
Combat for men, by conquering the disease.

CXX.

LONG LOOK'D FOR COMES AT LAST.

Though long it be, years may repay the debt;
None loseth that which he in time may get.

CXXI.

NEVER TOO LATE TO DIE.

No man comes late unto that place, from whence
Never man yet had a regredience.

CXXII.

THE COVETOUS STILL CAPTIVES.

Let's live with that small pittance that we have;
Who covets more is evermore a slave.

CXXIII.

MEAN THINGS OVERCOME MIGHTY.

By the weakest means things mighty are o'erthrown,
He's lord of thy life who contains his own.

CXXIV.

KINGS.

Men are not born kings, but are men renown'd;
Chose first, confirm'd next, and at last are crown'd.

CXXV.

FIRST WORK, AND THEN WAGES.

Prepost'rous is that order, when we run
To ask our wages ere our work be done.

CXXVI.

TEARS AND LAUGHTER.

Knew'st thou one month wo'd take thy life away,
Thou'dst weep: but laugh, sho'd it not last a day.

CXXVII.

GLORY.

Glory no other thing is, Tully says,
Than a man's frequent fame spoke out with praise.

CXXVIII.

POSSESSIONS.

Those possessions short-lived are,
Into the which we come by war.

CXXIX.

POVERTY THE GREATEST PACK.

To mortal men great loads allotted be,
But of all packs, no pack like poverty.

CXXX.

TRUE SAFETY.

'Tis not the walls, or purple, that defends
A prince from foes, but 'tis his fort of friends.

CXXXI.

FAME.

'Tis still observed, that fame ne'er sings
The order, but the sum of things.

CXXXII.

BY USE COMES EASINESS.

Oft bend the bow, and thou with ease shalt do
What others can't with all their strength put to.

CXXXIII.

MONEY MAKES THE MIRTH.

When all birds else do of their music fail,
Money's the still sweet singing nightingale.

CXXXIV.

MAIDS NAYS ARE NOTHING.

Maids nays are nothing, they are shy,
But to desire what they deny.

CXXXV.

DELAY.

Break off delay, since we but read of one
That ever prosper'd by cunctation.

CXXXVI.

AMBITION.

In ways to greatness, think on this,
That slippery all ambition is.

CXXXVII.

THE ROSEMARY BRANCH.

Grow for two ends, it matters not at all,
Be't for my bridal or my burial.

CXXXVIII.

ONCE SEEN, AND NO MORE.

Thousands each day pass by, which we,
Once past and gone, no more shall see.

CXXXIX.

LOVE.

This axiom I have often heard,
Kings ought to be more lov'd than fear'd.

CXL.

DENIAL IN WOMEN NO DISHEARTENING TO MEN.

Women, although they ne'er so goodly make it,
Their fashion is, but to say no, to take it.

CXLI.

THE LAST STROKE STRIKES SURE.

Though by well-warding many blows we 've past,
That stroke most fear'd is which is struck the last.

CXLII.

PERSEVERANCE.

Hast thou begun an act? ne'er then give o'er;
No man despairs to do what's done before.

CXLIH.

DISTANCE BETTERS DIGNITIES.

Kings must not oft be seen by public eyes;
State at a distance adds to dignities.

CXLIV.

ADVERSITY.

Love is maintain'd by wealth; when all is spent
Adversity then breeds the discontent.

CXLV.

FORTUNE.

Fortune's a blind profuser of her own,
Too much she gives to some, enough to none.

CXLVI.

WRITING.

When words we want, love teacheth to indite ;
And what we blush to speak, she bids us write.

CXLVII.

SOCIETY.

Two things do make society stand ;
The first commerce is, and the next command.

CXLVIII.

SATISFACTION FOR SUFFERINGS.

For all our works a recompense is sure ;
'Tis sweet to think on what was hard to endure.

CXLIX.

NEED.

Who begs to die for fear of human need,
Wisheth his body, not his soul good speed.

CL.

THE BODY.

The body is the soul's poor-house or home,
Whose ribs the laths are, and whose flesh the loam.

CLI.

ON LOVE.

Love is a kind of war ; hence those who fear,
No cowards must his royal ensigns bear.

CLII.

ANOTHER.

Where love begins, there dread thy first desire ;
A spark neglected makes a mighty fire.

CLIII.

FACTIONS.

The factions of the great ones call,
To side with them, the commons all.

CLIV.

SLAVERY.

'Tis liberty to serve one lord ; but he
Who many serves, serves base servility.

CLV.

SURFEITS.

Bad are all surfeits ; but physicians call
That surfeit took by bread, the worst of all.

CLVI.

TEARS.

Tears most prevail ; with tears too thou may'st move
Rocks to relent, and coyest maids to love.

CLVII.

TRUTH.

Truth is best found out by the time and eyes,
Falsehood wins credit by uncertainties.

CLVIII.

THE EYES BEFORE THE EARS.

We credit most our sight ; one eye doth please
Our trust far more than ten ear-witnesses.

CLIX.

WANT.

Want is a softer wax, that takes thereon,
This, that, and every base impression.

CLX.

BLAME.

In battles what disasters fall,
The king, he bears the blame of all.

CLXI.

TWILIGHT.

Twilight, no other thing is, poets say,
Than the last part of night, and first of day.

CLXII.

VERSES.

Who will not honour noble numbers, when
Verses outlive the bravest deeds of men?

CLXIII.

HAPPINESS.

That Happiness does still the longest thrive,
Where joys and griefs have turns alternative.

CLXIV.

THINGS OF CHOICE, LONG COMING.

We pray 'gainst war, yet we enjoy no peace;
Desire deferr'd is, that it may increase.

CLXV.

BURIAL.

Man may want land to live in; but for all,
Nature finds out some place for burial.

CLXVI.

THE MEAN.

Imparity doth ever discord bring;
The mean. the music makes in everything.

CLXVII.

HIS LOSS.

All has been plundered from me but my wit ;
 Fortune herself can lay no claim to it.

CLXVIII.

UPON LOVE.

Love is a circle, and an endless sphere ;
 From good to good, revolving here and there.

CLXIX.

LENITY.

'Tis the chirurgion's praise, and height of art,
 Not to cut off but cure the vicious part.

CLXX.

GRIEF.

Consider sorrows, how they are aright ;
 Grief, if 't be great, 'tis short ; if long, 'tis light.

CLXXI.

COUNSEL.

'Twas Cæsar's saying ; kings no less conquerors are
 By their wise counsel, than they be by war.

CLXXII.

MOST WORDS, LESS WORKS.

In desp'rate cases, all, or most are known
 Commanders ; few for execution.

CLXXIII.

DRAW AND DRINK.

Milk still your fountains and your springs ; for why ?
 The more they're drawn, the less they will grow dry.

CLXXIV.

PENITENCE.

Who after his transgression doth repent,
Is half, or altogether innocent.

CLXXV.

BEAUTY.

Beauty's no other but a lovely grace
Of lively colours flowing from the face.

CLXXVI.

READINESS.

The readiness of doing doth express
No other but the doer's willingness.

CLXXVII.

THE EYE.

A wanton and lascivious eye
Betrays the heart's adultery.

CLXXVIII.

VIRTUE BEST UNITED.

By so much, virtue is the less,
By how much, near to singleness.

CLXXIX.

REGRESSION SPOILS RESOLUTION.

Hast thou attempted greatness ? then go on ;
Back-turning slackens resolution.

CLXXX.

CONTENTION.

Discreet and prudent we that discord call,
That either profits, or not hurts at all.

CLXXXI.

CONSULTATION.

Consult ere thou begin'st; that done, go on;
With all wise speed for execution.

CLXXXII.

OUR OWN SINS UNSEEN.

Other men's sins we ever bear in mind;
None sees the fardel of his faults behind.

CLXXXIII.

NO PAINS, NO GAINS.

If little labour, little are our gains
Man's fortunes are according to his pains.

CLXXXIV.

EXAMPLES: OR, LIKE PRINCE LIKE PEOPLE.

Examples lead us, and we likely see,
Such as the prince is, will his people be.

CLXXXV.

POTENTATES.

Love and the Graces evermore doth wait
Upon the man that is a potentate.

CLXXXVI.

DEATH ENDS ALL WOE.

Time is the bound of things; where'er we go,
Fate gives a meeting; death's the end of woe.

CLXXXVII.

CLEMENCY IN KINGS.

Kings must not only cherish up the good,
But must be niggards of the meanest blood.

CLXXXVIII.

ANGER.

Wrongs, if neglected, vanish in short time ;
But heard with anger, we confess the crime.

CLXXXIX.

MODERATION.

In things a moderation keep ;
Kings ought to shear, not skin their sheep.

CXC.

POWER AND PEACE.

'Tis never, or but seldom known,
Power and Peace to keep one throne.

CXCI.

CRUELITIES.

Nero commanded, but withdrew his eyes
From the beholding death and cruelties.

CXCII.

HEALTH.

Health is no other, as the learned hold,
But a just measure both of heat and cold.

CXCIII.

BITING OF BEGGARS.

Who, railing, drives the lazar from his door,
Instead of alms, sets dogs upon the poor.

CXCIV.

ADVERSITY.

Adversity hurts none but only such
Whom whitest fortune dandled has too much.

CXCIV.

WANT.

Need is no vice at all, though here it be,
With men a loathed inconveniency.

CXCVI.

GRIEF.

Sorrows divided amongst many, less
Discruciate a man in deep distress.

CXCVII.

NO ACTION HARD TO AFFECTION.

Nothing hard or harsh can prove
Unto those that truly love.

CXCVIII.

REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS.

All things are open to these two events,
Or to rewards, or else to punishments.

CXCIX.

SHAME, NO STATIST.

Shame is a bad attendant to a state ;
He rents his crown that fears the people's hate.

CC.

KISSING AND BUSSING.

Kissing and bussing differ both in this ;
We buss our wantons, but our wives we kiss.

CCI.

CROSS AND PILE.

Fair and foul days trip cross and pile ; the fair
Far less in number than our foul days are.

CCII.

LOSS FROM THE LEAST.

Great men by small means oft are overthrown ;
He's lord of thy life, who contemns his own.

CCIII.

GREAT SPIRITS SUPERVIVE.

Our mortal parts may wrapt in sere-clothes lie ;
Great spirits never with their bodies die.

CCIV.

THE CREDIT OF THE CONQUEROR.

He who commends the vanquish'd, speaks the power
And glorifies the worthy conqueror.

CCV.

CHANGE GIVES CONTENT.

What now we like, anon we disapprove ;
The new successor drives away old love.

CCVI.

ACCUSATION.

If Accusation only can draw blood,
None shall be guiltless, be he ne'er so good.

CCVII.

PRIDE ALLOWABLE IN POETS.

As thou deserv'st. be proud ; then gladly let
The Muse give thee the Delphic coronet.

CCVIII.

DISCORD NOT DISADVANTAGEOUS.

Fortune no higher project can devise,
Than to sow discord 'mongst thy enemies.

CCIX.

ILL GOVERNMENT.

Preposterous is that government, and rude,
When kings obey the wilder multitude.

CCX.

NONE FREE FROM FAULT.

Out of the world he must who once comes in;
No man exempted is from death or sin.

CCXI.

PITY TO THE PROSTRATE.

'Tis worse than barbarous cruelty to show
No part of pity on a conquer'd foe.

CCXII.

REWARDS.

Still to our gains our chief respect is had;
Reward it is that makes us good or bad.

CCXIII.

NOTHING NEW.

Nothing is new; we walk where others went.
There's no vice now, but has its precedent.

CCXIV.

GAIN AND GETTINGS.

When others gain much by the present cast,
The cobbler's getting-time, is at the last.

CCXV.

LOTS TO BE LIKED.

Learn this of me, where'er thy lot doth fall;
Short lot, or not, to be content with all.

CCXVI.

GRIEFS.

Jove may afford us thousands of reliefs ;
Since man expos'd is to a world of griefs.

CCXVII.

EMPIRES.

Empires of kings are now, and ever were
As Sallust saith, coincident to fear.

CCXVIII.

PUTREFACTION.

Putrefaction is the end
Of all that Nature doth intend.

CCXIX.

PASSION.

Were there not a matter known,
There would be no Passion.

CCXX.

THE CROWD AND COMPANY.

In holy meetings, there a man may be
One of the Crowd, not of the Company.

CCXXI.

POLICY IN PRINCES.

That Princes may possess a surer seat,
'Tis fit they make no one with them too great.

CCXXII.

HIS WEAKNESS IN WOES.

I cannot suffer ; and in this, my part
Of patience wants. Grief breaks the stoutest heart.

CCXXIII.

MAN'S DYING-PLACE UNCERTAIN.

Man knows where first he ships himself ; but he
Never can tell where shall his landing be.

CCXXIV.

NOTHING FREE-COST.

Nothing comes free-cost here ; Jove will not let
His gifts go from him, if not bought with sweat.

CCXXV.

BEGINNING, DIFFICULT.

Hard are the two first stairs ^{up} into a crown ;
Which got, the third bids him a king come down.

CCXXVI.

REST.

On with thy work, though thou be'st hardly press'd ;
Labour is held up by the hope of rest.

CCXXVII.

COMFORTS IN CROSSES.

Be not dismayed, though crosses cast thee down ;
Thy fall is but the rising to a crown.

CCXXVIII.

PARTIAL-GILT POETRY.

Let's strive to be the best ; the Gods, we know it,
Pillars, and men, hate an indifferent poet.

CCXXIX.

FEAR GETS FORCE.

Despair takes heart, when there's no hope to speed ;
The coward then takes arms, and does the deed.

CCXXX.

NO MAN WITHOUT MONEY.

No man such rare parts hath, that he can swim
If favour or occasion help not him.

CCXXXI.

THE PRESENT TIME BEST PLEASETH.

Praise, they that will, times past ; I joy to see
Myself now live ; this age best pleaseth me.

CCXXXII.

BAD WAGES FOR GOOD SERVICE.

In this misfortune kings do most excel,
To hear the worst from men when they do well.

CCXXXIII.

CHOOSE FOR THE BEST.

Give house-room to the best ; 'tis never known,
Virtue and pleasure both to dwell in one.

CCXXXIV.

BAD MAY BE BETTER.

Man may at first transgress, but next do well ;
Vice doth in some but lodge a while, not dwell.

CCXXXV.

RULES FOR OUR REACH.

Men must have bounds how far to walk ; for we
Are made far worse by lawless liberty.

CCXXXVI.

MORE MODEST, MORE MANLY.

'Tis still observ'd, those men most valiant are
That are most modest ere they come to war.

CCXXXVII.

CRUELTY.

'Tis but a dog-like madness in bad kings,
For to delight in wounds and murderings.

CCXXXVIII.

CLOTHES ARE CONSPIRATORS.

Though from without no foes at all we fear ;
We shall be wounded by the clothes we wear.

CCXXXIX.

FAITH FOUR-SQUARE.

Faith is a thing that's four-square ; let it fall
This way or that, it not declines at all.

CCXL.

FAIR AFTER FOUL.

Tears quickly dry ; griefs will in time decay ;
A clear will come after a cloudy day.

CCXLI.

PRESENT GOVERNMENT GRIEVOUS.

Men are suspicious, prone to discontent ;
Subjects still loath the present government.

CCXLII.

PATIENCE IN PRINCES.

Kings must not use the axe for each offence ;
Princes cure some faults by their patience.

CCXLIII.

NOT TO COVET MUCH WHERE LITTLE IS THE
CHARGE.

Why should we covet much, when as we know
W've more to bear our charge, than way to go.

CCXLIV.

STRENGTH TO SUPPORT SOVEREIGNTY.

Let kings and rulers learn this line from me ;
Where power is weak, unsafe is majesty.

CCXLV.

SUSPICION MAKES SECURE.

He that will live of all cares dispossess'd,
Must shun the bad, aye, and suspect the best.

CCXLVI.

CARE A GOOD KEEPER.

Care keeps the conquest ; 'tis no less renown
To keep a city, than to win a town.

CCXLVII.

SEEK AND FIND.

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt ;
Nothing's so hard, but search will find it out.

CCXLVIII.

MULTITUDE.

We trust not to the multitude in war,
But to the stout, and those that skilful are.

CCXLIX.

RAPINE BRINGS RUIN.

What's got by justice, is establish'd sure ;
No kingdoms got by rapine long endure.

CCL.

THE FIRST MARS OR MAKES.

In all our high designments, 'twill appear,
The first event breeds confidence or fear.

CCLI.

ADVICE THE BEST ACTOR.

Still take advice ; though counsels, when they fly
At random, sometimes hit most happily.

CCLII.

PEACE NOT PERMANENT.

Great cities seldom rest ; if there be none
T'invade from far, they'll find worse foes at home.

CCLIII.

MODERATION.

Let moderation on thy passions wait ;
Who loves too much, too much the lov'd will hate.

CCLIV.

CAUTION IN COUNCIL.

Know when to speak ; for many times it brings
Danger, to give the best advice to kings.

CCLV.

PARDONS.

Those ends in war the best contentment bring,
Whose peace is made up with a pardoning.

CCLVI.

WIT PUNISHED PROSPERS MOST.

Dread not the shackles ; on with thine intent ;
Good wits get more fame by their punishment.

CCLVII.

TRUTH AND ERROR.

'Twixt truth and error there's this difference known,
Error is fruitful, truth is only one.

CCLVIII.

THE MEAN.

'Tis much among the filthy to be clean ;
Our heat of youth can hardly keep the mean.

CCLIX.

LAWS.

Who violates the customs, hurts the health,
Not of one man, but all the commonwealth.

CCLX.

STUDIES TO BE SUPPORTED.

Studies themselves will languish and decay,
When either price or praise is ta'en away.

CCLXI.

CONFORMITY IS COMELY.

Conformity gives comeliness to things,
And equal shares exclude all murmurings.

CCLXII.

THINGS MORTAL STILL MUTABLE.

Things are uncertain, and the more we get,
The more on icy pavements we are set.

CCLXIII.

GREAT MALADIES, LONG MEDICINES.

To an old sore a long cure must go on ;
Great faults require great satisfaction.

CCLXIV.

FEAR.

Man must do well out of a good intent,
Not for the servile fear of punishment.

CCLXV.

OBEDIENCE IN SUBJECTS.

The gods to kings the judgment give to sway ;
The subjects only glory to obey.

CCLXVI.

MORE POTENT LESS PECCANT.

He that may sin sins least ; leave to transgress
Enfeebles much the seeds of wickedness.

CCLXVII.

CROSSES.

Though good things answer many good intents,
Crosses do still bring forth the best events.

CCLXVIII.

MISERIES.

Though hourly comforts from the gods we see,
No life is yet life-proof from misery.

CCLXIX.

THE HAND AND TONGUE.

Two parts of us successively command ;
The tongue in peace, but then in war the hand.

CCLXX.

THE POWER IN THE PEOPLE.

Let kings command, and do the best they may,
The saucy subjects still will bear the sway.

CCLXXI.

MONEY GETS THE MASTERY.

Fight thou with shafts of silver, and o'ercome
When no force else can get the masterdom.

CCLXXII.

VIRTUE IS SENSIBLE OF SUFFERING.

Though a wise man all pressures can sustain ;
His virtue still is sensible of pain.

CCLXXIII.

SOFT MUSIC.

The mellow touch of music most doth wound
The soul, when it doth rather sigh than sound.

CCLXXIV.

PRESENCE AND ABSENCE.

When what is lov'd is present, love doth spring ;
But being absent, love lies languishing.

CCLXXV.

BRIBES AND GIFTS GET ALL.

Dead falls the cause, if once the hand be mute ;
But let that speak, the client gets the suit.

CCLXXVI.

VIRTUE.

Each must in Virtue strive for to excel ,
That man lives twice, that lives the first life well.

CCLXXVII.

PREVISION, OR PROVISION.

That prince takes soon enough the victor's room,
Who first provides, not to be overcome.

CCLXXVIII.

CASUALTIES.

Good things, that come of course, far less do please
Than those which come by sweet contingencies.

CCLXXIX.

REVERENCE TO RICHES.

Like to the income must be our expense ;
 Man's misfortune must be had in reverence.

CCLXXX.

DEVOTION MAKES THE DEITY.

Who forms a Godhead out of gold or stone,
 Makes not a God, but he that prays to one.

CCLXXXI.

AMBITION.

In man, Ambition is the common'st thing ;
 Each one by nature loves to be a king.

CCLXXXII.

ZEAL REQUIRED IN LOVE.

I'll do my best to win whene'er I woo ;
 That man loves not who is not zealous too.

CCLXXXIII.

THE DEFINITION OF BEAUTY.

Beauty no other thing is than a beam
 Flash'd out between the middle and extreme.

CCLXXXIV.

HOPE HEARTENS.

None goes to warfare, but with this intent ;
 The gains must dead the fear of detriment.

CCLXXXV.

SOME COMFORT IN CALAMITY.

To conquer'd men, some comfort 'tis to fall
 By th' hand of him who is the general.

CCLXXXVI.

EXPENSES EXHAUST.

Live with a thrifty, not a needy fate ;
Small shots, paid often, waste a vast estate.

CCLXXXVII.

SORROWS SUCCEED.

When one is past, another care we have,
Thus woe succeeds a woe ; as wave a wave.

CCLXXXVIII.

DREAMS.

Here we are all by day ; by night we're hurl'd
By dreams, each one into a sev'ral world.

CCLXXXIX.

TREASON.

The seeds of treason choke up as they spring,
He acts the crime that gives it cherishing.

CCXC.

TWO THINGS ODIIOUS.

Two, of a thousand things, are disallow'd,
A lying rich man, and a poor man proud.

CCXCI.

NO BASHFULNESS IN BEGGING.

To get thine ends, lay bashfulness aside ;
Who fears to ask, doth teach to be deny'd.

CCXCII.

NEGLECT.

Art quickens Nature ; Care will make a face ;
Neglected beauty perisheth apacc.

CCXCIII.

LIKE LOVES HIS LIKE.

Like will to like ; each creature loves his kind
Chaste words proceed still from a bashful mind.

CCXCIV.

THE MORE MIGHTY, THE MORE MERCIFUL.

Who may do most, does least ; the bravest will
Shew mercy there, where they have power to kill.

CCXCV.

TWILIGHT.

The twilight is no other thing, we say,
Than night now gone, and yet not sprung the day.

CCXCVI.

COMFORT IN CALAMITY.

'Tis no discomfort in the world to fall,
When the great crack not crushes one, but all.

CCXCVII.

SMART.

Stripes, justly given, yerk us with their fall,
But causeless whipping smarts the most of all.

CCXCVIII.

ON FORTUNE.

This is my comfort ; when she's most unkind,
She can but spoil me of my means, not mind.

CCXCIX.

FALSE MOURNING.

He who wears blacks, and mourns not for the dead,
Does but deride the party buried.

CCC.

MERITS MAKE THE MAN.

Our honours and our commendations be
Due to the merits, not authority.

CCCI.

GOLD BEFORE GOODNESS.

How rich a man is, all desire to know,
But none enquires if good he be, or no.

CCCII.

REPLETION.

Physicians say, repletion springs
More from the sweet than sour things.

CCCIII.

DANGERS WAIT ON KINGS.

As oft as night is banish'd by the morn,
So oft we'll think we see a King new born.

CCCIV.

EVENT OF THINGS NOT IN OUR POWER.

By time and counsel, do the best we can,
Th' event is never in the power of man.

CCCV.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWIXT KINGS AND SUBJECTS.

'Twixt kings and subjects there's this mighty odds,
Subjects are taught by men ; kings by the gods.

CCCVI.

SAFETY ON THE SHORE.

What though the sea be calm ? Trust to the shore :
Ships have been drown'd, where late they danc'd
before.

CCCVII.

SUFFERANCE.

In the hope of ease to come,
Let's endure one martyrdom.

CCCVIII.

THE EYES.

'Tis a known principle in war,
The eyes be first that conquer'd are.

CCCIX.

SINGLE LIFE MOST SECURE.

Suspicion, discontent, and strife,
Come in for dowry with a wife.

CCCX.

BASHFULNESS.

Of all our parts, the eyes express
The sweetest kind of bashfulness.

CCCXI.

FEW FORTUNATE.

Many we are, and yet but few possess
Those fields of everlasting happiness.

CCCXII.

SUPREME FORTUNE FALLS SOONEST.

While leanest beasts in pastures feed,
The fattest ox the first must bleed.

CCCXIII.

HUNGER.

Ask me what hunger is, and I'll reply,
'Tis but a fierce desire of hot and dry.

CCCXIV.

DISTRUST.

Whatever men for loyalty pretend,
'Tis wisdom's part to doubt a faithful friend.

CCCXV.

PLEASURES PERNICIOUS.

Where pleasures rule a kingdom, never there
Is sober virtue seen to move her sphere.

CCCXVI.

EXCESS.

Excess is sluttish; keep the mean; for why?
Virtue's clean concave is sobriety.

CCCXVII.

RECOMPENSE.

Who plants an olive, but to eat the oil?
Reward, we know, is the chief end of toil.

CCCXVIII.

THE WILL MAKES THE WORK, OR CONSENT MAKES
THE CURE.

No grief is grown so desperate, but the ill
Is half way cured, if the party will.

CCCXIX.

SAUCE FOR SORROWS.

Although our suffering meet with no relief,
An equal mind is the best sauce for grief.

CCCXX.

NO DANGER TO MEN DESPERATE.

When fear admits no hope of safety, then
Necessity makes dastards valiant men.

CCCXXI.

GENTLENESS.

That prince must govern with a gentle hand,
Who will have love comply with his command.

CCCXXII.

ON LOVE.

That love 'twixt men does ever longest last,
Where war and peace the dice by turns do cast

CCCXXIII.

THE SOUL IS THE SALT.

The body's salt the soul is; which when gone,
The flesh soon sucks in putrefaction.

CCCXXIV.

FLATTERY.

What is't that wastes a prince ? example shows
'Tis flattery spends a king more than his foes.

CCCXXV.

UPON KINGS.

Kings must be dauntless ; subjects will contemn
Those who want hearts, and wear a diadem.

CCCXXVI.

A KING AND NO KING.

That prince who may do nothing but what's just,
Rules but by leave, and takes his crown on trust.

CCCXXVII.

PLOTS NOT STILL PROSPEROUS.

All are not ill plots that do sometimes fail,
Nor those false vows which oft times don't prevail.

CCCXXVIII.

FOOLISHNESS.

In's Tusc'lanes, Tully doth confess,
No plague there's like to foolishness.

CCCXXIX.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

Truth by her own simplicity is known;
Falsehood by varnish and vermillion.

CCCXXX.

ON LOVE.

Love's of itself too sweet; the best of all
Is, when love's honey has a dash of gall.

CCCXXXI.

ABSTINENCE.

Against diseases here the strongest fence
Is the defensive virtue, abstinence.

CCCXXXII.

WAR.

If kings and kingdoms once distracted be,
The sword of war must try the sovereignty.

CCCXXXIII.

THE VOICE AND VIOL.

Rare is the voice itself, but when we sing
To the lute or viol, then 'tis ravishing.

CCCXXXIV.

OBEDIENCE.

No man so well a kingdom rules, as he
Who hath himself obeyed the sovereignty.

CCCXXXV.

AFTER AUTUMN, WINTER.

Die, ere long, I'm sure I shall ;
After leaves the tree must fall.

CCCXXXVI.

A GOOD DEATH.

For truth I may this sentence tell,
No man dies ill that liveth well.

CCCXXXVII.

SINCERITY.

Wash clean the vessel, lest ye sour
Whatever liquor in ye pour.

CCCXXXVIII.

DIET.

If wholesome diet can re-cure a man,
What need of physic or physician ?

CCCXXXIX.

SPEAK IN SEASON.

When times are troubled, then forbear ; but speak
When a clear day out of a cloud does break.

CCCXL.

THE END.

If well thou hast begun, go on fore-right ;
It is the end that crowns us, not the fight.

CCCXLI.

THE END.

Conquer we shall, but we must first contend ;
'Tis not the fight that crowns us, but the end.

ENCOMIASTIC VERSES.

CCCKLII.

TO HIS MUSE.

Go woo young Charles no more to look,
I'han but to read this in my book ;
How Herrick begs if that he can-
Not like the Muse, to love the man,
Who by the shepherds sung long since,
The star-led birth of Charles the Prince.

ENCOMIASTIC VERSES.

CCCCXLIII.

THE POET'S GOOD WISHES FOR THE
MOST HOPEFUL AND HANDSOME PRINCE,
THE DUKE OF YORK.

May his pretty dukeship grow
Like t' a rose of Jericho ;
Sweeter far than ever yet
Show'rs or sunshines could beget.
May the graces and the hours
Strew his hopes, and him with flowers ;
And so dress him up with love,
As to be the chick of Jove.
May the thrice-three-sisters sing
Him the sovereign of their spring ;
And entitle none to be
Prince of Helicon but he.
May his soft foot, where it treads,
Gardens thence produce and meads ;
And those meadows full be set
With the rose and the violet.
May his ample name be known
To the last succession ;
And his actions high be told
Through the world, but writ in gold.

CCCXLIV.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE MILDMAY,
EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

You are a lord, an earl, nay more, a man,
Who writes sweet numbers well as any can;
If so, why then are not these verses hurl'd,
Like Sibyls' leaves, throughout the ample world?
What is a jewel, if it be not set
Forth by a ring, or some rich carcanet?
But being so, then the beholders cry,
See, see a gem, as rare as Bælus' eye.
Then public praise does run upon the stone.
For a most rich, a rare, a precious one.
Expose your jewels then unto the view,
That we may praise them, or themselves prize you.
Virtue conceal'd, with Horace you'll confess,
Differs not much from drowsy slothfulness.

CCCXLV.

UPON M. BEN JONSON.

After the rare arch-poet Jonson died,
The sock grew loathsome, and the buskins pride,
Together with the stage's glory, stood
Each like a poor and pitied widowhood.
The cirque prophan'd was, and all postures rack'd;
For men did strut, and stride, and stare, not act.
Then temper flew from words, and men did squeak,
Look red, and blow, and bluster, but not speak;
No holy rage or frantic fires did stir,
Or flash about the spacious theatre.

No clap of hands, or shout, or praises proof
Did crack the playhouse sides, or cleave her roof.
Artless the scene was, and that monstrous sin
Of deep and arrant ignorance came in ;
Such ignorance as theirs was, who once hiss'd
At thy unequall'd play, the Alchymist ;
Oh, fie upon 'em ! Lastly, too, all wit
In utter darkness did, and still will sit
Sleeping the luckless age out, till that she
Her resurrection has again with thee.

CCCXLVI.

ANOTHER.

Thou had'st the wreath before, now take the tree ;
That henceforth none be laurel crown'd but thee.

CCCXLVII.

TO THE LADY MARY VILLARS, GOVERNESS TO
THE PRINCESS HENRIETTA.

When I of Villars do but hear the name,
It calls to mind that mighty Buckingham,
Who was your brave exalted uncle here,
Binding the whole of fortune to his sphere ;
Who spurn'd at envy, and could bring, with ease,
An end to all his stately purposes.
For his love then, whose sacred reliques show
'Their resurrection and their growth in you ;
And for my sake, who ever did prefer
You above all those sweets of Westminster ;
Permit my book to have a free access
To kiss your hand, most dainty governess.

CCCXLVIII.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE PHILIP. EARL OF
PEMBROKE AND MONTGOMERY.

How dull and dead are books, that cannot show
A Prince of Pembroke, and that Pembroke you !
You, who are high born, and a lord no less
Free by your fate, than fortune's mightiness,
Who hung our poems, honour'd sir, and then
The paper gild, and laureat the pen.
Nor suffer you the poets to sit cold,
But warm their wits, and turn their lines to gold.
Others there be, who righteously will swear
Those smooth-pac'd numbers, amble every where ;
And these brave measures go a stately trot ;
Love those like these ; regard, reward them not.
But you, my lord, are one whose hand along
Goes with your mouth, or does outrun your tongue,
Paying before you praise, and cock'ring wit,
Give both the gold and garland unto it.

CCCXLIX.

TO THE HIGH AND NOBLE PRINCE GEORGE, DUKE,
MARQUIS, AND EARL OF BUCKINGHAM.

Never my book's perfection did appear,
Till I had got the name of Villars here ;
Now, 'tis so full, that when therein I look,
I see a cloud of glory fills my book.
Here stand it still to dignify our muse,
Your sober hand-maid ; who doth wisely choose
Your name to be a laureate wreath to her,
Who doth both love and fear you, honour'd sir.

CCCL.

TO THE QUEEN.

Goddess of youth, and lady of the spring,
Most fit to be the consort to a king,
Be pleas'd to rest you in this sacred grove,
Beset with myrtles, whose each leaf drops love.
Many a sweet-faced wood-nymph here is seen,
Of which chaste order you are now the Queen.
Witness their homage when they come and strew
Your walks with flowers, and give their crowns to you.
Your levy throne, with lily-work possess,
And be both princess here, and poetess.

CCCLI.

TO THE KING.

If when these lyrics, Cæsar, you shall hear
And that Apollo shall so touch your ear,
As for to make this, that, or any one
Number, your own, by free adoption ;
That verse, of all the verses here, shall be
The heir to this great realm of poetry.

CCCLII.

TO HIS NEPHEW, TO BE PROSPEROUS IN HIS
ART OF PAINTING.

On, as thou hast begun, brave youth, and get
The palm from Urbin, Titian, Tintaret,
Brugel, and Coxu, and the works outdo
Of Holbein, and that mighty Ruben too.
So draw, and paint, as none may do the like,
No, not the glory of the word, Vandike.

CCCLIII.

TO HIS PECULIAR FRIEND, SIR EDWARD FISH,
KNIGHT BARONET.

Since for thy dull deserts, with all the rest
Of these chaste spirits, that are here possess'd
Of life eternal, time has made thee one
For growth in this my rich plantation;
Live here; but know 'twas virtue, and not chance,
That gave thee this so high inheritance.
Keep it forever; grounded with the good,
Who hold fast here an endless lively food.

CCCLIV.

TO HIS PECULIAR FRIEND, MASTER THOMAS
SHAPCOTT, LAWYER.

I've paid thee what I promis'd; that's not all;
Besides, I give thee here a verse that shall,
When hence thy circum-mortal part is gone,
Arch-like, hold up, thy name's inscription.
Brave men can't die; whose candid actions are
Writ in the poet's endless calendar:
Whose vellum and whose volume is the sky,
And the pure stars the praising poetry.

Farewell.

CCCLV.

TO MISTRESS MARY WILLAND.

One more by thee, love, and desert have sent
T' enspangle this expansive firmament.
O flame of beauty! come, appear, appear
A Virgin taper, ever shining here.

CCCLVI.

TO THE RIGHT GRACIOUS PRINCE, LODWICK,
DUKE OF RICHMOND AND LENOX.

Of all those three brave brothers, fall'n i' the war,
(Not without glory) noble sir, you are,
Despite of all concussions, left the stem
To shoot forth generations like to them.
Which may be done, if, sir, you can beget
Men in their substance, not in counterfeit.
Such essences as those three brothers, known
Eternal by their own production.
Of whom, from Fame's white trumpet, this I'll tell,
Worthy their everlasting chronicle,
Never since first Bellona us'd a shield,
Such three brave brothers fell in Mars's field.
These were those three Horatii Rome did boast;
Rome's where these three Horatii we have lost.
One Cordelion had that age long since,
These three, which three you make up four, brave
prince.

CCCLVII.

TO HIS KINSMAN, SIR THOS. SOAME.

Seeing thee, Soame, I see a goodly man,
And in that good a great patrician;
Next to which two, among the city powers
And thrones, thy self one of those senators;
Not wearing purple only for the show,
As many conscripts of the city do,
But for true service, worthy of that gown,
The golden chain, too, and the civic crown.

CCCLVIII.

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, M. THO. FALCONBURGE.

Stand with thy graces forth, brave man, and rise
High with thine own auspicious destinies ;
Nor leave the search and proof till thou canst And
These, or those ends, to which thou wast design'd.
Thy lucky genius, and thy gilding star,
Have made thee prosperous in thy ways thus far ;
Nor will they leave thee, till they both have shown
Thee to the world a prime and public one.
Then, when thou see'st thine age all turn'd to gold,
Remember what thy Herrick thee foretold,
When at the holy threshold of thine house,
He boded good luck to thyself and spouse.
Lastly, be mindful, when thou art grown great,
That tow'rs high rear'd dread most the lightning's
threat ;
When as the humble cottages not fear
The cleaving bolt of Jove the thunderer.

CCCLIX.

TO HIS HONOURED KINSMAN, SIR WILLIAM SOAME.

I can but name thee, and methinks I call
All that have been, or are canonical
For love and bounty, to come near and see
Their many virtues volum'd up in thee ;
In thee, brave man, whose uncorrupted fame
Casts forth a light like to a virgin flame ;
And as it shines, it throws a scent about,
As when a rainbow in perfumes goes out.
So vanish hence, but leave a name as sweet
As Benjamin and Storax, when they meet.

CCCLX.

TO MISTRESS KATHARINE BRADSHAW, THE LOVELY,
THAT CROWNED HIM WITH LAUREL.

My Muse in meads has spent her many hours,
Sitting, and sorting several sorts of flowers,
To make for others garlands; and to set
On many a head here many a coronet.
But amongst all encircled here, not one
Gave her a day of coronation;
Till you, sweet mistress, came and interwove
A laurel for her, ever young as love,
You first of all crown'd her; she must, of due,
Render for that a crown of life to you.

CCCLXI.

TO HIS FAITHFUL FRIEND, MASTER JOHN CROFTS,
CUP-BEARER TO THE KING.

For all thy many courtesies to me,
Nothing I have, my Crofts, to send to thee
For the requital, save this only one
Half of my just remuneration.
For since I've travell'd all this realm throughout,
To seek and find some few immortals out,
To circumspace this my spacious sphere,
As lamps for everlasting shining here;
And having fix'd thee in mine orb, a star
Amongst the rest, both bright-and singular,
The present age will tell the world thou art,
If not to th' whole, yet satisfied in part;
As for the rest, being too great a sum
Here to be paid, I'll pay't i'th' world to come.

CCCLXII.

TO HIS KINSWOMAN, MRS. PENELOPE WHEELER.

Next is your lot, fair, to be number'd one
Here, in my book's canonization ;
Late you come in, but you a saint shall be,
In chief, in this poetic liturgy.

CCCLXIII.

ANOTHER UPON HER.

First, for your shape, the curious cannot show
Any one part that's dissonant in you ;
And 'gainst your chaste^d behaviour there's no plea,
Since you are known to be Penelope.
Thus fair and clean you are, although there be
A mighty strife 'twixt form and chastity.

CCCLXIV.

TO THE MOST LEARNED, WISE, AND ARCH
ANTIQUARY, M. JOHN SELDEN.

I who have favor'd many, come to be
Grac'd, now at last, or glorified by thee.
Lo, I, the lyric prophet, who have set
On many a head the Delphic coronet,
Come unto thee for laurel, having spent
My wreaths on those who little gave or lent.
Give me the Daphne, that the world may know it,
Whom they neglected thou hast crown'd a poet.
A city here of heroes I have made,
Upon the rock, whose firm foundation laid,
Shall never shrink ; where making thine abode,
Live thou a Selden, that's a demi-god.

CCCLXV.

TO THE PATRON OF POETS, M. END. PORTER.

Let there be patrons; patrons like to thee,
 Brave Porter! Poets ne'er will wanting be.
 Fabius, and Cotta, Lentulus, all live
 In thee, thou man of men! who here do'st give
 Not only subject-matter for our wit,
 But likewise oil of maintenance to it.
 For which, before thy threshold, we'll lay down
 Our thyrses for sceptre, and our bays for crown.
 For, to say truth, all garlands are thy due;
 The laurel, myrtle, oak, and ivy too.

CCCLXVI.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE EDWARD, EARL
OF DORSET.

If I dare write to you, my lord, who are
 Of your own self a public theatre;
 And sitting, see the while, ways, walks of wit,
 And give a righteous judgment upon it;
 What need I care, though some dislike me should,
 If Dorset says, what Herrick writes is good?
 We know ye're learn'd i' th' Muses, and no less
 In our state-sanctions, deep, or bottomless;
 Whose smile can make a poet, and your glance
 Dash all bad poems out of countenance;
 So that an author needs no other bays
 For coronation, than your only praise;
 And no one mischief greater than your frown,
 To null his numbers, and to blast his crown.
 Few live the life immortal. He ensures
 His fame's long life, who strives to set up yours.

CCCLXVII.

TO THE KING, TO CURE THE EVIL.

To find that tree of life, whose fruits did feed,
And leaves did heal, all sick of human seed ;
To find Bethesda, and an angel there,
Stirring the waters, I am come ; and here
At last I find, after my much to do,
The tree, Bethesda, and the angel too ;
And all in your blest hand, which has the powers
Of all those suppling healing herbs and flowers.
To that soft charm, that spell, that magic bough,
That high enchantment I betake me now ;
And to that hand, the branch of Heaven's fair tree,
I kneel for help ; O lay that hand on me,
Adored Cæsar ! and my faith is such,
I shall be healed, if that my King but touch.
The evil is not yours ; my sorrow sings,
Mine is the evil, but the cure the King's.

CCCLXVIII.

TO HIS HONOURED KINSMAN, SIR RICHARD STONE.

To this white temple of my heroes, here
Beset with stately figures everywhere,
Of such rare saintships, who did here consume
Their lives in sweets, and left in death perfume ;
Come thou, brave man ! and bring with thee a Stone
Unto thine own edification.
High are these statues here, besides no less
Strong than the heavens for everlastingness ;
Where build aloft, and being fix'd by these
Set up thine own eternal images.

CCCLXIX.

TO THE MOST VIRTUOUS MISTRESS POT, WHO
MANY TIMES ENTERTAINED HIM.

When I through all my many poems look,
And see yourself to beautify my book;
Methinks that only lustre doth appear
A light fulfilling all the region here;
Gild still with flames this firmament, and be
A lamp eternal to my poetry;
Which, if it now, or shall hereafter shine,
'Twas by your splendour, lady, not by mine.
The oil was yours, and that I owe for yet;
He pays the half who does confess the debt.

CCCLXX.

UPON HIS KINSWOMAN, MISTRESS ELIZABETH
HERRICK.

Sweet virgin, that I do not set
The pillars up of weeping jet,
Or mournful marble, let thy shade
Not wrathful seem, or fright the maid,
Who hither at her wonted hours
Shall come to strew thy earth with flowers.
No, know, blest maid, when there's not one
Remainder left of brass or stone,
Thy living epitaph shall be,
Though lost in them, yet found in me.
Dear, in thy bed of roses, then,
Till this world shall dissolve as men,
Sleep, while we hide thee from the light,
Drawing thy curtains round; Good night.

CCCLXXI.

TO DOCTOR ALABLASTER.

Nor art thou less esteem'd that I have plac'd,
Amongst mine honour'd, thee almost the last;
In great possessions many lead the way
To him who is the triumph of the day,
As these have done to thee, who art the one,
One only glory of a million;
In whom the spirit of the gods does dwell,
Firing thy soul, by which thou dost foretell,
When this or that vast dynasty must fall
Down to a fillit more imperial;
When this or that horn shall be broke, and when
Others shall spring up in their place again;
When times and seasons, and all years must lie
Drown'd in the sea of wild eternity:
When the Black Doom's-day book, as yet unseal'd,
Shall by the mighty Angel be reveal'd;
And when the trumpet which thou late hast found,
Shall call to judgment; tell us when the sound
Of this or that great April day shall be,
And next the Gospel, we will credit thee.
Mean time, like earth-worms we will crawl below,
And wender at those things that thou dost know.

CCCLXXII.

TO M. LAURENCE SWEETNAHAM.

Read thou my lines, my Sweetnaham, if there be
A fault, 'tis hid if it be voic'd by thee:
Thy mouth will make the sourest numbers please,
How will it drop pure honey, speaking these?

CCCLXXIII.

TO HIS WORTHY KINSMAN, MR. STEPHEN SOAME.

Nor is my number full, till I inscribe
Thee, sprightly Soame, one of my righteous tribe ;
A tribe of one lip, leven, and of one
Civil behaviour and religion ;
A stock of saints, where ev'ry one doth wear
A stole of white, and canonized here ;
Among which holies be thou ever known,
Brave kinsman, mark'd out with the whiter stone,
Which seals thy glory, since I do prefer
Thee here in my eternal calender.

CCCLXXIV.

TO HIS HONOURED FRIEND, SIR JOHN MINCE.

For civil, clean, and circumcised wit,
And for the comely carriage of it,
Thou art the man, the only man best known,
Mark'd for the true wit of a million ;
From whom we'll reckon wit came in, but since
The calculation of thy birth, brave Mince.

CCCLXXV.

TO HIS HONOURED FRIEND SIR THOMAS HEALE.

Stand by the magic of my powerful rhymes,
'Gainst all the indignation of the times ;
Age shall not wrong thee, or one jot abate
Of thy both great and everlasting fate :
While others perish, here's thy life decreed,
Because begot of my immortal seed.

CCCLXXVI.

TO THE MOST ACCOMPLISHED GENTLEMAN,
 MASTER EDWARD NORGATE,
 CLERK OF THE SIGNET TO HIS MAJESTY.

For one so rarely tun'd to fit all parts ;
 For one to whom espous'd are all the arts ;
 Long have I sought for ; but could never see
 Them all concentr'd in one man, but thee.
 Thus thou that man art, whom the Fates conspir'd
 To make but one, and that's thyself, admir'd.

CCCLXXVII.

TO PRINCE CHARLES, UPON HIS COMING TO EXETER.

What Fate decreed, Time now has made us see
 A renovation of the west by thee :
 That preternatural fever, which did threat
 Death to our country, now hath lost his heat ;
 And calms succeeding, we perceive no more
 Th' unequal pulse to beat, as heretofore.
 Something there yet remains for thee to do ;
 Then reach those ends that thou was destin'd to ;
 Go on with Sylla's fortune ; let thy fate
 Make thee like him, this, that way fortunate ;
 Apollo's image side with thee to bless
 Thy war, discreetly made, with white success :
 Meantime thy prophets watch by watch shall pray,
 While young Charles fights, and fighting wins the
 day.
 That done, our smooth-pac'd poems all shall be
 Sung in the high doxology of thee :
 Then maids shall strew thee, and thy curls from them
 Receive, with songs, a flowery diadem.

CCCLXXVIII.

TO THE KING, UPON HIS COMING WITH HIS ARMY
INTO THE WEST.

Welcome, most welcome to our vows and us,
Most great and universal Genius !
The drooping west, which hitherto has stood
As one, in long-lamented widowhood,
Looks like a bride now, or a bed of flowers,
Newly refresh'd both by the sun and showers ;
War, which before was horrid, now appears
Lovely in you, brave Prince of Cavaliers !
A deal of courage in each bosom springs
By your access, O you the best of Kings !
Ride on with all white omens, so that where
Your standard's up, we fix a conquest there.

CCCLXXIX.

TO THE KING.

Give way, give way ; now, now my Charles shines
here,
A public light, in this immensive sphere ;
Some stars were fix'd before, but these are dim,
Compar'd, in this my ample orb, to him.
Draw in your feeble fires, while that he
Appears but in his meaner majesty ;
Where, if such glory flashes from his name,
Which is his shade, who can abide his flame !
Princes, and such like public lights as these,
Must not be look'd on but at distances ;
For, if we gaze on these brave lamps too near,
Our eyes they'll blind, or if not blind, they'll blear.

CCCLXXX.

TO HIS DEAR VALENTINE, MRS. MARGARET FALCON-
BRIDGE.

Now is your turn, my dearest to be set
A gem in this eternal coronet ;
'Twas rich before, but since your name is down,
It sparkles now like Ariadne's crown.
Blaze by this sphere for ever : or this do,
Let me and it shine evermore by you.

CCCLXXXI.

TO HIS HONOURABLE FRIEND, M. JOHN WEARE,
COUNSELLOR.

Did I or love, or could I others draw
To the indulgence of the rugged law ;
The first foundation of that zeal should be
By reading all her paragraphs in thee,
Who dost so fitly with the laws unite,
As if you two were one hermaphrodite ;
Nor courts thou her because she's well attended
With wealth, but for those ends she was intended ;
Which were, and still her offices are known,
Law is to give to ev'ry one his own ;
To shore the feeble up against the strong,
To shield the stranger and the poor from wrong :
This was the founder's grave and good intent,
To keep the outcast in his tenement ;
To free the orphan from that wolf-like man,
Who is his butcher more than guardian ;
To dry the widow's tears, and stop her swoons,
By pouring balm and oil into her wounds ;

This was the old way, and 'tis yet thy course
 To keep those pious principles in force.
 Modest I will be, but one word I'll say,
 Like to a sound that's vanishing away,
 Sooner the inside of thy hand shall grow
 Hisped and hairy, ere thy palm shall know
 A postern-bribe took, or a forked fee
 To fetter justice, when she might be free.
 Eggs I'll not shave; but yet, brave man, if I
 Was destin'd forth to golden sovereignty;
 A prince I'd be, that I might thee prefer
 To be my counsel both and chancellor.

CCCLXXXII.

TO THE MOST COMELY AND PROPER M. ELIZABETH
 FINCH.

Handsome you are, and proper you will be,
 Despite of all your infortunity;
 Live long and lovely, but yet grow no less
 In that your own prefix'd comeliness;
 Spend on that stock, and when your life must fall,
 Leave others beauty to set up withal.

CCCLXXXIII.

TO THE HONOURED MASTER ENDYMION PORTER.

When to thy porch I come, and, ravish'd, see
 The state of poets there attending thee;
 Those bards, and I, all in a chorus sing,
 "We are thy prophets, Porter; thou our king."

CCCLXXXIV.

TO SIR JOHN BERKLEY, GOVERNOR OF EXETER.

Stand forth, brave man, since Fate has made thee here
The Hector over aged Exeter ;
Who for a long sad time has weeping stood,
Like a poor lady lost in widowhood :
But fears not now to see her safety sold,
As other towns and cities were, for gold,
By those ignoble births, which shame the stem
That gave progermination unto them ;
Whose restless ghosts shall hear their children sing,
Our sires betrayed their country and their king.
True, if this city seven times rounded was
With rock, and seven times circumflank'd with brass,
Yet, if thou wert not, Berkley, loyal proof,
The senators down tumbling with the roof,
Would into prais'd but pitied, ruins fall,
Leaving no show where stood the capital.
But thou are just and itchless, and dost please
Thy genius with two strength'ning buttresses,
Faith, and affection ; which will never slip
To weaken this thy great Dictatorship.

CCCLXXXV.

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, M. ARTHUR BARTLY.

When after many lustres thou shalt be
Wrap'd up in sere-cloth with thine ancestry ;
When of thy ragg'd escutcheons shall be seen
So little left, as if they ne'er had been ;
Thou shalt thy name have, and thy fame's best trust,
Here with the generation of my just.

CCCLXXXVI.

UPON M. WILLIAM LAWES, THE RARE MUSICIAN.

Should I not put on blacks, when each one here
Comes with his cypress, and devotes a tear ?
Should I not grieve, my Lawes, when every lute,
Viol, and voice is, by thy loss, struck mute ?
Thy loss, brave man ! whose numbers have been hurl'd,
And no less prais'd than spread throughout the world :
Some have thee call'd Amphion ; some of us
Nam'd thee Terpander, or sweet Orpheus ;
Some this, some that, but all in this agree,
Music had both her birth and death with thee.

CCCLXXXVII.

TO HIS HONOURED AND MOST INGENIOUS FRIEND
MR. CHARLES COTTON.

For brave comportment, wit without offence,
Words fully flowing, yet of influence,
Thou art that man of men, the man alone
Worthy the public admiration ;
Who with thine own eyes read'st what we do write,
And giv'st our numbers euphony and weight ;
Tell'st when a verse springs high, how understood
To be, or not, born of the royal blood :
What state above, what symmetry below,
Lines have, or should have, thou the best can show ;
For which, my Charles, it is my pride to be,
Not so much known, as to be lov'd of thee ;
Long may I live so, and my wreath of bays
Be less another's laurel than thy praise.

CCCLXXXVIII.

TO M. LEONARD WILLAN, HIS PECULIAR FRIEND.

I will be short, and having quickly hurl'd
This line about, live thou throughout the world,
Who art a man for all scenes ; unto whom,
What's hard to others, nothing's troublesome :
Can'st write the comic, tragic strain, and fall
From these to pen the pleasing pastoral :
Who fli'st at all heights ; prose and verse runs't
through ;
Find'st here a fault, and mend'st the trespass too ;
For which I might extol thee, but speak less,
Because thyself art coming to the press ;
And then should I in praising thee be slow,
Posterity will pay thee what I owe.

CCCLXXXIX.

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, M. JOHN HALL, STUDENT
OF GRAY'S-INN.

Tell me, young man, or did the Muses bring
The less to taste, than to drink up their spring ;
That none hereafter should be thought, or be
A poet, or a poet-like, but thee ?
What was thy birth, thy star that makes thee known,
At twice ten years, a prime and public one ?
Tell us thy nation, kindred, or the whence
Thou had'st and hast thy mighty influence,
That makes thee lov'd, and of the men desir'd,
And no less prais'd, than of the maids admir'd.
Put on thy laurel then, and in that trim
Be thou Apollo, or the type of him ;
Or let the unshorn god lend thee his lyre,
And next to him, be master of the choir.

CCCXC.

TO HIS BROTHER, NICHOLAS HERRICK.

What others have with cheapness seen, and ease,
In varnish'd maps, by the help of compasses ;
Or read in volumes, and those books withal
Their large narrations, incanonical,
Thou hast beheld those seas and countries far ;
And tell'st to us what once they were and are ;
So that with bold truth thou canst now relate
This kingdom's fortune, and that empire's fate ;
Canst talk to us of Sharon, where a spring
Of roses have an endless flourishing ;
Of Sion, Sinai, Nebo, and with them,
Make known to us the New Jerusalem ;
The Mount of Olives, Calvary, and where
Is, and hast seen, thy Saviour's sepulchre :
So that the man that will but lay his ears,
As inapostate, to the thing he hears,
Shall by his hearing quickly come to see
The truth of travels less in books than thee.

CCCXCI.

TO THE MOST ACCOMPLISHED GENTLEMAN, MASTER
MICHAEL OULSWORTH.

Nor think that thou in this my book art worst,
Because not plac'd here with the midst, or first ;
Since fame that sides with these, or goes before
'Those that must live with thee for evermore ;
That fame, and fame's rear'd pillar, thou shalt see
In the next sheet, brave man, to follow thee :
Fix on that column then, and never fall,
Held up by fame's eternal pedestal.

CCCXCII.

THE SCHOOL OR PEARL OF PUTNEY, THE MISTRESS
OF ALL SINGULAR MANNERS, MRS. PORTMAN.

Whether I was myself, or else did see
Out of myself that glorious hierarchy;
Or whether those, in orders rare, or these
Made up one state of sixty Venuses;
Or whether fairies, syrens, nymphs they were,
Or muses, on their mountain sitting there;
Or some enchanted place, I do not know;
Or Sharon, where eternal roses grow;
This I am sure, I ravish'd stood, as one
Confus'd in utter admiration.
Methought I saw them stir, and gently move,
And look as all were capable of love;
And in their motion smelt much like to flowers
Inspir'd by th' sun-beams after dews and showers.
There did I see the reverend Rectress stand,
Who with her eyes-gleam, or a glance of hand,
Those spirits rais'd, and with like precepts then,
As with a magic, laid them all again:
A happy realm! when no compulsive law,
Or fear of it, but love keeps all in awe,
Live you, great mistress of your hearts, and be
A nursing mother so to majesty,
As those your ladies may in time be seen,
For grace and carriage every one a queen.
One birth their parents gave them, but their new
And better being, they receive from you:
Man's former birth is graceless, but the state
Of life comes in when he's regenerate.

CCCXCIII.

TO THE KING, UPON HIS WELCOME TO HAMPTON
COURT. SET AND SUNG.

Welcome, Great Cæsar ! welcome now you are,
As dearest peace after destructive war ;
Welcome as slumbers, or as beds of ease,
After our long and peevish sicknesses.
O pomp of glory ! Welcome now, and come
To repossess once more your long'd-for home ;
A thousand altars smoke, a thousand thighs
Of beeves here ready stand for sacrifice :
Enter and prosper, while our eyes do wait
For an ascendant thoroughly auspicious ;
Under which sign we may the former stone
Lay of our safeties new foundation.
That done, O Cæsar ! live, and be to us
Our Fate, our Fortune, and our Genius ;
To whose free knees we may our temples tie,
As to a still protecting Deity :
That should you stir, we, and our altars too,
May, Great Augustus, go along with you.
Chor. Long live the King ; and to accomplish this,
We'll from our own add far more years to his.

CCCXCIV.

TO HIS KINSMAN, M. THO. HERRICK, WHO DESIRED
TO BE IN HIS BOOK.

Welcome to this my college, and, though late
Thou'st got a place here, standing candidate ;
It matters not, since thou art chosen one
Here of my great and good foundation.

CCCXCV.

ULTIMUS HEROUM; OR,
TO THE MOST LEARNED, AND TO THE RIGHT
HON. HENRY, MARQUIS OF DORCHESTER.

And as, time past, when Cato the severe,
Entered the circumspacious theatre,
In reverence of his person, every one
Stood as he had been turn'd from flesh to stone ;
E'en so my numbers will astonish'd be,
If but look'd on ; struck dead, if scan'd by thee.

CCCXCVI.

TO HIS MUSE. ANOTHER TO THE SAME.

Tell that brave man, fain thou would'st have access
To kiss his hands ; but that for fearfulness,
Or else, because th'art like a modest bride,
Ready to blush to death should he but chide.

CCCXCVII.

TO M. HENRY LAWES, THE EXCELLENT COMPOSER
OF HIS LYRICS.

Touch but thy lyre, my Harry, and I hear
From thee some raptures of the rare Gotiere ;
Then if thy voice commingle with the string,
I hear in thee the rare Laniere to sing,
Or curious Wilson ; tell me, canst thou be
Less than Apollo, that usurp'st such three ;
Three, unto whom the whole world give applause ;
Yet their three praises praise but one, that's Lawes.

CCCXCVIII.

TO SIR GEORGE PARRY, DOCTOR OF THE CIVIL LAW.

I have my laurel chaplet on my head,
If 'mongst these many numbers to be read,
But one by you be hug'd and cherished.

Peruse my measures thoroughly, and where
Your judgment finds a guilty poem, there
Be you a judge, but not a judge severe.

The mean pass by, or over ; none contemn ;
The good applaud ; the peccant less condemn,
Since absolution you can give to them.

Stand forth, brave man, here to the public sight,
And in my book now claim a two-fold-right ;
The first as Doctor, and the last as Knight.

CCCXCIX.

TO HIS LEARNED FRIEND, M. JO. HARMAR,
PHYSICIAN TO THE COLLEGE OF
WESTMINSTER.

When first I find those numbers thou do'st write,
To be most soft, terce, sweet, and perpolite ;
Next, when I see thee tow'ring in the sky,
In an expansion no less large than high ;
Then in that compass, sailing here and there,
And with circumgyration everywhere ;
Following with love and active heat thy game,
And then at last to truss the epigram ;

I must confess, distinction none I see
Between Domitian's Martial then and thee
But this I know, should Jupiter again
Descend from heaven, to re-converse with men ;
The Roman language, full and superfine,
If Jove would speak, he would accept of thine.

CCCC.

TO HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW, MASTER JOHN
WINGFIELD.

For being comely, consonant, and free
To most of men, but most of all to me ;
For so decreeing, that thy clothes' expense
Keeps still within a just circumference ;
Then for contriving so to load thy board,
As that the messes ne'r o'rlaid the Lord ;
Next, for ordaining that thy words not swell
To any one unsober syllable ;
These I could praise thee for beyond another,
Wert thou a Wingfield only, not a brother.

CCCCI.

TO THE HANDSOME MRS. GRACE POTTER.

As is your name, so is your comely face
Touch'd everywhere with such diffused grace,
As that in all that admirable round,
There is not one least solecism found ;
And as that part, so every portion else
Keeps line for line with beauty's parallels.

CCCCII.

TO HIS PECULIAR FRIEND, M. JO. WICKS.

Since shed or cottage I have none,
I sing the more, that thou hast one ;
To whose glad threshold, and free door
I may a poet come, though poor,
And eat with thee a savory bit,
Paying but common thanks for it :
Yet should I chance, my Wicks, to see
An over leaven look in thee,
To sour the bread, and turn the beer
To an exalted vinegar ;
Or should'st thou prize me as a dish
Of thrice-boil'd worts, or third days fish,
I'd rather hungry go and come,
Than to thy house be burdensome ;
Yet, in my depth of grief, I'd be
One that should drop his beads for thee.

CCCCIII.

TO THE KING, UPON HIS TAKING OF LEICESTER.

This day is yours, Great Charles ! and in this war
Your fate and ours alike victorious are.
In her white stole, now victory does rest,
Enspher'd with palm on your triumphant crest ;
Fortune is now your captive ; other kings
Hold but her hands ; you hold both hands and wings.

CCCCIV.

TO HIS FRIEND MASTER J. JINCKS.

Love, love me now, because I place
Thee here among my righteous race;
The bastard slips may droop and die,
Wanting both root and earth, but thy
Immortal self shall boldly trust
To live for ever with my Just.

CCCCV.

TO THE LORD HOPTON, ON HIS FIGHT IN CORNWALL.

Go on, brave Hopton, to effectuate that
Which we, and times to come, shall wonder at:
Lift up thy sword; next, suffer it to fall,
And by that one blow set an end to all.

CCCCVI.

TO HIS SISTER-IN-LAW, M. SUSANNAH HERRICK.

The person crowns the place; your lot doth fall
Last, yet to be with these a principal:
How ere it fortun'd, know, for truth, I meant
You a fore-leader in this testament.

CCCCVII.

TO THE EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

When my date's done, and my grey age must die;
Nurse up, great lord, this my posterity;
Weak though it be, long may it grow, and stand,
Shor'd up by you, brave Earl of Westmoreland.

MORAL AND PATHETIC.

CCCCVIII.

A PSALM, OR HYMN TO THE GRACES.

**Glory be to the Graces,
That do in public places,
Drive thence what ere encumbers
The list'ning to my numbers !**

**Honour be to the Graces,
Who do with sweet embraces,
Show they are well contented
With what I have invented !**

**Worship be to the Graces,
Who do from sour faces,
And lungs that would infect me,
For evermore protect me !**

MORAL AND PATHETIC.

CCCCIX.

TO M. DENHAM, ON HIS PROSPECTIVE POEM.

Oh look'd I back unto the times hence flown,
 To praise those muses, and dislike our own ;
 Or did I walk those Pean gardens through,
 To kick the flow'rs, and scorn their odours too ;
 I might, and justly, be reputed here
 One nicely mad, or peevishly severe ;
 But by Apollo ! as I worship wit,
 Where I have cause to burn perfumes to it,
 So, I confess, 'tis somewhat to do well
 In our high art, although we can't excel,
 Like you ; or dare the buskins to unloose
 Of thy brave, bold, and sweet Maronian muse.
 But since I'm call'd rare Denham, to be gone,
 Take from thy Herrick this conclusion ;
 'Tis dignity in others, if they be
 Crown'd poets, yet live princes under thee ;
 The while their wreaths and purple robes do shine,
 Less by their own gems than those beams of thine.

CCCCX.

TO HIS DYING BROTHER, MASTER WILLIAM
HERRICK.

Life of my life, take not so soon thy flight,
But stay the time till we have bade good night.
Thou hast both wind and tide with thee; thy way
As soon dispatch'd is by the night as day.
Let us not then so rudely henceforth go
Till we have wept, kiss'd, sigh'd, shook hands, or so.
There's pain in parting, and a kind of hell
When once true lovers take their last farewell.
What? shall we two our endless leaves take here
Without a sad look, or a solemn tear?
He knows not love that hath not this truth proved,
Love is most loth to leave the thing beloved.
Pay we our vows and go, yet when we part,
Then, even then, I will bequeath my heart
Into thy loving hands; for I'll keep none
To warm my breast, when thou my pulse art gone:
No, here I'll last, and walk, a harmless shade,
About this urn, wherein thy dust is laid,
To guard it so as nothing here shall be
Heavy, to hurt those sacred seeds of thee.

CCCCXI.

TO MISTRESS DOROTHY PARSONS.

If thou ask me, dear, wherefore
I do write of thee no more;
I must answer, sweet thy part
Less is here than in my heart.

CCCCXII.

UPON THE TROUBLESOME TIMES.

O ! Times most bad,
Without the scope
Of hope
Of better to be had !

Where shall I go,
Or whither run,
To shun
This public overthrow ?

No places are,
This I am sure,
Secure
In this our wasting war..

Some storms we've past ;
Yet we must all
Down fall,
And perish at the last.

CCCCXIII.

ON HIMSELF.

I will no longer kiss,
I can no longer stay ;
The way of all flesh is,
That I must go this day :
Since longer I can't live,
My frolic youths, adieu :
My lamp to you I'll give,
And all my troubles too.

CCCCXIV.

UPON HIS SISTER-IN-LAW, MRS. ELIZAB. HERRICK.

First, for effusions due unto the dead,
My solemn vows have here accomplished ;
Next, how I love thee, that my grief must tell,
Wherein thou liv'st for ever. Dear, farewell !

CCCCXV.

UPON THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN'S IMPRISONMENT.

Never was day so over-sick with show'rs,
But that it had some intermitting hours.
Never was night so tedious, but it knew
The last watch out, and saw the dawning too.
Never was dungeon so obscurely deep,
Wherein or light or day did never peep.
Never did moon so ebb, or seas so wane,
But they left hope-seed to fill up again.
So you, my lord, though you have now your stay,
Your night, your prison, and your ebb ; you may
Spring up afresh, when all these mists are spent,
And star-like, once more gild our firmament.
Let but that mighty Cæsar speak, and then
All bolts, all bars, all gates shall cleave, as when
That earthquake shook the house, and gave the stout
Apostles way, unshackled, to go out.
This, as I wish for, so I hope to see ;
Though you, my lord, have been unkind to me :
To wound my heart, and never to apply,
When you had power, the meanest remedy.
Well, though my grief by you was gall'd the more,
Yet I bring balm and oil to heal your sore.

CCCCXVI.

TO ANTHEA.

If, dear Anthea, my hard fate it be
To live some few sad hours after thee ;
Thy sacred corse with odours I will burn,
And with my laurel crown thy golden urn.
Then holding up there such religious things,
As were, time past, thy holy fillitings :
Near to thy reverend pitcher I will fall
Down dead with grief, and end my woes withall ;
So three in one small plot of ground shall lay,
Anthea, Herrick, and his poetry.

CCCCXVII.

DEAN-BOURN, A RUDE RIVER IN DEVON, BY WHICH
SOMETIMES HE LIVED.

Dean-bourn, farewell ; I never look to see
Dean, or thy warty incivility ;
Thy rocky bottom, that doth tear thy streams,
And make them frantic e'en to all extremes,
To my content, I never should behold,
Were thy streams silver, or thy rocks all gold.
Rocky thou art ; and rocky we discover
Thy men, and rocky are thy ways all over.
O men, O manners ; now, and ever known
To be a rocky generation ;
A people currish, churlish as the seas,
And rude almost as rudest savages,
With whom I did, and may re-sojourn when
Rocks turn to rivers, rivers turn to men.

CCCCXVIII.

TO SIR CLIPSBY CREW.

Since to the country first I came,
 I have lost my former flame ;
 And, methinks, I not inherit,
 As I did, my ravish'd spirit.
 If I write a verse or two,
 'Tis with very much ado ;
 In regard I want that wine
 Which should conjure up a line.
 Yet, though now of muse bereft,
 I have still the mⁿners left
 For to thank you, noble sir,
 For those gifts you do confer
 Upon him, who only can
 Be in prose a grateful man.

CCCCXIX.

 TO THE KING AND QUEEN, UPON THEIR UNHAPPY
 DISTANCES.

Woe, woe to them, who by a ball of strife,
 Do, and have parted here a man and wife ;
 CHARLES, the best husband, while MARIA strives
 To be, and is, the very best of wives ;
 Like streams, you are divorc'd, but 'twill come when
 These eyes of mine shall see you mix again.
 Thus speaks the Oak here, C. and M. shall meet,
 Treading on amber with their silver feet ;
 Nor will't be long ere this accomplish'd be ;
 The words found true, C. M. remember me.

CCCCXX.

THE BAD SEASON MAKES THE POET SAD.

Dull to myself, and almost dead to these,
My many fresh and fragrant mistresses ;
Lost to all music now, since everything
Puts on the semblance here of sorrowing ;
Sick is the land to th' heart ; and doth endure
More dangerous faintings by her desp'rate cure.
But if that golden age would come again,
And Charles here rule, as he before did reign :
If smooth and unperplex'd the seasons were,
As when the sweet Maria lived here ;
I should delight to have my curls half drown'd
In Syrian dews, and head with roses crown'd :
And once more yet, ere I am laid out dead,
Knock at a star with my exalted head.

CCCXXI.

MEN MIND NO STATE IN SICKNESS.

That flow of gallants which approach
To kiss thy hand from out the coach ;
That fleet of lackeys which do run
Before thy swift postilion ;
Those strong hoof'd mules, which we behold
Rein'd in with purple, pearl, and gold,
And shod with silver, prove to be
The drawers of the axeltree ;
Thy wife, thy children, and the state
Of Persian looms and antique plate :
All these, and more, shall then afford
No joy to thee, their sickly lord.

CCCCXXII.

HIS PRAYER TO BEN JONSON.

When I a verse shall make,
Know I have pray'd thee,
For old religion's sake,
Saint Ben, to aid me.

Make the way smooth for me
When I, thy Herrick,
Honouring thee, on my knee
Offer my Lyric.

Candles I'll giveth to thee,
And a new altar;
And thou, Saint Ben, shalt be
Writ in my psalter.

CCCCXXIII.

TO HIS TOMB-MAKER.

Go I must; when I am gone,
Write but this upon my stone;
Chaste I liv'd, without a wife,
That's the story of my life.
Strewings need none, every flower
Is in this word, bachelor.

CCCCXXIV.

THE POET HATH LOST HIS PIPE.

I cannot pipe as I was wont to do,
Broke is my reed, hoarse is my singing too;
My wearied oat I'll hang upon the tree,
And give it to the Sylvan deity.

CCCCXXV.

TO HIS VERSES.

What will ye, my poor orphans, do,
When I must leave the world and you ;
Who'll give ye then a shelt'ring shed,
Or credit ye, when I am dead ?
Who'll let ye by their fire sit,
Although ye have a stock of wit,
Already coin'd to pay for it ?
I cannot tell ; unless there be
Some race of old humanity
Left, of the large heart and long hand,
Alive, as noble Westmoreland,
Or gallant Newark ; which brave two
May fost'ring fathers be to you.
If not, expect to be no less
Ill used than babes left fatherless.

CCCCXXVI.

TO MY DEAREST SISTER, M. MERCY HERRICK.

Whene'er I go, or whatsoe'er befalls
Me in mine age, or foreign funerals,
This blessing I will leave thee ere I go,
Prosper thy basket, and therein thy dough ;
Feed on the paste of filberts, or else knead
And bake the flour of amber for thy bread ;
Balm may thy tears drop, and thy springs run oil,
And everlasting harvest crown thy soil !
These I but wish for ; but thyself shall see
The blessing fall in mellow times on thee.

CCCCXXVII.

TO HIS CLOSET GODS.

When I go hence, ye closet gods, I fear
Never again to have ingress here ;
Where I have had, whatever things could be
Pleasant and precious to my muse and me.
Besides rare sweets, I had a book which none
Could read the intext but myself alone ;
About the cover of this book there went
A curious comely clean compartement ;
And in the midst, to grace it more, was set
A blushing pretty peeping rubelet ;
But now 'tis closed ; and being shut and seal'd,
Be it, O be it never more reveal'd !
Keep here still, closet gods, 'fore whom I've set
Oblations oft of sweetest marmeleet.

CCCCXXVIII.

TO HIS FRIEND, ON THE UNTUNEABLE TIMES.

Play I could once ; but, gentle friend, you see
My harp hung up here on the willow tree.
Sing I could once ; and bravely, too, inspire,
With luscious numbers, my melodious lyre.
Draw, I could once, although not stocks or stones,
Amphion-like men made of flesh and bones.
Whether I would ; but, ah ! I know not how
I feel in this my transmutation now.
Grief, my dear friend, has first my harp unstrung,
Wither'd my hand, and palsy-struck my tongue.

CCCCXXIX.

HIS POETRY HIS PILLAR.

Only a little more
 I have to write,
 Then I'll give o'er,
And bid the world good-night.

'Tis but a flying minute
 That I must stay,
 Or linger in it,
And then I must away.

O Time, that cut'st down all!
 And scarce leav'st here
 Memorial
Of any men that were.

How many lie forgot
 In vaults beneath;
 And piece-meal rot
Without a fame in death?

Behold this living stone
 I rear for me,
 Ne'er to be thrown
Down, envious Time, by thee.

Pillars let some set up,
 If so they please,
 Here is my hope,
And my Pyramid.

CCCCXXX.

SAFETY TO LOOK TO ONE'S SELF.

For my neighbour, I'll not know
Whether high he builds or no ;
Only this I'll look upon,
Firm be my foundation.
Sound or unsound let it be,
'Tis the lot ordain'd for me.
He who to the ground does fall,
Has not whence to sink at all.

CCCCXXXI.

NO SHIPWRECK OF VIRTUE. TO A FRIEND.

Thou sail'st with others in this Argos here,
Nor wreck or bulging thou hast cause to fear ;
But trust to this, my noble passenger,
Who swims with Virtue, he shall still be sure,
Ulysses-like, all tempests to endure,
And 'midst a thousand gulfs to be secure.

CCCCXXXII.

THE CURSE. A SONG.

Go, perjured man ; and if thou e'er return
To see the small remainders in mine urn ;
When thou shalt laugh at my religious dust,
And ask, where's now the colour, form, and trust
Of woman's beauty ? and with hand more rude
Rifle the flowers which the virgins strew'd ;
Know, I have pray'd to Fury, that some wind
May blow my ashes up, and strike thee blind.

CCCCXXXIII.

FOUR THINGS MAKE US HAPPY HERE.

Health is the first good lent to men ;
A gentle disposition then :
Next, to be rich by no bye-ways ;
Lastly, with friends t' enjoy our days.

CCCCXXXIV.

TO HIS HOUSEHOLD GODS.

Rise, household-gods, and let us go,
But whither, I myself not know.
First, let us dwell on rudest seas ;
Next, with severest savages ;
Last, let us make our best abode,
Where human foot has yet ne'er trod ;
Search worlds of ice, and rather there
Dwell, than in loathed Devonshire.

CCCCXXXV.

GOOD PRECEPTS, OR COUNSEL.

In all thy need, be thou possess'd
Still with a well-prepared breast ;
Nor let thy shackles make thee sad ;
Thou canst but have what others had.
And this for comfort thou must know,
Times that are ill won't still be so :
Clouds will not ever pour down rain ;
A sullen day will clear again.
First peals of thunder we must hear,
Then lutes and harps shall strike the ear.

CCCCXXXVI.

TO JULIA.

The saint-bell calls ; and Julia, I must read
The proper lessons for the saints now dead ;
To grace which service, Julia, there shall be
One holy collect said or sung for thee.
Dead when thou art, dear Julia, thou shalt have
A trental sung by virgins o'er thy grave ;
Meantime we two will sing the dirge of these,
Who dead, deserve our best remembrances.

CCCCXXXVII.

TO HIS MAID PREW.

These summer birds did with thy master stay
The times of warmth, but then they flew away,
Leaving the poet, being now grown old,
Expos'd to all the coming winter's cold.
But thou, kind Prew, did'st with my fates abide,
As well the winter's as the summer's tide ;
For which thy love, live with thy master here,
Not one, but all the seasons of the year.

CCCCXXXVIII.

TO ELECTRA.

Let not thy tombstone e'er be laid by me ;
Nor let my hearse be wept upon by thee ;
But let that instant when thou dy'st be known,
The minute of mine expiration ;
One knell be rung for both, and let one grave
To hold us two an endless honour have.

CCCCXXXIX.

HIS ALMS.

Here, here I live,
And somewhat give
Of what I have
To those who crave.
Little or much,
My Alms is such ;
But if my deal
Of oil and meal
Shall fuller grow,
More I'll bestow.
Mean time, be it
E'en but a bit,
Or else a crumb,
The scrip hath some.

CCCCXL.

THE PLUNDER.

I am of all bereft,
Save but some few beans left,
Whereof, at last, to make
For me and mine a cake ;
Which eaten, they and I
Will say our grace, and die.

CCCCXLI.

UPON HIS EYE-SIGHT FAILING HIM

I begin to wane in sight ;
Shortly I shall bid good night ;
Then no gazing more about,
When the tapers once are out.

CCCCXLII.

A HYMN TO CLIPSEBY CREW.

'Twas not love's dart,
Or any blow
Of want, or foe,
Did wound my heart
With an eternal smart.

But only you,
My sometimes known
Companion, ♀...
My dearest Crew,
That me unkindly slew.

May your fault die,
And have no name
In books of fame :
Or let it lie
Forgotten now as I.

We parted are
And now no more,
As heretofore
By jocund Larr,
Shall be familiar.

But though we sever,
My Crew shall see
That I will be
Here faithless never,
But love my Clipseby ever.

CCCCXLIII.

A DIRGE UPON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT VALIANT
LORD BERNARD STUART.

Hence, hence, profane ; soft silence let us have,
While we this Trental sing about thy grave.

Had wolves or tigers seen but thee,
They would have show'd civility ;
And in compassion of thy years,
Wash'd those thy purple wounds with tears.
But since th'art slain, and in thy fall
The drooping kingdom suffers all.

Chor. This we will do ; we'll daily come
And offer tears upon thy tomb ;
And if that they will not suffice,
Thou shalt have souls for sacrifice.
Sleep in thy peace, while we with spice perfume thee,
And cedar wash thee, that no times consume thee.

Live, live thou dost, and shalt, for why ?
Souls do not with their bodies die ;
Ignoble offsprings. they may fall
Into the flames of funeral ;
When as the chosen seed shall spring
Fresh, and forever flourishing.

Chor And times to come shall, weeping, read thy
glory,
Less in these marble stones, than in thy story.

CCCCXLIV.

UPON HIS DEPARTURE HENCE.

Thus I
Pass by,
And die,
As one
Unknown
And gone :
I'm made
A shade,
And laid
I'th grave,
There have
My cave :
Where tell
I dwell,
Farewell.

CCCCXLV.

UPON HIMSELF.

Come, leave this loathed country-life, and then
Grow up to be a Roman citizen.
Those mites of time, which yet remain unspent,
Waste thou in that most civil government.
Get their comportment, and the gliding tongue
Of those mild men thou art to live among ;
Then being seated in that smother sphere,
Decree thy everlasting topic there ;
And to the farm-house ne'er return at all,
Though granges do not love thee, cities shall.

CCCCXLVI.

LEPROSY IN CLOTHES.

When flowing garments I behold,
Inspir'd with purple, pearl, and gold ;
I think no other, but I see
In them a glorious leprosy,
That does infect, and make the rent
More mortal in the vestiment.
As flowery vestures do descry
The wearer's rich immodesty ;
So plain and simple clothes do show
Where virtue walks, not those that flow.

CCCCXLVII.

TO HIS KINSWOMAN, MISTRESS SUSANNA
HERRICK.

When I consider, dearest, thou dost stay
But here awhile, to languish and decay ;
Like to these garden glories, which here be
The flow'ry sweet resemblances of thee :
With grief of heart, methinks, I thus do cry,
Would thou had'st ne'er been born, or might'st not
die.

CCCCXLVIII.

THE RAINBOW.

Look how the rainbow doth appear
But in one only hemisphere ;
So likewise after our decease,
No more is seen the arch of peace.
That cov'nant's here, the under-bow,
That nothing shoots, but war and woe.

CCCCXLIX.

THE DREAM.

By dream, I saw one of the three
Sisters of Fate appear to me.
Close by my bed's side she did stand,
Showing me there a firebrand :
She told me, too, as that did spend,
So drew my life unto an end.
Three-quarters were consum'd of it ;
Only remain'd a little bit,
Which will be burnt up by and by ;
Then Julia, weep, for I must die.

CCCCCL.

THE CHRISTIAN MILITANT.

A man prepar'd against all ills to come,
That dares to dread the fire of martyrdom ;
That sleeps at home, and sailing there at ease,
Fears not the fierce sedition of the seas ;
That's counter-proof against the farm's mishaps,
Undreadful too of courtly thunderclaps ;
That wears one face, like heaven, and never shows
A change, when fortune either comes or goes ;
That keeps his own strong guard, in the despite
Of what can hurt by day, or harm by night ;
That takes and re-delivers every stroke
Of chance, as made up all of rock and oak ;
That sighs at other's death, smiles at his own
Most dire and horrid crucifixion.
Who for true glory suffers thus, we grant
Him to be here our Christian militant.

CCCCLI.

HIS LACHRYMÆ, OR MIRTH TURNED TO MOURNING.

Call me no more,
As heretofore,
The music of a feast ;
Since now, alas,
The mirth that was
In me, is dead or ceas'd.

Before I went
To banishment
Into the loathed West,
I could rehearse
A lyric verse,
And speak it with the best.

But time, ah me !
Has laid, I see,
My organ fast asleep :
And turn'd my voice
Into the noise
Of those that sit and weep.

CCCCLII.

ON HIMSELF.

Ask me why I do not sing
To the tension of the string,
As I did not long ago,
When my numbers full did flow ?
Grief, ah me ! hath struck my lute,
And my tongue at one time mute.

CCCCLIII.

TO THE YEW AND THE CYPRESS TO GRACE HIS
FUNERAL.

Both you two have
Relation to the grave ;
And where
The funeral-trump sounds, you are there.

I shall be made
Ere long a fleeting shade ;
Pray come,
And do some honourⁿ to my tomb.

Do not deny
My last request, for I
Will be
Thankful to you, or friends, for me.

CCCCLIV.

ON HIMSELF.

A wearied pilgrim I have wandered here,
Twice five-and-twenty, bate me but one year ;
Long I have lasted in this world, 'tis true,
But yet those years that I have liv'd, but few.
Who by his grey hairs doth his lustres tell,
Lives not those years, but he that lives them well.
One man has reach'd his sixty years, but he
Of all those three-score has not liv'd half three :
He lives who lives to virtue ; men who cast
Their ends for pleasure, do not live, but last.

CCCCLV.

A GOOD HUSBAND.

A master of a house, as I have read,
Must be the first man up, and last in bed ;
With the sun rising he must walk his grounds ;
See this, view that, and all the other bounds ;
Shut every gate, mend every hedge that's torn,
Either with old, or plant therein new thorn ;
Tread o'er his glebe, but with such care, that where
He sets his foot, he leaves rich compost there.

CCCCLVI.

ON HIMSELF.

If that my fate has now fulfill'd my year,
And so soon stopp'd my longer living here ;
What was't, ye gods, a dying man to save,
But while he met with his paternal grave ;
Though while we living 'bout the world do roam,
We love to rest in peaceful urns at home,
Where we may snug and close together lie,
By the dead bones of our dear ancestry.

CCCCLVII.

PURPOSES.

No wrath of men, or rage of seas
Can shake a just man's purposes ;
No threats of tyrants, or the grim
Visage of them can alter him ;
But what he doth at first intend,
That he holds firmly to the end.

CCCLVIII.

HOPE WELL AND HAVE WELL ; OR FAIR AFTER
FOUL WEATHER.

What though the heaven be low'ring now,
And look with a contracted brow ?
We shall discover, by and by,
A repurgation of the sky ;
And when those clouds away are driven,
Then will appear a cheerful heaven.

CCCCLIX.

CHANGE COMMON TO ALL.

All things subject are to Fate ;
Whom this morn sees most fortunate
The ev'ning sees in poor estate.

CCCCLX.

COMFORT TO A LADY UPON THE DEATH OF HER
HUSBAND.

Dry your sweet cheek, long drown'd with sorrow's rain;
Since clouds dispers'd, suns gild the air again.
Seas chafe and fret, and beat, and over-boil ;
But turn soon after calm, as balm or oil.
Winds have their time to rage, but when they cease,
The leafy trees nod in a still-born peace.
Your storm is over ; Lady, now appear
Like to the peeping spring-time of the year.
Off then with grave-clothes, put fresh colours on ;
And flow, and flame, in your vermillion.
Upon your cheek sat icicles awhile ;
Now let the rose reign like a queen, and smile.

CCCCLXI.

HIS WISH TO PRIVACY.

Give me a cell
To dwell,
Where no foot hath
A path ;
There will I spend,
And end
My wearied years
In tears.

CCCCLXII.

TO BIANCHA.

Ah Biancha ! now I see
It is noon, and past, with me ;
In a while it will strike one,
Then, Biancha, I am gone.
Some effusions let me have
Offer'd on my holy grave ;
Then, Biancha, let me rest
With my face towards the east.

CCCCLXIII.

CONTENT, NOT CATES.

'Tis not the food, but the content
That makes the table's merriment.
Where trouble serves the board, we eat
The platters there as soon as meat.
A little pipkin with a bit
Of mutton, or of veal in it,
Set on my table, trouble-free,
More than a feast contenteth me.

CCCCLXIV.

AN HYMN TO THE MUSES

Honour to you who sit
Near to the well of wit,
And drink your fill of it !

Glory and worship be
To you, sweet maids, thrice three,
Who still inspire me ;

And teach me how to sing,
Unto the lyric string,
My measures ravishing !

Then while I sing your praise,
My priesthood crown with bays,
Green to the end of days !

CCCCLXV.

HIS GRANGE, OR PRIVATE WEALTH

Though clock,
To tell how night draws hence, I've none,
A cock
I have to sing how day draws on :
I have
A maid, my Prew, by good luck sent,
To save
That little, Fates me gave or lent :
A hen
I keep, which, creaking day by day,
Tells when
She goes her long white egg to lay :

A goose
 I have, which, with a jealous care,
 Lets loose
 Her tongue, to tell what danger's near :
 A lamb
 I keep, tame, with my morsels fed,
 Whose dam
 An orphan left him lately dead :
 A cat
 I keep, that plays about my house,
 Grown fat
 With eating many a miching mouse :
 To these
 A Tracy* I do keep, whereby
 I please
 The more my rural privacy :
 Which are
 But toys, to give my heart some ease.
 Where care
 None is, slight things do lightly please.

*His spaniel.

CCCCLXVI.

TO FORTUNE.

Tumble me down, and I will sit
 Upon my ruins, smiling yet ;
 Tear me to tatters, yet I'll be
 Patient to my necessity ;
 Laugh at my scraps of clothes, and shun
 Me as a fear'd infection ;
 Yet scare-crow like I'll walk, as one
 Neglecting thy derision.

CCCCLXVII.

NOT EVERY DAY FIT FOR VERSE.

'Tis not every day that I
Fitted am to prophesy ;
No, but when the spirit fills
The fantastic pannicles,
Full of fire, then I write
As the Godhead doth indite.
Thus enrag'd, my lines are hurl'd,
Like the Sibyl's, through the world
Look how next the holy fire
Either slakes, or doth retire ;
So the fancy cools, till when
That brave spirit comes again.

CCCCLXVIII.

HIS RETURN TO LONDON.

From the dull confines of the drooping west,
To see the day spring from the pregnant east,
Ravish'd in spirit, I come, nay more, I fly
To thee, blest place of my nativity !
Thus, thus with hallowed foot I touch the ground,
With thousand blessings by thy fortune crown'd.
O fruitful genius ! that bestowest here
An everlasting plenty year by year ;
O place ! O people ! manners ! fram'd to please
All nations, customs, kindreds, languages !
I am a free-born Roman ; suffer then
That I amongst you live a citizen.
London my home is ; though by hard fate sent
Into a long and irksome banishment ;

Yet since call'd back, henceforward let me be,
 O native country, repossess'd by thee !
 For rather than I'll to the west return,
 I'll beg of thee first here to have mine urn.
 Weak I am grown, and must in short time fall ;
 Give thou my sacred reliques burial.

CCCCCLXIX.

THE INVITATION.

To sup with you you did me home invite,
 And mad'st a promise that my appetite
 Should meet and tire, on such luscious meat,
 The like no Heliogabalus did eat ;
 And richer wine would'st give to me, thy guest,
 Than Roman Sylla pour'd out at his feast.
 I came, 'tis true, and look'd for fowl of price,
 The bastard Phoenix, bird of Paradise ;
 And for no less than aromatic wine
 Of maiden-blush, commix'd with jessamine.
 Clean was the hearth, the mantle larded jet,
 Which wanting Lar and smoke, hung weeping wet ;
 At last, i'th noon of winter, did appear
 A ragg'd sous'd neat's foot with sick vinegar ;
 And in a burnish'd flagonet, stood by
 Beer small as comfort, dead as charity :
 At which amaz'd, and pond'ring on the food,
 How cold it was, and how it chill'd my blood ;
 I curs'd the master, and I damn'd the souse,
 And swore I'd got the ague of the house.
 Well, when to eat thou dost me next desire,
 I'll bring a fever, since thou keep'st no fire.

CCCCLXX.

PROOF TO NO PURPOSE.

You see this gentle stream that glides,
 Shov'd on by quick succeeding tides ;
 Try if this sober stream you can
 Follow to th' wilder ocean ;
 And see, if there it keeps unspent
 In that congesting element :
 Next, from that world of waters, then
 By pores and caverns back again
 Induc'd that inadulterate same
 Stream to the spring from whence it came :
 This with a wonder when ye do,
 As easy, and else easier too,
 Then may ye recollect the grains
 Of my particular remains,
 After a thousand lustres hurl'd,
 By ruffling winds, about the world.

CCCCLXXI.

TO SILVIA.

No more, my Silvia, do I mean to pray
 For those good days that ne'er will come away
 I want belief ; O, gentle Silvia, be
 The patient saint, and send up vows for me.

CCCCLXXII.

FELICITY KNOWS NO FENCE.

Of both our fortunes, good and bad, we find
 Prosperity more searching of the mind :
 Felicity flies o'er the wall and fence,
 While misery keeps in with patience.

CCCCLXXIII.

THE SMELL OF THE SACRIFICE.

The Gods require the thighs
Of beeves for sacrifice ;
Which roasted, we the steam
Must sacrifice to them ;
Who, though they do not eat,
Yet love the smell of meat.

CCCCLXXIV.

THE PRIMITIÆ TO PARENTS.

Our household gods our parents be,
And manners good require, that we
The first fruits give to them, who gave
Us hands to get what here we have.

CCCCLXXV.

LIKE PATTERN, LIKE PEOPLE.

This is the height of justice, that to do
Thyself, which thou put'st other men unto.
As great men lead, the meaner follow on,
Or to the good or evil action.

CCCCLXXVI.

ALL THINGS DECAY AND DIE.

All things decay with time: The forest sees
The growth and downfal of her aged trees ;
That timber tall, which three-score lustres stood
The proud dictator of the state-like wood ;
I mean the sovereign of all plants, the oak
Droops, dies, and falls without the cleaver's stroke.

CCCCLXXVII.

A TERNARIE OF LITTLES, UPON A PIPKIN OF JELLY
SENT TO A LADY.

A little saint best fits a little shrine,
A little prop best fits a little vine ;
As my small cruse best fits my little wine.

A little seed best fits a little soil,
A little trade best fits a little toil ;
As my small jar best fits my little oil.

A little bin best fits a little bread,
A little garland fits a little head ;
As my small stuff best fits my little shed.

A little hearth best fits my little fire,
A little chapel fits a little choir ;
As my small bell best fits my little spire.

A little stream best fits a little boat,
A little lead best fits a little float ;
As my small pipe best fits my little note.

A little meat best fits a little belly,
As sweetly, lady, give me leave to tell you,
This little pipkin fits this little jelly.

CCCCLXXVIII.

HIS ANSWER TO A FRIEND.

You ask me what I do, and how I live ?
And, noble friend, this answer I must give :
Drooping, I draw on to the vaults of death,
O'er which you'll walk when I am laid beneath.

CCCCXXIX.

CHEERFULNESS IN CHARITY; OR THE
SWEET SACRIFICE.

'Tis not a thousand bullocks' thighs,
Can please those heavenly deities ;
If the vower don't express
In his offering, cheerfulness.

CCCCLXXX.

ON HIMSELF.

I'll sing no more, nor will I longer write
Of that sweet lady, or that gallant knight ;
I'll sing no more of frosts, snows, dews, and showers ;
No more of groves, meads, springs, and wreaths of
flowers ;
I'll write no more, nor will I tell or sing
Of Cupid, and his witty coz'ning ;
I'll sing no more of death, or shall the grave
No more my dirges and my trentals have.

CCCCLXXXI.

LIFE IS THE BODY'S LIGHT.

Life is the body's light ; which once declining,
Those crimson clouds i' th' cheeks and lips leave
shining ;
Those counter-changed tabbies in the air,
The sun once set, all of one colour are :
So, when death comes, fresh tinctures lose their
place
And dismal darkness then doth smutch the face.

CCCCLXXXII.

HAPPINESS TO HOSPITALITY, OR A HEARTY WISH
TO GOOD HOUSE-KEEPING.

First, may the hand of bounty bring
Into the daily offering
Of full provision such a store,
Till that the cook cries, Bring no more :
Upon your hogsheads never fall
A drought of wine, ale, beer, at all ;
But, like full clouds, may they from thence
Diffuse their mighty influence.
Next, let the lord and lady here
Enjoy a christening year by year ;
And this good blessing back them still,
T' have boys and girls too, as they will ;
Then from the porch may many a bride
Unto the holy temple ride,
And thence return, short prayers said,
A wife most richly married.
Last, may the bride and bridegroom be
Untouch'd by cold sterility ;
But in their springing blood so play,
As that in lustres few they may,
By laughing toc, and laying down,
People a city or a town.

CCCCLXXXIII.

HASTE HURTFUL.

Haste is unhappy : what we rashly do
Is both unlucky, aye, and foolish too :
Where war with rashness is attempted, there
The soldiers leave the field with equal fear.

CCCCLXXXIV.

THE SACRIFICE, BY WAY OF DISCOURSE BETWIXT
HIMSELF AND JULIA.

Herr. Come and let's in solemn wise
Both address to sacrifice ;
Old religion first commands
That we wash our hearts and hands.
Is the beast exempt from stain,
Altar clean, no fire profane ?
Are the garlands, is the nard
Ready here ? *Jul.* All well prepar'd,
With the wine that must be shed,
'Twixt the horns, upon the head
Of the holy beast we bring
For our trespass-offering.

Herr. All is well: now, next to these,
Put we on pure surplices ;
And with chaplets crown'd, we'll roast
With perfumes the holocaust ;
And, while we the gods invoke,
Read acceptance by the smoke.

CCCCLXXXV.

TO HIS FRIEND, TO AVOID CONTENTION OF WORDS.

Words beget anger ; anger brings forth blows ;
Blows make of dearest friends immortal foes ;
For which prevention, Society, let there be
Betwixt us two no more logomachy.
Far better 'twere for either to be mute,
Than for to murder friendship by dispute.

CCCCLXXXVI.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

Immortal clothing I put on,
 So soon as, Julia, I am gone
 To mine eternal mansion.

Thou, thou art here, to human sight,
 Cloth'd all with incorrupted light;
 But yet how more admir'dly bright

Wilt thou appear, when thou art set
 In thy refulgent thronelet,
 That shin'st thus in thy counterfeit?

CCCCCLXXXVII.

JULIA'S CHURCHING, OR PURIFICATION.

Put on thy holy fillitings, and so
 To th' temple with the sober midwife go :
 Attended thus, in a most solemn wise,
 By those who serve the child-bed mysteries,
 Burn first thine incense ; next, when as thou see'st
 The candid stole thrown o'er the pious priest,
 With reverend curtsies come, and to him bring
 Thy free, and not decurted offering.
 All rites well ended, with fair auspice come,
 As to the breaking of a bride-cake, home ;
 Where ceremonious Hymen shall for thee
 Provide a second epithalamie.
 She who keeps chastely to her husband's side
 Is not for one, but every night his bride ;
 And stealing still with love and fear to bed.
 Brings him not one but many a maidenhead.

CCCCLXXXVIII.

TO THE PASSENGER.

If I lie unburied, sir,
 These, my reliques, pray inter ;
 'Tis religious part to see
 Stones or turfs to cover me.
 One word more I had to say,
 But it skills not ; go your way ;
 He that wauts a burial room,
 For a scene, has Heaven his tomb.

CCCCLXXXIX.

P U R G A T O R Y .

Readers, we entreat ye pray
 For the soul of Lucia ;
 That in little time she be
 From her Purgatory free :
 In th' interim she desires
 That your tears may cool her fires.

CCCCXC.

HIS CHARGE TO JULIA AT HIS DEATH.

Dearest of thousands, now the time draws near,
 That with my lines my life must full-stop here ;
 Cut off thy hairs, and let thy tears be shed
 Over my turf, when I am buried.
 Then for effusions, let none wanting be,
 Or other rites that do belong to me ;
 As love shall help thee, when thou do'st go hence
 Unto thy everlasting residence.

CCCCXCI.

POETRY PERPETUATES THE POET.

Here I myself might likewise die,
 And utterly forgotten lie,
 But that eternal poetry,
 Repullulation gives me here,
 Unto the thirtieth thousand year,
 When all now dead shall re-appear.

CCCCXCII.

TO ANTHEA.

Anthea, I am going hence
 With some small stock of innocence;
 But yet those blessed gates I see
 Withstanding entrance unto me:
 To pray for me do thou begin,
 The porter then will let me in.

CCCCXCIII.

THE BED-MAN, OR GRAVE-MAKER.

Thou hast made many houses for the dead;
 When my lot calls me to be buried,
 For love or pity, prithee let there be
 I'th' churchyard made one tenement for me.

CCCCXCIV.

CROSSES.

Our crosses are no other than the rods,
 And our diseases vultures of the gods;
 Each grief we feel, that likewise is a kite
 Sent forth by them, our flesh to eat or bite.

CCCCXCV.

THE HONEY-COMB.

If thou hast found an honey-comb,
Eat thou not all, but taste on some ;
For if thou eatest to excess,
That sweetness turns to loathsomeness :
Taste it to temper ; then 'twill be
Marrow and manna unto thee.

CCCCXCVI.

OUT OF TIME OR TUNE.

We blame, nay, we despise her pains,
That wets her garden when it rains ;
But when the drought has dried the knot,
Then let her use the watering-pot :
We pray for showers, at our need,
To drench, but not to drown our seed.

CCCCXCVII.

R E V E N G E .

Man's disposition is for to requite
An injury before a benefit ;
Thanksgiving is a burden and a pain ;
Revenge is pleasing to us, as our gain.

CCCCXCVIII.

SUFFER THAT THOU CANST NOT SHIFT.

Does Fortune rend thee ? Bear with thy hard fate ;
Virtuous instructions ne'er are delicate.
Say, does she frown ? Still countermand her threats ;
Virtue best loves those children that she beats.

CCCCXCIX.

T O J U L I A .

Help me, Julia, for to pray,
 Matins sing, or matins say;
 This I know, the fiend will fly
 Far away, if thou beest by:
 Bring the holy water hither;
 Let us wash and pray together;
 When our beads are thus united,
 Then the foe will fly affrighted.

.D.

C R U T C H E S .

Thou seest me, Lucia, this year droop;
 Three zodiacs fill'd more, I shall stoop;
 Let crutches then provided be,
 To shore up my debility:
 Then, while thou laugh'st, I'll sighing cry,
 A ruin underpropt am I:
 Down will I then my beadsman's gown,
 And when so feeble I am grown,
 As my weak shoulders cannot bear
 The burden of a grasshopper;
 Yet with the bench of aged sires,
 When I and they keep tearmly fires,
 With my weak voice I'll sing, or say
 Some odes I made of Lucia;
 Then will I heave my wither'd hand
 To Jove the mighty, for to stand
 Thy faithful friend, and to pour down
 Upon them many a benizon.

DI.

TO THE REVEREND SHADE OF HIS RELIGIOUS
FATHER.

That for seven lustres I did never come
To do the rites to thy religious tomb ;
That neither hair was cut, or true tears shed
By me, o'er thee, as justments to the dead ;
Forgive, forgive me ; since I did not know
Whether thy bones had here their rest or no.
But now 'tis known, behold, behold I bring
Unto thy ghost, th' effused offering :
And look, what smallage, night-shade, cypress, yew,
Unto the shades have been, or now are due,
Here I devote ; and something more than so ;
I come to pay a debt of birth I own.
Thou gav'st me life, but mortal ; for that one
Favour I'll make full satisfaction ;
For my life mortal, rise from out thy hearse,
And take a life immortal from my verse.

DII.

TO ANTHERA.

Now is the time when all the lights wax dim ;
And thou, Anthea, must withdraw from him
Who was thy servant : Dearest, bury me
Under that holy-oak, or gospel-tree ;
Where, though thou see'st not, thou may'st think upon
Me, when thou yearly go'st procession ;
Or, for mine honour, lay me in that tomb
In which thy sacred reliques shall have room ;
For my embalming, sweetest, there will be
No spices wanting when I'm laid by thee.

DIII.

DISCONTENTS IN DEVON.

More discontents I never had,
Since I was born, than here ;
Where I have been, and still am sad,
In this dull Devon-shire.
Yet, justly too, I must confess,
I ne'er invented such
Ennobled numbers for the press,
Than were I loath'd so much.

DIV.

TO PERILLA.

Ah, my Perilla ! dost thou grieve to see
Me, day by day, to steal away from thee ?
Age calls me hence, and my grey hairs bid come
And haste away to mine eternal home :
'Twill not be long, Perilla, after this,
That I must give thee the supremest kiss :
Dead when I am, first cast in salt, and bring
Part of the cream from that religious spring,
With which, Perilla, wash my hands and feet ;
That done, then wind me in that very sheet
Which wrapt thy smooth limbs, when thou didst im-
plore
The gods' protection but the night before ;
Follow me weeping to my turf, and there
Let fall a primrose, and with it a tear ;
Then lastly, let some weekly strewings be
Devoted to the memory of me !
Then shall my ghost not walk about, but keep
Still in the cool and silent shades of sleep.

DV.

COMFORT TO A YOUTH THAT HAD LOST HIS LOVE.

What needs complaints,
When she a place
Has with the race
 Of saints
In endless mirth,
She thinks not on
What's said or done
 In earth ;
She sees no tears,
Or any tone
Of thy deep groan
 She hears ;
Nor does she mind,
Or think on't now,
That ever thou
 Wast kind :
But chang'd above,
She likes not there,
As she did here,
 Thy love.
Forbear, therefore,
And lull asleep
Thy woes, and weep
 No more.

DVI.

HIS DESIRE.

Give me a man that is not dull,
When all the world with rifts is full ;

But unamaz'd dares clearly sing,
 When as the roof's a tottering ;
 And though it falls, continues still
 Tickling the Cittern with his quill.

DVII.

TO PERENNA.

I a dirge will pen for thee ;
 Thou a trental make for me ;
 That the monks and friars together,
 Here may sing the rest of either :
 Next, I'm sure, the nuns will have
 Candlemas to grace the grave.

DVIII.

CONFORMITY.

Conformity was ever known
 A foe to dissolution ;
 Nor can we that a ruin call,
 Whose crack gives crushing unto all.

DIX.

HIS CAVALIER.

Give me that man that dares bestride
 The active sea-horse, and with pride,
 Through that huge field of waters ride :
 Who with his looks too, can appease
 The ruffling winds and raging seas,
 In mids't of all their outrages.
 This, this a virtuous man can do,
 Sail against rocks, and split them too ;
 Aye, and a world of pikes pass through.

DX.

TO LAURELS.

A funeral stone
Or verse, I covet none ;
But only crave
Of you, that I may have
A sacred laurel springing from my grave ;
Which being seen,
Blest with perpetual green,
May grow to be
Not so much call'd a tree,
As the eternal monument of me.

DXI.

TO PERENNA, A MISTRESS.

Dear Perenna, prithee come,
And with smallage dress my tomb ;
Add a cypress sprig thereto
With a tear, and so adieu.

DXII.

THE PLAUDIT, OR END OF LIFE.

If after rude and boisterous seas,
My wearied pinnace here finds ease ;
If so it be I've gain'd the shore ;
With safety of a faithful oar ;
If having run my barque on ground,
Ye see the aged vessel crown'd ;
What's to be done ? but on the sands
Ye dance and sing, and now clap hands.
The first act's doubtful, but we say,
It is the last commends the play.

DXIII.

UPON MRS. ELIZ. WHEELER, UNDER THE NAME OF
AMARILLIS.

Sweet Amarillis, by a spring's
Soft and soul-melting murmurings,
Slept ; and thus sleeping, thither flew
A Robin-red breast ; who at view,
Not seeing her at all to stir,
Brought leaves and moss to cover her :
But while he, perking, there did pry
About the arch of either eye,
The lid began to ~~l~~eat out day,
At which poor Robin flew away ;
And seeing her not dead, but all disleav'd,
He chirpt for joy, to see himself deceiv'd.

DXIV.

HIS WISH.

It is sufficient if we pray
To Jove, who gives and takes away ;
Let him the land and living find ;
Let me alone to fit the mind.

DXV.

TO ROBIN RED-BREAST.

Laid out for dead, let thy last kindness be
With leaves and moss-work for to cover me ;
And while the wood-nymphs my cold corse inter,
Sing thou my dirge, sweet-warbling chorister.
For epitaph, in foliage, next write this :
Here, here the tomb of Robin Herrick is !

DXVI.

FAIR SHOWS DECEIVE.

Smooth was the sea, and seem'd to call
To pretty girls to play withall ;
Who paddling there, the sea soon frown'd,
And on a sudden both were drown'd.
What credit can we give to seas,
Who, kissing, kill such saints as these ?

DXVII.

THE BEGGAR.

Shall I a daily beggar be,
For love's sake asking alms of thee ?
Still shall I crave, and never get
A hope of my desired bit ?
Ah, cruel maids ! I'll go my way ;
Whereas, perchance, my fortunes may
Find out a threshold or a door,
That may far sooner speed the poor :
Where thrice we knock, and none will hear,
Cold comfort still I'm sure lives there.

DXVIII.

HIS CHANGE.

My many cares, and much distress,
Has made me like a wilderness ;
Or, discompos'd, I'm like a rude,
And all confused multitude ;
Out of my comely manners worn,
And as in means, in mind all torn.

DXIX.

THE MAD MAID'S SONG.

Good morrow to the day so fair ;
Good morning, sir, to you ;
Good morrow to mine own torn hair,
Bedabbled with the dew.

Good morning to this primrose too ;
Good morrow to each maid ;
That will with flowers the tomb bestrew,
Wherein my love is laid.

Ah ! woe is me, woe, woe is me,
Alack, and well-a-day !
For pity, sir, find out that bee,
Which bore my love away.

I'll seek him in your bonnet brave ;
I'll seek him in your eyes ;
Nay, now I think th'ave made his grave
I'th' bed of strawberries.

I'll seek him there : I know, ere this,
The cold, cold earth doth shake him ;
But I will go, or send a kiss
By you, sir, to awake him.

Pray hurt him not ; though he be dead,
He knows well who do love him ;
And who with green turfs rear his head,
And who do rudely move him.

He's soft and tender, pray take heed,
With bands of cowslips bind him,
And bring him home ; but 'tis decreed,
That I shall never find him.

DXX.

A VOW TO MARS.

Store of courage to me grant,
Now I'm turn'd a combatant ;
Help me, so that I my shield,
Fighting lose not in the field.
That's the greatest shame of all,
That in warfare can befall.
Do but this, and there shall be
Offer'd up a wolf for thee.

DXXI.

UPON MAN.

Man is compos'd here of a twofold part ;
The first of nature, and the next of art ;
Art presupposes nature ; nature she
Prepares the way for man's docility.

DXXII.

EVEN-SONG.

Begin with Jove ; then is the work half done,
And runs most smoothly when 'tis well begun.
Jove's is the first and last ; the morn's his due
The midst is thine, but Jove's the evening too,
As sure a matins does to him belong,
So sure he lays claim to the even-song.

DXXIII.

LIBERTY.

Those ills that mortal men endure,
 So long are capable of cure,
 As they of freedom may be sure :
 But that deny'd ; a grief, though small,
 Shakes the whole roof, or ruins all.

DXXIV.

NO WANT WHERE THERE'S LITTLE.

To bread and water none is poor ;
 And having these, what need of more ?
 Though much from out the cess be spent,
 Nature with little is content.

DXXV.

CLEMENCY.

For punishment in war, it will suffice,
 If the chief author of the faction dies ;
 Let but few smart, but strike a fear through all ;
 Where the fault springs, there let the judgment fall.

DXXVI.

PRAY AND PROSPER.

First offer incense, then thy field and meads
 Shall smile and smell the better by thy beads.
 The spangling dew dredg'd o'er the grass shall be
 Turn'd all to meal and manna there for thee.
 Butter of amber, cream, and wine, and oil,
 Shall run as rivers all throughout thy soil.
 Would'st thou to sincere silver turn thy mould ?
 Pray nce, twice pray, and turn thy ground to gold.

DXXVII.

UPON PRUDENCE BALDWIN, HER SICKNESS.

Prue, my dearest maid, is sick,
Almost to be lunatic :
Æsculapius ! come and bring
Means for her recovering ;
And a gallant cock shall be
Offer'd up by her to thee.

DXXVIII.

UPON JULIA'S ALMS.

See how the poor do waiting stand
For the expansion of thy hand.
A wafer doled by thee will swell
Thousands to feed by miracle.

DXXIX.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE AND ROBIN RED-BREAST.

When I departed am, ring thou my knell,
Thou pitiful and pretty Philomel ;
And when I'm laid out for a corse, then be
Thou sexton, Red-breast, for to cover me.

DXXX.

TO JULIA IN THE TEMPLE.

Besides us two, i' th' Temple-here's not one
To make up now a congregation,
Let's to the altar of perfumes then go,
And say short prayers : and when we have done so,
Then we shall see, how in a little space
Saints will come in to fill each pew and place.

DXXXI.

MATINS, OR MORNING PRAYER.

When with the virgin morning thou do'st rise,
Crossing thyself, come thus to sacrifice ;
First wash thy heart in innocence, then bring
Pure hands, pure habits, pure, pure every thing.
Next to the altar humbly kneel, and thence
Give up thy soul in clouds of frankincense.
Thy golden censors fill'd with odours sweet,
Thall make thy actions with their ends to meet.

DXXXII.

LITTLENESS NO CAUSE OF LEANNESS.

One feeds on lard, and yet is lean ;
And I, but feasting with a bean,
Grow fat and smooth : The reason is,
Jove prospers my meat more than his.

DXXXIII.

THE COMING OF GOOD-LUCK.

So good-luck came, and on my roof did light,
Like noiseless snow, or as the dew of night ;
Not all at once, but gently, as the trees
Are, by the sun-beams, tickled by degrees.

DXXXIV.

UPON THE LOSS OF HIS FINGER.

One of the five straight branches of my hand
Is lopt already : and the rest but stand
Expecting when to fall ; which soon will be :
First dies the leaf, the bough next, next the tree.

DXXXV.

HIS CONTENT IN THE COUNTRY.

Here, here I live with what my board
Can with the smallest cost afford ;
Though ne'er so mean the viands be,
They will content my Prew and me :
Or pea or bean, or wort or beet,
Whatever comes, content makes sweet.
Here we rejoice, because no rent
We pay for our poor tenement ;
Wherein we rest, and never fear
The landlord or the usurer.
The quarter-day does ne'er affright
Our peaceful slumbers in the night ;
We eat our own, and batten more,
Because we feed on no man's score ;
But pity those whose flanks grow great,
Swell'd with the lard of other's meat.
We bless our fortunes when we see
Our own beloved privacy ;
And like our living, where w'are known
To very few or else to none.

DXXXVI.

ON HIMSELF.

The work is done ; young men and maidens set
Upon my curls the myrtle coronet,
Wash'd with sweet ointments ; thus at last I come
To suffer in the muses' martyrdom ;
But with this comfort, if my blood be shed,
The muses will wear black, when I am dead.

DXXXVII.

HIS WINDING-SHEET.

Come thou, who art the wine and wit
Of all I've writ ;
The grace, the glory, and the best
Piece of the rest ;
Thou art of what I did intend
The all, and end ;
And what was made, was made to meet
Thee, thee my sheet ;
Come then, and be to my chaste side
Both bed and bride.
We two, as reliques left, will have
One rest, one grave ;
And, hugging close, we will not fear
Lust entering here ;
Where all desires are dead or cold,
As is the mould ;
And all affections are forgot,
Or troubled not.
Here, here the slaves and pris'ners be
From shackles free ;
And weeping widows, long oppress'd,
Do here find rest.
The wronged client ends his laws
Here, and his cause ;
Here those long suits of Chancery lie
Quiet, or die ;
And all Star-chamber bills do cease,
Or hold their peace.
Here needs no court for our request,
Where all are best ;

All wise, all equal, and all just
 Alike i'th' dust.
 Nor need we here to fear the frown
 Of court or crown ;
 Where fortune bears no sway o'er things,
 There all are kings.
 In this securer place we'll keep,
 As lull'd asleep ;
 Or for a little time we'll lie,
 As robes laid by,
 To be another day re-worn,
 Turn'd but not torn ;
 Or like old testaments engross'd,
 Lock'd up, not lost ;
 And for a while lie here conceal'd,
 To be reveal'd
 Next, at that great Platonic year,
 And then meet here.

DXXXVIII.

THE MOUNT OF THE MUSES.

After thy labour, take thine ease
 Here with the sweet Pierides.
 But if so be that men will not
 Give thee the laurel crown for lot,
 Be yet assur'd thou shalt have one
 Not subject to corruption.

DXXXIX.

ON HIMSELF.

Some parts may perish, die thou cans't not all ;
 The most of thee shall 'scape the funeral.

DXL.

TO THE LADY CREW, UPON THE DEATH OF HER
CHILD.

Why, Madam, will ye longer weep,
When as your baby's lull'd asleep?
And, pretty child, feels now no more
Those pains it lately felt before.
All now is silent; groans are fled;
Your child lies still, yet is not dead:
But rather like a flower hid here,
To spring again another year.

DXLI.

HIS WISH.

Fat be my hind; unlearned be my wife;
Peaceful my night; my day devoid of strife:
To these a comely offspring I desire,
Singing about my everlasting fire.

DXLII.

A MEAN IN OUR MEANS.

Though frankincense the deities require,
We must not give all to the hallowed fire.
Such be our gifts, and such be our expense.
As for ourselves to leave some frankincense.

DXLIII.

ON HIMSELF.

I'll write no more of love, but now repent
Of all those times that I in it have spent.
I'll write no more of life, but wish 'twas ended,
And that my dust was to the earth commended.

DXLIV.

TO SPRINGS AND FOUNTAINS.

I heard ye could cool heat ; and came
With hope you would allay the same ;
Thrice I have wash'd, but feel no cold,
Nor find that true which was foretold.
Methinks, like mine, your pulses beat,
And labour with unequal heat ;
Cure, cure yourselves, for I descry
Ye boil with love as well as I.

DXLV.

THE WATCH.

Man is a watch, wound up at first, but never
Wound up again ; once down, he's down for ever ;
The watch once down, all motions then do cease :
The man's pulse stopt, all passions sleep in peace.

DXLVI.

REST REFRESHES.

Lay by the good a while ; a resting field
Will after ease, a richer harvest yield ;
Trees this year bear ; next, they their wealth withhold ;
Continual reaping makes a land wax old.

DXLVII.

THE END OF HIS WORK.

Part of the work remains, one part is past
And here my ship rides, having anchor cast.

DXLVIII.

TO CROWN IT.

My wearied bark, O let it now be crown'd !
The haven reach'd to which I first was bound,

DXLIX.

HIS PILLAR OF FAME.

Fame's pillar here at last we set,
Out-during marble, brass, or jet ;
Charm'd, and enchanted so,
As to withstand the blow
Nor shall the seas,
Of overthrow :
Or outrages
Of storms, o'erbear
What we uprear :
Tho' kingdoms fall ;
This pillar never shall
Decline, or waste at all ;
But stand for ever by his own
Firm, and well-fix'd foundation.

To his Book's end, this last line he'd have plac'd :
Jocund his Muse was, but his life was chaste.

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